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Third Edition.

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LONDON

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1895

THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS

OF

THE AGES.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE FROM THE RELIGIOUS
WRITINGS OF THE WORLD

EDITED BY

WILLIAM CHATTERTON COUPLAND, D. Sc., M. A.



LONDON
SWAM SONNENSCHIN & CO.
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1895.

“If we can regard religions as stages in the evolution of religion, then we have no motive either to depreciate or unduly to extol any of them. The earlier stages of the development will have a peculiar interest for us, just as we look with affection on the home of our ancestors even though we should not choose to dwell there. We shall not divide religions into the true one, Christianity, and the false ones, all the rest; no religion will be to us a mere superstition, nor shall we regard any as unguided by God. Feeling that we cannot understand our own religion aright without understanding those out of which it has been built up, we shall value these others for the part they have played in the great movement, and our own most of all, without which they could not be made perfect. In the light of this principle of growth we shall find good in the lowest, and shall see that the good and true rather than the evil and false, furnish the ultimate meaning of even the poorest system.”

Extract from “A HISTORY OF RELIGION” BY ALAN MENZIES, D. D.

“God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
 If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
 And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
 There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
 Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
 Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
 Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

“Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
 And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
 Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
 Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
 While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
 While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
 Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. *Bibliolatres.*

P R E F A C E.

The present volume is the response to a desire expressed by representative members of South Place Ethical Society, London, to possess, in a form suitable for frequent reference, a characteristic selection of extracts from the literature of nations inspired by exalted thought and profound feeling. The immediate occasion of the wish was the successful publication of a series of lectures, descriptive of widely-divergent phases of religious and ethical belief, delivered before the Society by highly-competent authorities in the years 1888—91, and which had been hailed as the sign of the advent of "A new Catholicity."

The South Place Ethical Society were not unfamiliar with the kind of work indicated. Twenty years ago the Society's Minister, Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, had single-handed accomplished the novel and arduous task of compiling "A Book of Ethnical Scriptures" whose striking aphoristic wisdom and spiritual suggestiveness, in the charming Oriental setting, at once procured for it a place impartially in libraries orthodox and heterodox. The title of Mr. CONWAY's book, *The Sacred Anthology*, was, however, of itself likely to be provocative of another and more ambitious attempt in a similar direction. For that work (very wisely, if general interest was to be aroused) with the exception of a few impressive selections from the Old and New Testaments offered the English public exclusively specimens of spiritual beauty describable as exotics in the strictest sense. But *the Sacred Anthology* cannot of course be so limited in scope, its flow-ers being necessarily gathered from the gardens of the world. Moreover, research, during the last twenty years, has least of all stood still in matters Oriental; so that the area of the collector has been both widened and more accurately explored.

The juster the ideal, however, of a truly catholic Sacred Anthology, the weightier the responsibility of those committed to its realisation. Fully alive to the seriousness of the undertaking the South Place Institute Committee accordingly appealed for counsel and assistance to all the contributors to the volume of lectures entitled "Religious Systems of the World," and many others whose help was certain to be of value. Unhappily the response to these appeals fell short of what had been expected, although promises of effective support were received from several influential quarters. Having been honoured by the request to act as Editor, I had accepted the nomination in the belief that the more important part of the work would be accomplished by persons qualified by special knowledge: it was therefore something more than disappointing when it gradually appeared that not a little of the promised co-operation would have to be construed as mere expression of good-will. In the result a far larger share of the work of selection fell upon the shoulders of the writer than was anticipated, or desirable in a publication of the kind.

In the scheme originally proposed and privately distributed a formal arrangement according to leading topics resembling in principle that adopted by Mr. Conway in his pioneer volume, was suggested. To this theoretical objections were urged by a few to whom the scheme was submitted, most forcibly by Mr. ERNEST SIBREE, writing from the Indian Institute, Oxford; the main contention being that the filiation and progress of religious thought were confused and concealed by such an arrangement. These objections were practically strengthened by the difficulty, very soon experienced in execution, of combining with the subject any sort of evolutionary arrangement. Nothing short indeed of a repetition under each subject-heading of the same historic succession would at all have met the case. There would have been more loss than gain in so cumbrous a proceeding; and accordingly the classification actually adopted has been based on historical affinities.

In regard to the material contents, the following principles and rules have been followed. The end ever kept in view has been the

production of a volume of moderate size, containing passages from universal literature selected for their sublimity of thought, intensity of religious emotion, or purity and elevation of ethical sentiment. In conformity with this purpose the *form* of faith has been held of no account; so that if a writer of singular moral and spiritual worth has been passed over, the explanation is either inaccessibility of his work in English, or sheer inadvertence. The principle of choice will be rendered plainer by a statement of what has been deliberately excluded. Matter-of-fact of antiquarian or scientific interest, and pure speculative inquiry, have been ignored. Also theological dogmas as such, and ecclesiastical formularies. Further, critical disquisition, and essentially negative or sceptical reflection. In a word the object has been to exhibit the fruits of *positive religious* thought and aspiration, not to appeal to the discursive understanding or satisfy intellectual curiosity. *Living* authors, it should be added, have been wholly excluded; and very brief extracts have been avoided, as rarely revealing the spirit of the composition from which they are taken.

From the preceding paragraph it will be at once clear why certain readers will meet with disappointment,—those, namely, who expect to find samples of every phase of theologic or cosmic belief that has obtained permanent record on “paper leaves or leaves of stone.” Again, there will probably be some who will consider that the religion of “pure reason,” or Humanitarianism stripped of historical swathings, as presumed “faith of the Future,” does not stand out in sufficient relief. To such it may be remarked that it is not the Future, or even the Present, with which the volume is concerned; but the mind of the Past, dependent for its expression on so many accidents of time and place. That modes of thought and feeling familiarly known as “Christian” predominate, is simply due to the fact that of religious world-literature the *Christian* is the richest.

That the work is open to fair criticism, both as to some things that have been inserted and much that has been omitted, is practically certain; but the motives for selection will not justly be sought in beliefs privately favoured by the selector. Indeed the Editor hopes

that the ground chosen has been so wide that a time may arise, and that not very remote, when broader minded ethico-religious communities will find the book valuable as a Lectionary, displacing "Bibles" of narrower historical scope and of far more mixed content.

It remains to indicate the obligations of the promoters of the work to the various contributors and co-operators.

The translations very kindly specially prepared for this volume are as follows:—The extracts from the Roman Stoics, by the Rev. NORTH PINDER, M. A., (with biographical notes): extracts from Post-Biblical Hebrew Literature, selected by Dr. FRIEDLAENDER, Principal of Jews' College, London, and translated by the students, with revision by the Rev. MORRIS JOSEPH: selections from the Arabic by Prof. D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M. A., of Oxford: selections from old and new Persian, contained in the sections Sûfism and Bâbism, by Mr. E. G. BROWNE, M. A., lecturer on Persian at Cambridge. (The remaining extracts from other scholars in the Sûfi section were also suggested by Mr. Browne.) Extracts from the sacred literature of the Sikhs, rendered by Mr. FREDERIC PINCOTT. Mr. H. M. BAYNES has also contributed a few translations, referred to in the Notes.

In addition to the valuable services just mentioned, useful suggestions and advice have been received from many quarters, in particular from Mr. ARBUTHNOT of the Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. E. SIBREE of Oxford, and Prof. D. G. RITCHIE of St. Andrews.

No work of this kind could be executed without the generous co-operation of the owners of copyright. In this respect especial thanks are due to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press and others possessing proprietary rights in the works issued by them. It is not too much to say that without the permission to extract from the famous series entitled *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Prof. MAX MÜLLER, the design of this Anthology must have proved abortive. Numerous other translations have been laid under contribution; and cordial thanks are due to the several authors and publishers of them for their unanimous permission that they should be utilized for this book. Special thanks are also due to the owners of original

copyrights for similar sanction. A list of these is appended; it is hoped that it is quite complete.

To the general unanimity only one exception of importance is to be noted, which could not be passed over in silence, as the reader might otherwise have been perplexed by the omission in his place of one of the most eminent exponents of spiritual faith in recent times. We regret our inability to include in the collection any fragments of the eloquence of the late FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, of Brighton.

The summary of indebtedness would not be complete if the name were passed over of the honorary secretary of the South Place Institute Committee, Mr. W. SHEOWRING, whose untiring exertions in planning the present work and executing many of the important preliminaries are known to no one better than

THE EDITOR.

LONDON.

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THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS OF THE AGES.

RELIGION OF EGYPT.

I.

THE JUDGMENT AFTER DEATH.

The Chapter of the entering into the HALL of TRUTH and of the separating of the man from his sins in order that he may behold the face of the Gods.

HOMAGE to you, Masters of Truth, homage to thee, great God, Master of Truth.

I have come to thee, my Lord, I present myself to contemplate thy splendour.

I know thee, I know thy name, I know the name of those forty-two Gods who are with thee in the Hall of Truth, warders of sinners, nourishing themselves with their blood till the day of the great account before Him who is the Good.

O twofold soul, whose name is Mistress of Verity! O Masters of Truth! ye know that I bring you the truth, and harbour no ill.

I have never perfidiously done evil to any man. I have not rendered my neighbour miserable. I have not committed villainies in the dwelling of truth. I have had no acquaintance with evil. I have not done evil. I have not overtaken the labourer, though I have ascended the bark of lordship, and have attained to dignities, to affluence, and command.

Through my deed no one has been made fearful, or poor, or suffering, or wretched. I have not done what the Gods detest. I have not allowed the slave to be maltreated by his master. I have not made him be a-hungry. I have not caused him to weep. I have not murdered. I have not given orders to slay treacherously. I have uttered falsehood to no man. I have not stripped the temples of their stores. I have not diminished the substance consecrated to the Gods. I have not carried off the cakes and the bandages of mummies. I have not committed fornication. I have not

committed an act of shame with a priest of my parish. I have not over-priced or diminished the supplies. I have not exerted pressure on the weights of the balance. I have not cheated in respect of the weights themselves of the balance. I have not removed the milk from the mouth of the nursling. I have not laid violent hands on the cattle in their pastures. I have not ensnared the birds of the Gods. I have not angled for fish no longer living.

I have not driven back the water at the time of its rising. I have not turned aside a watercourse. I have not extinguished the flame at its hour. I have not driven away the beasts of divine ownership. I have not opposed an obstacle to a God in his exodus. I am pure, pure, pure. I am pure with the purity of the great Phoenix that is at Heracleopolis, for I am the nostril of the Master of the Winds, who gives life to intelligences on the day of account of the great Judgment in An,* the 30th of the second month of the season of sowing, in presence of the Lord of the Earth.

I see that I have passed the judgment in An. No ill will be alleged against me in this land of truth, since I know the names of those Gods who are with Thee in the Hall of Truth. Therefore, deliver me from them.

THE PSYCHOSTASY.

At the entrance of the Hall the defunct is introduced by Truth He saith:

I present myself before this lord of Eternity. There is no evil in me. Nobody accuses me, being guiltless. What I have done, men proclaim it, the Gods rejoice thereat. Hail to Thee, Dweller in Amenti, God who art the Lord, lord of Abydos! Grant me to traverse the way of shades, that I may join thy servants in the Twilight realm, that I may enter through the sacred portal into the Hall of Truth and pass into Ammah, where the divine alone has entrance.

Truth, regent of Amenti, grant that the personality of the deceased be in his dwelling, and re-enter the abode of eternity.

Thereupon Horus and Anubis proceed to the weighing in a balance of the man's heart which must precisely counter-weight the image of Truth. Anubis announces that:

The heart is in equilibrium, and the required condition is satisfied.

Then Thoth, lord of Heracleopolis, lord of the divine words, great God dwelling at Mesert, registers this sentence, and adds:

Let the heart be replaced in the person of this present Osiris.

* Hellopolis.

II.

HYMN TO THE NILE.

I.

Adoration to the Nile!
Hail to thee, O Nile!
Who manifesteth thyself over this land,
and comest, to give life to Egypt!
Mysterious is thy issuing forth from the darkness,
on this day whereon it is celebrated!
Watering the orchards created by Ra
to cause all the cattle to live,
thou givest the earth to drink, inexhaustible one!
Path that descendest from the sky,
loving the bread of Seb and the first fruits of Nepcera,
thou causest the workshops of Ptah to prosper!

2.

Lord of the fish, during the inundation,
no bird alights on the crops.
Thou createst the corn, thou bringest forth the barley,
assuring perpetuity to the temples.
If thou ceaseest thy toil and thy work,
then all that exists is in anguish.
If the gods suffer in heaven
then the faces of men waste away.

3.

Then he torments the flocks of Egypt,
and great and small are in agony.
But all is changed for mankind when he comes;
he is endowed with the qualities of Num.

If he shines, the earth is joyous,
 every stomach is full of rejoicing,
 every spine is happy,
 every jaw-bone crushes (its food).

4.

He brings the offerings, as chief of provisioning:
 he is the creator of all good things,
 as master of energy, full of sweetness in his choice.
 If offerings are made it is thanks to him.
 He brings forth the herbage for the flocks,
 and sees that each god receives his sacrifices.
 All that depends on him is a precious incense.
 He spreads himself over Egypt,
 filling the granaries, renewing the marts,
 watching over the goods of the unhappy.

5.

He is prosperous to the height of all desires,
 without fatiguing himself therefor.
 He brings again his lordly bark;
 he is not sculptured in stone, in the statues crowned
 with the uræus serpent,
 he cannot be contemplated.
 No servitors has he, no bearers of offerings!
 He is not enticed by incantations!
 None knows the place where he dwells.
 None discovers his retreat by the power of a written spell.

6.

No dwelling (is there) which may contain thee!
 None penetrates within thy heart!
 Thy young men, thy children applaud thee
 and render unto thee royal homage.
 Stable are thy decrees for Egypt
 before thy servants of the North!
 He stanches the water from all eyes
 and watches over the increase of his good things

7.

Where misery existed, joy manifests itself;
 all beasts rejoice.
 The children of Sebek, the sons of Neit,
 the cycle of the gods which dwell in him, are prosperous.
 No more reservoirs for watering the fields!
 He makes mankind valiant,
 Enriching some, bestowing his love on others.
 None commands at the same time as himself.
 He creates the offerings without the aid of Neit,
 making mankind for himself with multi-form care.

8.

He shines when he issues forth from the darkness,
 to cause his flocks to prosper.
 It is his force that gives existence to all things;
 nothing remains hidden for him.
 Let men clothe themselves to fill his gardens.
 He watches over his works,
 producing the inundation during the night.
 It is a god Ptah.
 He causes all his servants to exist,
 all writings and divine words,
 and that which he needs in the North.

9.

It is with the words that he penetrates into his dwelling;
 he issues forth at his pleasure through the magic spells.
 Thy unkindness brings destruction to the fish;
 it is then that prayer is made for the (annual) water of
 the season;
 Southern Egypt is seen in the same state as the North.
 Each one is with his instruments of labour,
 none remains behind his companions.
 None clothes himself with garments,
 the children of the noble put aside their ornaments.
 The night remains silent,
 but all is changed by the inundation;
 it is a healing-balm for all mankind.

10.

Establisher of Justice! mankind desires thee,
 supplicating thee to answer their prayers; •
 thou answerest them by the inundation!
 Men offer the first-fruits of corn;
 all the gods adore thee!
 The birds descend not on the soil.
 It is believed that with thy hand of gold
 thou makest bricks of silver!
 But we are not nourished on lapis-lazuli;
 corn alone gives vigour.

11.

A festal song is raised for thee on the harp,
 with the accompaniment of the hand.
 Thy young men and thy children acclaim thee
 and prepare their (long) exercises.
 Thou art the august ornament of the earth,
 letting thy bark advance before men,
 lifting up the heart of women in labour,
 and loving the multitude of the flocks.

12.

When thou shinest in the royal city,
 the rich man is sated with good things,
 the poor man even disdains the lotus;
 all that is produced is of the choicest;
 all the plants exist for thy children.
 If thou hast refused (to grant) nourishment,
 the dwelling is silent, devoid of all that is good
 the country falls exhausted.

13.

O inundation of the Nile!
 offerings are made unto thee,
 oxen are immolated to thee,
 great festivals are instituted for thee,
 birds are sacrificed to thee,
 gazelles are taken for thee in the mountain,

pure flames are prepared for thee.
Sacrifice is made to every god as it is made to the Nile,
The Nile has made its retreat in Southern Egypt,
its name is not known beyond the Tuan.
The god manifests not his forms,
he baffles all conception.

14.

Men exalt him like the cycle of the gods,
they dread him who creates the heat,
even him who has made his son the universal master
in order to give prosperity to Egypt.
Come (and) prosper! come (and) prosper!
O Nile, come (and) prosper!
[O thou who makest men to live through his flocks
and his flocks through his orchards!
Come (and) prosper, come,
O Nile, come (and) prosper!]

III.

THE SONG OF THE HARPER.

[Chanted by the Singer to the harp who is in the Chapel of the Osirian, the patriarch of Amen, the blessed Neferhotep]

The great one is truly at rest,
the good charge is fulfilled.
Men pass away since the time of Ra,
and the youths come in their stead.
Like as Ra reappears every morning,
and Tum sets in the horizon,
men are begetting,
and women are conceiving.
Every nostril inhaleteth once the breezes of dawn,
but all born of women go down to their places.

Make a good day, O holy father!
Let odours and oils stand before thy nostril.
Wreaths of lotus are on the arms and the bosom of thy sister,
dwelling in thy heart, sitting beside thee.
Let song and music be before thy face,
and leave behind thee all evil cares!
Mind thee of joy, till cometh the day of pilgrimage,
when we draw near the land which loveth silence.

Make a good day, O blessed Neferhotep,
thou Patriarch perfect and pure of hands!
He finished his existence . . (the common fate of men).
Their abodes pass away,
and their place is not;
they are as they had never been born

since the time of Ra.

(They in the shades) are sitting on the bank of the river,
thy soul is among them, drinking its sacred water,
following thy heart, at peace

Give bread to him whose field is barren,
thy name will be glorious in posterity for evermore ;

they will look upon thee

(The Priest clad in the skin) of a panther will pour to the ground,
and bread will be given as offerings ;

the singing women

Their forms are standing before Ra,
their persons are protected

Rannu will come at her hour,
and Shu will calculate his day,

thou shalt awake (woe to the bad one!)

He shall sit miserable in the heat of infernal fires.

Make a good day, O holy father

Neferhotep, pure of hands!

No works of buildings in Egypt could avail,
his resting place is all his wealth

Let me return to know what remaineth of him!

Not the least moment could be added to his life,

(when he went to) the realm of eternity.

Those who have magazines full of bread to spend,
even they shall encounter the hour of a last end.

The moment of that day will diminish the valour of the rich

Mind thee of the day, when thou too shalt start for the land,
to which one goeth to return not thence.

Good for thee then will have been (an honest life),

therefore be just and hate transgressions,

for he who loveth justice (will be blessed).

The coward and the bold, neither can fly (the grave),

the friendless and proud are alike

Then let thy bounty give abundantly, as is fit,

(love) truth, and Isis shall bless the good,

(and thou shalt attain a happy) old age.

IV.

HYMN.

For them is destined
the incense of Horus,
for them Thoth is there,
for the producing
all good and pure
as offering to Amon-Ra, *
the lord of the temple of Nesta, '
and for Amon-Ra, •
the lord of Hib city,
the strong-armed one.
Many in truth
are his names,
all mysterious,
declaring
his forms.
When the gates open
of heaven on earth, •
then shines resplendent
the ruler of Nesta,
of the temples of Thebes,
in his various forms,
in the earthly spaces.
The land is a-glow
and the crops of the fields,
when he pours out the waters
of the fresh floods.
Eternally lives he
in his own name
as sun of the day,
Of the moon, his eye,

the children live,
 and earth's sons love,
 in his name;
 the creator of good,
 the god of the moon,
 the former of hearts.
 He poureth out
 the living breath
 for all that breathes
 in the name that is his!
 as Amon divine,
 who ever abideth
 in all things,
 the soul of the Shu ¹
 for all the Gods.
 He is the body
 of living man,
 the maker of trees
 with nourishing fruit,
 the bringer of floods
 for Egypt's lands.
 Nought lives without him
 on earth's broad plain,
 in south and north,
 in his name
 of Osiris divine,
 dispenser of light.
 He is Horus, of spirits
 the living God,
 who from primal waters
 erst arose.
 The God of Memphis,
 the living God
 of illumined man.
 A lion-god is he,
 the Anch-hir in the temple,
 the vast one of On.
 He is the creator
 of every beast
 in his own name:

¹ The Air.

the Ram of sheep,
the God of goats,
the Bull of the cows.
The sacred sparhawks,
the darters of rays,
they live as gods
in his name of Hormachis.
The friend of the scorpion
in his hole,
the god of such
as dwell in the waters,
of the crocodile,
the diver in floods.
He is the God
whose Being is Becoming.
To the resurrection -
he appeareth to summon
millions of the dead
at the great festal-day
of the Neheb-Ka.
The god is he of them
reposing in the graves.
Image of Amon,
Image of Atum,
Image of Chepra,
Image of Ra
is but the One only,
the self-revealer
millionfold.
The grand architect
who from very beginning is,
an Eikon
that itself fashions
its own shape
with own hands,
in every form
as it wills.
His is the image
of the winged Chafer,
the greatly-mighty,
on the heaven-roof
of the goddess Nut.

She heaven and earth
to him surrenders
when he riseth up
from the water-depths
in the lofty highland
of Chomuni.
When he shows himself
then appear the gods.
They in their shapes
behold themselves
in the light of the god.
Near and far
is circumfused
by the beams
of his eyes.
He lighteth up
the arch of heaven
with the dazzling splendour
of his wings.
Mighty are his ends.
His law is power
creative.
Abiding, enduring,
he fadeth never.
In millions
and millions more
of endless æons
he moveth through
the path of heaven,
and every day
explores the depths
of the under-world.
His goal it is
to reinstate
Osiris god
as King of Aker,
the under-world,
renewing
his body and form
once again
within his palace.
Full of joy

is the mother's heart
for her son
Horus divine.
This is he.
His daily being
is sun's uprising
and down-setting.
He stays in heaven
to scatter light
to the lands of the Son,
life to bestow
on living men.
O ever-living
Amon's ram!
Whose right eye
each day in heaven
is time-controller
unlimited,
and makes a mock
of eternity,
shooting his rays
ascending, descending,
the image of Amon,
the image of Atum,
the image of Osiris.
From the beginning
was his left eye,
the moon, in heaven,
the meter of time,
God Hermes-Thoth,
the nightly reflex
of his disk.
Every day
he sweeps through heaven
on the body of Nut,
beginning his course
over against the places
of the sun-gates,
that he the seasons
may bring to pass
in their turn,
along with Ra,

the sun-god.

None other

in the gods' assembly

him resembleth.

And be this god,

dispenser of goodness,

heard with the ear

their heart is ravished;

oft as he neareth

they meet him with shouting

for the sake of his glory;

just so rejoiceth

the sons of the poor man

the uncle's approaching,

the opulent kinsman.

He is the archetype heavenly

of the earth-born enthroned in his palace.

For as the latter endureth

the day of the kingdom is reckoned,

the radiant arising and fading.

Eternally liveth

the Ram of Amon

in his eye,

the left one.

He is moon in the night

and king of the stars,

who the severance maketh

of months, years, and seasons.

He comes, living ever,

ascending,

descending.

The image of Amon,

the image of Shu,

is higher far

than all the gods.

An image resplendent

in all his shapes

in the tetrad of winds

of heaven.

Just as he pleaseth

flutter they forth

from the mouth of the King.

The soul of Shu,
it steereth the winds,
when every day
the bark of the sun
sails through the sky.
Enswathed in clouds
high above Shu
he circleth the heavens.
In every wood
he entereth in.
He causeth to ripen
the fruits of the trees.
He openeth the vision,
revealeth his might
in powerful beast.
But when he darkeneth
the heavenly tent,
and when his storms
rouse the waves to fury,
they sink to rest
when he is appeased.
Of all souls creator,
it is he who fills
the water-courses
of the sacred stream
at his pleasure.
At his will too
the fields grow fertile.
None other is like him.
One heareth his voice
yet invisible he
to every being
that breath respire.
He strengthens the heart
of the travailing woman.
He kindleth the spark
of the infant she bears.
He descends to the depths
of the world concealed,
and refreshes the god
whose heart is at pause
with the balmy air

of the northern wind.
He filleth his breast
with his perfumes
of every kind,
at every hour
of every day.
He gives him the might
over his limbs;
his heart he warmeth
without ever failing.
To Horus, the victor,
his name he resigneth.
He protecteth the Senth,
Isis divine.
He placeth her son
on the seat of his father.
The ever-living
God Amon,
the soul of Shu,
on then he journeys
in the cloudy domain.
For heaven and earth
are again divided,
and ordered again
is all that abideth
in all things.
He is the Life.
One lives but in him
for ever and ever.

CONFUCIANISM AND TÂOISM.

I.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE DUTIFUL.

1. Of all the methods for the good ordering of men, there is none more urgent than the use of ceremonies. Ceremonies are of five kinds, and there is none of them more important than sacrifices.

Sacrifice is not a thing coming to a man from without; it issues from within him, and has its birth in his heart. When the heart is deeply moved, expression is given to it by ceremonies; and hence, only men of ability and virtue can give complete exhibition to the idea of sacrifice.

The sacrifices of such men have their own blessing;--not indeed what the world calls blessing. Blessing here means perfection;--it is the name given to the complete and natural discharge of all duties. When nothing is left incomplete or improperly discharged;--this is what we call perfection, implying the doing everything that should be done in one's internal self, and externally the performance of everything according to the proper method. There is a fundamental agreement between a loyal subject in his service of his ruler and a filial son in his service of his parents. In the supernal sphere there is a compliance (what is due to) the repose and expansion of the energies of nature; in the external sphere, a compliance with (what is due) to rulers and elders; in the internal sphere, the filial service of parents;--all this constitutes what is called perfection.

It is only the able and virtuous man who can attain to this perfection; and can sacrifice when he has attained to it. Hence in the sacrifices of such a man he brings into exercise all sincerity and good faith, with all the right-heartedness and reverence; he offers the (proper) things; accompanies them with the (proper) rites; employs the soothing of music; does everything suitably to the season. Thus intelligently does he offer his sacrifices, without

seeking for anything to be gained by them:—such is the heart and mind of a filial son.

II.

THE PERFECT MAN.

1. The universal path for all under heaven is fivefold, and the (virtues) by means of which it is trodden are three. There are ruler and minister; father and son; husband and wife; elder brother and younger; and the intercourse of friend and friend:—(the duties belonging to) these five (relationships) constitute the universal path for all. Wisdom, benevolence, and fortitude:—these three are the universal virtues of all. That whereby these are carried into exercise is one thing. Some are born with the knowledge of these (duties); some know them by study; and some know them as the result of painful experience. But the knowledge being possessed, it comes to one and the same thing.

Some practise them with the ease of nature; some for the sake of their advantage; and some by dint of strong effort. But when the work of them is done, it comes to one and the same thing.

2. Perfection of nature is characteristic of Heaven. To attain to that perfection hits what is right without any effort, and apprehends without any exercise of thought;—he is the sage who naturally and easily embodies the right way. He who attains to perfection is he who chooses what is good, and firmly holds it fast.

He extensively studies what is good; inquires accurately about it; and vigorously practises it. While there is anything he has not studied, or in what he has studied there is anything he cannot (understand), he will not intermit his labour. While there is anything he has not asked about, or anything in what he has asked about that he does not know, he will not intermit his labour. While there is anything he has not thought over, or anything in what he has thought about that he does not know, he will not intermit his labour. While there is anything which he has not tried to discriminate, or anything in his discrimination that is not clear, he will not intermit his labour. While there is anything which he has not practised, or any want of vigour so far as he has practised, he will not intermit his labour.

works beyond his strength does but add to his cares and disappointments. A man should be moderate even in his efforts.

"Be not over anxious to obtain relaxation or repose. For he who is so, will get neither.

"Beware of ever doing that which you are likely, sooner or later, to repent of having done.

"Do not neglect to rectify an evil because it may seem small, for, though small at first, it may continue to grow until it overwhelms you.

"If a man does not strive to resist slight acts of injustice, he will soon find himself called upon to face the greatest wrongs.

"Take heed to your words as well as to your acts, and do not allow yourself to think, that because you may be alone, you are neither seen nor heard, but remember the gods are everywhere.

"A house may be burned down through a smouldering fire, when a fierce flame would have shown itself and have been easily put out. A river is formed by the waters of many streams; a cord so strong as not to be easily broken, by the union of many threads.

"A sapling whose roots have not struck deep, can be easily pulled up; but, if it be allowed to become a tree, it will be necessary to use an axe.

"From a man's mouth may come forth sharp arrows to wound, and fiery brands to burn. Take good heed, then, that neither issue from your mouth to the injury of others.

"Do not believe that because you have your full share of strength you may encounter danger without risk; there is no man, however strong he may be, who will not find some one with greater strength to cast him to the ground.

"He who is a rebel without due cause, degrades himself to the lowest level of society: but an unjust ruler excites discontent, whilst he who is considerate is readily obeyed.

"The masses of the people, and men of ordinary character, have little prescience or power of dealing with the unknown, and are only capable of following the lead of others. Thus, when they are often brought under the influence of those who are circumspect in their conduct, virtuous, enlightened, and well-mannered, they are insensibly led to imitate them, and so become in their turn an example for others.

"My mouth is closed, I cannot speak. It is in vain you inquire of me, I cannot solve your doubts, and on my side, I have nothing to ask. Though what I teach is shrouded in enigma, it is not the less true. I stand elevated above you, yet no man can do me harm; what mortal is there who can say as much?

"Remember that Heaven has no favourites, but acts with strict impartiality to all.

"No matter how full the ocean, the streams continue to add to its waters without causing it to increase its bounds.

"Reflect and meditate deeply on all that I have said, and I shall not have spoken in vain."

V.

SELF-CULTURE AND ITS FRUITS.

Now all things, whether material or immaterial, have roots and branches, first causes and consequent effects; and to enable us to arrive at correct knowledge of true principles, we have but to find out the natural order in which these effects proceed.

The ancient sovereigns who first endeavoured to extend the principles of this transcendent virtue throughout the empire, commenced at the very root; they began with themselves, and having, by a deep investigation into natural causes and effects, rectified their ideas, and purified their motives, they were enabled to act virtuously themselves; and by extending their principles of action, first to their families, and then to the smaller states, finally succeeded in establishing them throughout the length and breadth of the empire.

Thus we have an example of the order in which our studies ought to be arranged—first, deep investigation into the nature of all things, giving us knowledge; knowledge, giving rise to fixed principles; fixed principles, to virtuous action; virtuous action, to well-regulated family rule; well-regulated family rule, to good government; and good government, to a peaceful and contented empire.

It matters not what our position in life may be—from the emperor, down to the meanest of his subjects—it is alike the duty of all, to regard self-cultivation as the root. But if the root be disordered, how can we possibly expect the branches to flourish, or that he who neglects that which is of primary importance, will give due weight to secondary matters which may proceed from it?

VI.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

How all-pervading is the influence of the spirit world! You look, and you can see nothing; you listen, and can hear nothing; yet all nature is pervaded by it, it is within all things, and around all things,

and cannot be cast out. When a man is moved to purify himself, and fast, and put on ceremonial robes, and offer sacrifice, it is almost as if the gods revealed themselves to him—he appears to be surrounded by them, they seem as if they were at the same time on his right hand and on his left. Hence the ode says—

“The Gods come down
 In their omnipotence.
 Take care, O man!
 That thou hast reverence;
 For though hid from thee,
 They are everywhere;
 Thou may'st not see them;
 Not the less, beware!”

VII.

APHORISMS OF CONFUCIUS.

“Study without reflection, is waste of time;
 Reflection, without Study, is dangerous.”

“The untruthful man is like a chariot without a yoke.”

“Do not repine at obscurity, but seek to deserve fame.”

“Be slow in speech, but prompt in action.”

“He whose principles are thoroughly established, will not be easily led from the right path.”

“The cautious are generally to be found on the right side.”

“An army may depose its generals, but the churl cannot overcome his inclinations.”

“Knowledge is like a running stream,
 But virtue is stable as a rock;
 The learned man moves ever onward,
 The virtuous live in peace and rest.
 The wise man's heart is filled with joy,
 The just man's name endures for ever.”

"The wise have no doubts,
The virtuous no sorrows,
The brave no fears."

"He who is truly good and great, seeks not to preserve his life at the expense of virtue."

"By keeping silence when we ought to speak, men may be lost.

"By speaking when we ought to keep silence we waste our words.

"The wise man is careful to do neither."

"If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly."

"The cultivator of the soil may have his fill of good things, but the cultivator of the mind will enjoy a continual feast."

"Make friends with the upright, intelligent, and wise; avoid the licentious, talkative, and vain."

"It is more important that you should have a knowledge of others, than they should have a knowledge of you."

"Disputation often breeds hatred."

"When a man has been helped round one corner of a square, and cannot manage by himself to get round the other three, he is unworthy of further assistance.

"In other words, there is no use attempting to help those who cannot help themselves."

"A man may be thoroughly happy, though he has nought but his arm for a pillow, rice to eat, and water to drink; but wealth and honours unjustly gained bring no happiness to their possessor, but are as fleeting clouds."

"Study as if you could never reach the point you seek to attain, and hold on to all you have learnt as if you feared to lose it."

"The superior man practises before he preaches."

"Do not unto others that which thou wouldst not they should do unto thee."

VIII.

THE INEFFABLE.

1. The Tào that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging Tào. The name that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging name.

2. (Conceived of us) having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth; (conceived of us) having a name, it is the mother of all things.

3. Always without desire we must be found,
If its deep mystery we would sound;
But if desire always within us be,
Its outer fringe is all that we shall see.

4. Under these two aspects, it is really the same; but as development takes place, it receives the different names. Together we call them the mystery. Where the mystery is the deepest is the gate of all that is subtle and wonderful.

IX.

THE ULTIMATE REALITY.

1. There was something undefined and complete, coming into existence before Heaven and Earth. How still it was and formless, standing alone, and undergoing no change, reaching everywhere and in no danger (of being exhausted)! It may be regarded as the mother of all things.

2. I do not know its name, and I give it the designation of the Tào (the way or course). Making an effort (further) to give it a name I call it The Great.

3. Great, it passes on (in constant flow). Passing on, it becomes remote. Having become remote, it returns. Therefore the Tào is great; Heaven is great; Earth is great; and the (sage) king is also great. In the universe there are four that are great and the (sage) king is one of them.

4. Man takes his law from the Earth, the Earth takes its law from Heaven; Heaven takes its law from the Tào. The law of the Tào is its being what it is.

X.

THE TRUE SAGE.

1. He who knows (the Táo) does not (care to) speak (about it); he who is (ever ready to) speak about it does not know it.

2. He (who knows it) will keep his mouth shut and close the portals (of his nostrils). He will blunt his sharp point and unravel the complications of things; he will attemper his brightness, and bring himself into agreement with the obscurity (of others). This is called 'the mysterious agreement'.

3. (Such an one) cannot be treated familiarly or distantly; he is beyond all consideration of profit or injury; of nobility or meanness: he is the noblest man under heaven.

XI.

THE THREE VIRTUES.

1. All the world says that, while my Táo is great, it yet appears to be inferior (to other systems of teaching). Now it is just its greatness that makes it seem to be inferior. If it were like any other (system), for long would its smallness have been known!

2. But I have three precious things which I prize and hold fast. The first is gentleness; the second is economy; and the third is shrinking from taking precedence of others.

3. With that gentleness I can be bold; with that economy I can be liberal; shrinking from taking precedence of others, I can become a vessel of the highest honour. Nowadays they give up gentleness and are all for being bold; economy, and are all for being liberal; hindmost place, and seek only to be foremost;—(of all which the end is) death.

4. Gentleness is sure to be victorious even in battle, and firmly to maintain its ground. Heaven will save its possessor, by his (very) gentleness protecting him.

XII.

THE DREAM OF EXISTENCE.

"How do I know that the love of life is not a delusion, and that the dislike of death is not like a young person's losing his way, and not knowing that he is (really) going home? Lî Kî was a daughter

of the border warden of Ai. When (the ruler of) the state of Zin first got possession of her, she wept till the tears wetted all the front of her dress. But when she came to the place of the king, shared with him his luxurious couch, and ate his grain-and-grass-fed meat, then she regretted that she had wept. How do I know that the dead do not repent of their former craving for life?

Those who dream of (the pleasures of) drinking may in the morning wail and weep; those who dream of wailing and weeping may in the morning be going out to hunt. When they were dreaming they did not know it was a dream; in their dream they may even have tried to interpret it; but when they awoke they knew that it was a dream. And there is the great awaking, after which we shall know that this life was a great dream. All the while, the stupid think they are awake, and with nice discrimination insist on their knowledge; now playing the part of rulers, and now of grooms. Bigoted was that Khiu! He and you are both dreaming. I who say that you are dreaming am dreaming myself. These words seem very strange; but if after ten thousand ages we once meet with a great sage who knows how to explain them, it will be as if we met him (unexpectedly) some morning or evening.

XIII.

TAO.

There is the great mass (of nature); I find the support of my body on it; my life is spent in toil on it; my old age seeks care on it; at death I find rest in it;—what makes my life a good makes my death also a good. If you hide away a boat in the ravine of a hill, and hide away the hill in a lake, you will say that (the boat) is secure; but at midnight there shall come a strong man and carry it off on his back, while you in the dark know nothing about it. You may hide away anything, whether small or great, in the most suitable place and yet it shall disappear from it. But if you could hide the world in the world, so that there was nowhere to which it could be removed, this would be the grand reality of the ever-during Thing. When the body of man comes from its special mould, there is even then occasion for joy; but this body undergoes a myriad transformations, and does not immediately reach its perfection;—does it not thus afford occasion for joys incalculable? Therefore the sagely man enjoys himself in that from which there is no possibility of separation, and by which all things are preserved. He considers early death

or old age, his beginning and his ending, all to be good, and in this other men imitate him, how much more will they do so in regard to that *Itself* on which all things depend, and from which every transformation arises!

This is the *Tào*; there is in *It* emotion and sincerity, but *It* does nothing and has no bodily form. *It* may be handed down (by the teacher), but may not be received (by his scholars). *It* may be apprehended (by the mind), but *It* cannot be seen. *It* has *Its* root and ground (of existence) in *Itself*. Before there were heaven and earth, from of old, there *It* was, securely existing. From *It* came the mysterious existence of God. *It* produced heaven; *It* produced earth. *It* was before the *Thái-kí*, and yet could not be considered high; *It* was below all space, and yet could not be considered deep; *It* was produced before heaven and earth, and yet could not be considered to have existed long; *It* was older than the highest antiquity, and yet could not be considered old.

XIV.

NATURE THE TRUE GUIDE.

Confucius went to the west to deposit (some) writings in the library of *Kân*, when *Zze-lü* counselled him, saying, "I have heard that the officer in charge of this *Käng* Repository of *Kân* was one *Lão Tan*, who has given up his office, and is living in his own house. As you, Master, wish to deposit the writings here, why not go to him, and obtain his help (to accomplish your object)." Confucius said, "Good;" and he went and saw *Lão Tan*, who refused his assistance. On this he proceeded to give an extract of the Twelve classics to bring the other over to his views.

Lão Tan, however, interrupted him while he was speaking, and said, "This is too vague; let me hear the substance of them in brief." Confucius said, "The substance of them is occupied with Benevolence and Righteousness." The other said, "Let me ask whether you consider Benevolence and Righteousness to constitute the nature of man?" "I do," was the answer. "If the superior man be not benevolent, he will not fulfil his character; if he be not righteous, he might as well not have been born. Benevolence and Righteousness are truly the nature of man." *Lao Tan* continued, "Let me ask you what you mean by Benevolence and Righteousness?" Confucius said, "To be in one's inmost breast in kindly sympathy with all things; to love all men; and to allow no selfish thoughts;—this is the nature of Benevolence and Righteousness." *Lão*

Tan exclaimed, "Ah! you almost show your inferiority by such words! To love all men, is not that vague and extravagant? To be seeking to allow no selfish thoughts—that is selfishness! If you, Master, wish men not to be without their (proper) shepherding, think of Heaven and Earth, which certainly pursue their invariable course; think of the sun and moon, which surely maintain their brightness; think of the stars in the zodiac, which preserve their order and courses; think of birds and beasts, which do not fail to collect together in their flocks and herds; and think of the trees, which do not fail to stand up (in their places.) Do you, Master, imitate this way and carry it into practice; hurry on, following this course; and you will reach your end. Why must you further be vehement in putting forward your Benevolence and Righteousness, as if you were beating a drum, and seeking a fugitive son (only making him run away the more)? Ah! Master, you are introducing disorder into the nature of man!"

XV.

MODEST VIRTUE.

Yang-Zze, having gone to Sung, passed the night in a lodging-house, the master of which had two concubines; one beautiful, the other ugly. The ugly one was honoured, however, and the beautiful one contemned. Yang-Zze asked the reason; a little boy of the house replied, "The beauty knows her beauty, and we do not recognise it. The ugly one knows her ugliness, and we do not recognise it." Yang-Zze said, "Remember it, my disciples. Act virtuously, and put away the practice of priding yourselves on your virtue. If you do this, where can you go to that you will not be loved?"

XVI.

THE GREAT ATTAINMENT.

Confucius asked Lâu Tan, saying, "Being at leisure to-day, I venture to ask you about the Perfect Tào." Lâu Tan replied, "You must, as by fasting and vigil, clear and purge your mind, wash your spirit white as snow, and sternly repress your knowledge. The subject of the Tào is deep, and difficult to describe; I will give you an outline of its simplest attributes.

"The luminous was produced from the Obscure; the Multiform from the Unembodied; the Spiritual from the Tào; and the bodily

from the seminal essence. After this all things produced one another from their bodily organisations. Thus it is that those which have nine apertures are born from the womb, and those with eight from eggs. But their coming leaves no trace, and their going no monument; they enter by no door; they dwell in no apartment:—they are in a vast arena reaching in all directions. They who search for and find (the Tào) in this are strong in their limbs, sincere and far-reaching in their thinking, acute in their hearing, and clear in their seeing. They exercise their minds without being toiled; they respond to everything aright without regard to place or circumstance. Without this heaven would not be high, nor earth broad; the sun and moon would not move, and nothing would flourish:—such is the operation of Tào.

“Moreover, the most extensive knowledge does not necessarily know it; reasoning will not make men wise in it;—the sages have decided against both these methods. However you try to add to it, it admits of no increase; however you try and take from it, it admits of no diminution;—this is what the sages maintain about it. How deep it is, like the sea! How grand it is, beginning again when it has come to an end! If it carried along and sustained all things, without being overburdened or weary, that would be like the way of the superior man, merely an external operation; when all things go to it, and find their dependence in it:—this is the true character of the Tào.

“Here is a man (born) in one of the middle states. He feels himself independent both of the Yin and the Yang, and dwells between heaven and earth; only for the present a mere man, but he will return to his original source. Looking at him in his origin, when his life begins, we have (but) a gelatinous substance in which the breath is collecting. Whether his life be long or his death early, how short is the space between them! It is but the name for a moment of time, insufficient to play the part of a good Yáo or a bad Kichin.

“The fruits of trees and creeping plants have their distinctive characters, and though the relationships of men, according to which they are classified, are troublesome, the sage, when he meets with them, does not set himself in opposition to them, and when he has passed through them, he does not seek to retain them; he responds to them in their regular harmony according to his virtue; and even when he accidentally comes across any of them, he does so according to the Tào. It was thus that the Tis flourished, thus that the kings arose.

"Men's life between heaven and earth is like a white colt's passing a crevice, and suddenly disappearing. As with a plunge and an effort they all come forth; easily and quietly they all enter again. By a transformation they live, and by another transformation they die. Living things are made sad (by death), and mankind grieve for it; but it is (only) the removal of the bow from its sheath, and the emptying the natural satchel of its contents. There may be some confusion amidst the yielding to the change; but the intellectual and animal souls are taking their leave, and the body will follow them:--This is the Great Returning home.

"That the bodily frame came from incorporeity, and will return to the same, is what all men in common know, and what those who are on their way to (know) it need not strive for. This is what the multitudes of men discuss together. Those whose (knowledge) is complete do not discuss it;--such discussion shows that their (knowledge) is not complete. Even the most clear-sighted do not meet (with the Tào);--it is better to be silent than to reason about it. The Tào cannot be heard with the ears;--it is better to shut the ears than to try and hear it. This is what is called the Great Attainment!"

XVII.

THE GREAT SECRET.

The Tào is to be found in the subdivisions (of its subject); (it is to be found) in that when complete, and when broken up. What I dislike in considering it as subdivided, is that the division leads to the multiplication of it;--and what I dislike in that multiplication is that it leads to the (thought of) effort to secure it. Therefore when (a man) comes forth (and is born), if he did not return (to his previous non-existence), we should have (only) seen his ghost; when he comes forth and gets this (return), he dies (as we say). He is extinguished, and yet has a real existence:--(this is another way of saying that in life we have) only man's ghost. By taking the material as an emblem of the immaterial, do we arrive at a settlement of the case of man? He comes forth, but from no root; he re-enters, but by no aperture. He has a real existence, but it has nothing to do with place; he has continuance, but it has nothing to do with beginning or end. He has a real existence, but it has nothing to do with place, such is his relation to space; he has continuance, but it has nothing to do with beginning or end, such

is his relation to time; he has life; he has death; he comes forth; he enters; but we do not see his form;—all this is what is called the door of Heaven. The door of Heaven is Non-Existence. All things come from non-existence. The (first) existences could not bring themselves into existence; they must have come from non-existence. And non-existence is just the same as non-existing. Herein is the secret of the sages.

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF CHUANG TZŪ'S WIFE.

When Chuang Tzū's wife died, Hui Tzū went to condole. He found the widower sitting on the ground, singing, with his legs spread out at a right angle, and beating time on a bowl.

"To live with your wife," exclaimed Hui Tzū, "and see your eldest son grow to be a man, and then not to shed a tear over her corpse!—this would be bad enough. But to drum on a bowl, and sing! surely this is going too far?"

"Not at all," replied Chüang Tzū. "When she died, I could not help being affected by her death. Soon, however, I remembered that she had already existed in a previous state before birth, without form, or even substance; that while in that unconditioned condition, substance was added to spirit; that this substance then assumed form; and that the next stage was birth. And now, by virtue of a further change, she is dead, passing from one phase to another like the sequence of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

"And while she is thus lying asleep in Eternity, for me to go about weeping and wailing would be to proclaim myself ignorant of these natural laws. Therefore I refrain."

XIX.

REST.

Tzū Kung said to Confucius, "Master, I am weary, and would fain have rest."

"In life," replied the sage, "there is no rest."

"Shall I, then, never have rest?" asked the disciple.

"You will," said Confucius. "Behold the tombs which lie around; some magnificent, some mean. In one of these you will find rest,"

"How wonderful is Death!" rejoined Tzū Kung. "The wise man rests, the worldly man is engulfed therein!"

"My son," said Confucius, "I see that you understand. Other men know life only as a boon: they do not perceive that it is a pain. They know old age as a state of weakness: they do not perceive that it is a state of ease. They know death only as an abomination: they do not perceive that it is a state of rest."

"How grand," cried Yen Tzū, "is the old conception of Death! The virtuous find rest, the wicked are engulfed therein. In death, each reverts to that from which he came. The ancients regarded death as a return to, and life as an absence from, home. And he who forgets his home becomes an outcast and a by-word in his generation."

XX.

DIVINÆ PARTICULAM AURÆ.

There is in the universe an *Aura* which permeates all things, and makes them what they are. Below, it shapes forth land and water; above, the sun and the stars. In man it is called spirit; and there is nowhere where it is not.

In times of national tranquillity, this spirit lies *perdu* in the harmony which prevails. Only at some great crisis is it manifested widely abroad. And as to these manifestations, those who run may read. Were there not the fearless and truthful annalists of old? Was there not the disinterested chivalry of Chang Siang? the unswerving devotion of Su Wu? Did not Yen Yen say they had headless generals in his district, but none who surrendered their allegiance? Was not an emperor's robe splashed with blood that might not be washed away? And the teeth of Chang Hsün?—the tongue of Yen Hsi?—the guileless honesty of Kuan Ning, pure as the clearest ice?—the martial genius of K'ung Ming, the admiration of Gods and men?—the oath of Tsu T'i?—the tablet dashed in the rebel's face?

Such is the grand and glorious spirit which endureth for all generations, and which, linked with the sun and moon, knows neither beginning nor end. The foundation of all that is great and good in heaven and earth, it is itself born from the everlasting obligations which are due by man to man.

Alas! the fates were against me; I was without resource. Bound with fetters, hurried away towards the north, death would have been sweet indeed; but that boon was refused.

My dungeon is lighted by the Will-o'-the-wisp alone: no breath

of spring cheers the murky solitude in which I dwell. The ox and the barb herd together in one stall: the rooster and the phoenix feed together from one dish. Exposed to mist and dew, I had many times thought to die; and yet, through the seasons of two revolving years, disease hovered round me in vain. The dank unhealthy soil to me became Paradise itself. For there was that within me which misfortune could not steal away. And so I remained firm, gazing at the white clouds floating over my head, and bearing in my heart a sorrow boundless as the sky.

The sun of those dead heroes has long since set; but their record is before me still. And, while the wind whistles under the eaves, I open my books and read; and lo! in their presence my heart glows with a borrowed fire.

BRAHMANISM.

A.—VEDIC HYMNS.

I.

TO VARUNA.

1.

The wise Aditya's work, the glorious Ruler,
Should far exceed all other works in grandeur!
The God, the dearest object of all worship,
The mighty Varuna I fain would honour.

May we for ever prosper in thy service,
Who praise thee, Varuna, with true devotion,
With each return of Dawn the Lord of cattle,
Bursts out the flame of our devotion daily.

3.

May we live safely under thy protection,
O Varuna, far-ruling, Lord of heroes!
Ye sons of Aditi, whom none deceiveth,
Ye gods, in covenant of grace accept us!

The ruler of the world sets free the rivers,
They flow, O Varuna, as thou ordainest;
They never fail or faint, are never weary,
Pass swiftly over earth as birds o'er heaven.

5.

Free me from sin, that as a chain hath held me!
Let me maintain the even course of justice!
Tear not the thread of song which I am weaving,
O break not the poor workman's staff untimely!

6.

O Varuna, deliver me from terror!
In grace look on me, O thou righteous ruler,
And set me free, as a young calf, from sorrow;
Apart from thee I cannot breathe one moment!

7.

Save us, O Varuna, from deadly weapons,
Which smite, at thy behest, all evil-doers;
O let me not from light of life be banished;
Destroy my foes, but let me live in safety.

8.

We faithfully for many years have served thee,
O mighty Varuna, both now and ever;
On thee, as on a rock immovable,
Thy own eternal law is firmly grounded.

9.

Deliver me from my own past transgressions,
Nor let me suffer for the sins of others.
Grant, Varuna, that I may see, yet living,
The blessed light of many a coming morning.

10.

If e'er in dream my timid heart is startled
By friend or foeman speaking works of menace;
If ever thief or wolf would harm thy servant,
Then take me, Varuna, in thy protection.

11.

And, Varuna, grant that a generous patron,
Noble and rich, to me be never wanting;
May well-appointed wealth be mine for ever,
Our voice be heard in councils of the nobles.

II.

TO VARUNA.

I.

Sorely as we, O Varuna,
Break thy just laws, O God,
From day to day as men are wont,

2.

Give us not up to sudden death,
Not to the stroke of vengeful wrath,
Nor in thy hot displeasure smite!

3.

As charioteers rein in their steeds,
So with our hymns, O Varuna,
We fain would soothe thy wrathful mood.

4.

For all our wishes turn to thee,
In hope thy blessing to obtain,
As swift-winged birds fly to their nest.

5.

He knows the course of every bird
Which through the æther wings its flight—
Each ship that passeth o'er the sea.

6.

Lord of all order, the twelve moons,
With all their offspring, well he knows;
He knows the moon as yet unborn.

7.

He knows the way of all the winds,
The strong, far-sweeping, mighty winds;
Knows them who sit on thrones above.

8.

In his own palace Varuna,
Maintaining order, is enthroned;
He, the All-wise, Almighty Lord.

9.

There his all-seeing eyes behold
All secret things, all hidden deeds,
What has been done, what will be done.

10.

May Aditi's all-knowing son,
From day to day our footsteps bless,
And grant us length of happy life.

11.

Above, in golden robes arrayed,
Sits Varuna in royal state;
Around him all his Watchers wait.

12.

The God whom none resists or harms,
No liar ever can deceive,
No craft of man can overreach.

13.

He, who in perfect majesty,
Presides o'er human destinies,
And o'er our mortal bodies rules.

14.

To him who seeth far and wide
Fraught with desire our hymns ascend,
As herds that to their pastures haste.

15.

Together let us now converse,
For sweet libations I have brought,
Which thou acceptest as our priest.

16.

O that I could but see him near;
 Here, on this earth, his chariot see!
 Would he accept these hymns of mine?

17.

O hear this day my earnest cry;
 Be gracious to me, Varuna!
 Seeking for help, I long for thee!

18.

Wise God, thou rulest over all,
 Whether in heaven or on earth;
 O, hearken to my prayer, O God!

19.

Free me from chains in every form;
 Whether they bind my head or feet;
 O set me free that I may live.

III.

TO VARUNA.

I.

Truly the Being is all-wise, Almighty,
 Who fixed this twofold world so far extending,
 Who raised on high the glorious vault of heaven,
 The starry firmament, and earth outspreading.

2.

And to myself I said, how can I ever
 With Varuna be reconciled? Unwrathful
 Can he accept an offering from his servant?
 How can I win his grace with tranquil spirit?

3.

I ask, O Varuna, my guilt perceiving;
 I go the wise, the well-informed, to question.
 They all with one accord at once give answer,
 "'Tis Varuna who is incensed against thee."

4.

In what, O Varuna, have I offended
 That thou, thy loving songster thus hast smitten?
 Tell me, O king, whom no pretence deceiveth,
 That thus adoring I may now appease thee.

5.

Absolve us from the wrongs done by our fathers,
 Absolve us from the sins by us committed!
 Like a young calf unbound set free Vasishtha,
 A thief not dealt with as a cattle-stealer.

6.

'Twas not, O Varuna, my will; 'twas folly,
 Outburst of passion, drunkenness or madness,
 An old man overcome by youthful passion,
 Nay, sleep or sloth are oftentimes cause of sinning,

7.

But as a slave will I now serve the gracious,
 And, freed from guilt, obey the jealous Godhead.
 A fool who trusts in him learns from him wisdom;
 He, the All-wise, gives to the prudent riches.

8.

O may this hymn of mine, thou mighty Ruler,
 Touch thy kind heart, O Varuna, dear master.
 Ye gods, be with us working or reposing,
 And shield us ever with all heavenly blessings.

IV.

TO VARUNA.

I.

A grateful, loving hymn of true affection,
 Vasishtha, bring to Varuna, the gracious;
 Who brings into our world the steed of brightness,
 The glorious sun, rich with a thousand blessings.

2.

I look on Varuna: his glorious aspect,
Radiant as light, my awestruck soul o'erpowers!
Whate'er in heaven, or light or dark is lovely
With thee may I behold, thou mighty ruler.

3.

Once Varuna and I embarked together,
Together steered out into the mid-ocean:
As we then glided o'er the heaving billows,
Our tossing bark flashed out in sudden splendour.

4.

The god into his bark received Vasishtha,
Endowed him with his wondrous gifts as poet,
Appointed him, on that blest day his songster,
So long as day and moon their course continue.

5.

But where is now that intercourse so gracious,
When we so lovingly dwelt together?
To thy vast palace, Varuna, thou ruler,
Thy hundred-gated house, I once had access.

6.

If Varuna, thy friend, whom yet thou lovest,
Thy comrade once, in aught hath thee offended,
Punish us not after our guilt, avenger;
Wise God, still grant protection to thy Songster.

7.

All us who dwell in thy abode securely,
Thy help from heaven, thine abode, invoking,
Do thou set free from sin, its guilt and bondage.
Ye gods protect us with your heavenly blessings.

V.

TO VARUNA.

1.

Not yet into the house of clay
Would I depart, O Varuna!
Be merciful, good Lord, forgive.

2.

I totter now with trembling limbs
As a swoln bladder, Varuna.
Be merciful, good Lord, forgive.

3.

In weakness and in ignorance
I went astray, thou holy one.
Be merciful, good Lord, forgive.

4.

In midst of water though I stand
Thy songster faints with parching thirst,
Be merciful, good Lord, forgive!

5.

Although we oft, as man is wont, O Varuna,
By evil deeds the gods in heaven offend;
If we thy law have broken in ignorance,
Punish us not for this offence, O God!

VI.

TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

1. In the beginning⁶ there arose the Golden Child (Hiranya-garbha); as soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

2. He who gives breath, he who gives strength, whose command all the bright Gods revere, whose shadow is immortality, whose shadow is death:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

3. He who through his might became the sole king of the breathing and twinkling world, who governs all this, man and beast:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

4. He through whose might these snowy mountains are, and the sea, they say, with the distant river (the Rasâ), he of whom these regions are indeed the two arms:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

5. He through whom the awful heaven and the earth were made fast, he through whom the ether was stablished, and the firmament; he who measured the air in the sky:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling in their mind; he over whom the risen sun shines forth:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

7. When the great waters went everywhere, holding the germ (Hiranya-garbha), and generating light, then there arose from them the (sole) breath of the gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

8. He who by his might looked even over the waters which held power (the germ) and generated the sacrifice (light), he who alone is God above all gods: Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

9. May he not hurt us, he who is the begetter of the earth, or he, the righteous, who begat the heaven; he who also begat the bright and mighty waters:—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?

[10. Pragâpati, no other than thou embraces all these created things. May that be ours which we desire when sacrificing to thee: may we be lords of wealth!]

VII.

CREATION.

Lo! 'twas the birth of time, when yet was naught nor aught:
Yon sky was not, nor heaven's all-covering woof;
No life, no death, no amplitude of breath was sought
In those primeval days. What clouded all? what roof

Of many twinkling eyes, if need of such could be?
 Unknown alike were sun and moon; no light or sound
 E'er broke thy awful sameness of that vast, wan sea;
 The One alone breathed breathless, waiting, self-profound!
 Beyond it lay the void, a chasm deep and wide,
 A darkness hid in darkness—gloom in depth of gloom.
 So sullen and so soulless was this early tide,
 Like death's dread image in the prospect of the tomb.
 Then rent the chaos-wrapped It th'eternal veil
 Of its own nothingness, and, by evolved force
 Of inner fervour, grew. And first in all the scale
 Of being rose that subtle spring named Love, whose course
 Connected naught with entity—a linked joy!
 This radiating gladness, beam of purest light,
 Suffused, translucent, bringing bliss without alloy—
 Who, lost in thought, did win it from the infinity?
 Then fecundating powers arose and energized above,
 Whilst freighted germs burst forth beneath and mighty forces strove.
 The secret of it all—proclaim it boldly he who can:
 Who made the heavens then? And who, forsooth, quick-feeling man?
 No gods were there to say: who then can know or half foretell
 The unravelling of this mighty universal spell?
 Whether by Will or of Necessity arose this Earth,
 He of high heaven alone can tell, who knows nor death nor birth,
 Or haply even He knows not!

VIII.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Approach thou now the lap of Earth, thy Mother,
 The wide-extending Earth, the ever-kindly;
 A maiden soft as wool to him who comes with gifts,
 She shall protect thee from destruction's bosom.

Open thyself, O Earth, and press not heavily;
 Be easy of access and of approach to him,
 As Mother with her robe her child,
 So do thou cover him, O earth!

May Earth maintain herself thus opened wide for him;
 A thousand props shall give support about him; . . .
 And may those mansions ever drip with fatness;
 May they be there for evermore his refuge.

Forth from about thee thus I build away the ground;
 As I lay down this clod may I receive no harm:
 This pillar may the Fathers here maintain for thee:
 May Yama there provide for thee a dwelling.

B.- LAWS OF MANU.

By confession, by repentance, by austerity and by reciting (the Veda) a sinner is freed from guilt, and in case no other course is possible, by liberality.

In proportion as a man who has done wrong, himself confesses it, even so far he is freed from guilt, as a snake from its slough.

In proportion as his heart loathes his evil deed, even so far is his body freed from that guilt.

He who has committed a sin and has repented, is freed from that sin, but he is purified only by (the resolution of) ceasing (to sin and thinking) "I will do so no more."

Having thus considered in his mind what results will arise from his deeds after death, let him always be good in thoughts, speech, and actions.

He who, having either unintentionally or intentionally committed a reprehensible deed, desires to be freed from (the guilt of) it, must not commit it a second time.

If his mind be uneasy with respect to any act, let him repeat the austerities (prescribed as a penance) for it until they fully satisfy (his conscience).

All the bliss of gods and men is declared by the sages to whom the Veda was revealed, to have austerity for its root, austerity for its middle, and austerity for its end.

(The pursuit of Saree) knowledge is the austerity of a Brahmana, protecting the people is the austerity of a Kshatriya, (the pursuit of) his daily business is the austerity of a Vaisya, and service the austerity of a Sudra.

The sages who control themselves and subsist on fruit, roots and air, survey the three worlds together with their moving and immovable (creatures), through their austerities alone.

Medicines, good health, learning, and the various divine stations are attained by austerities alone; for austerity is the means of gaining them.

Whatever is hard to be traversed, whatever is hard to be attained, whatever is hard to be reached, whatever is hard to be performed, all (this) may be accomplished by austerities; for austerity (possesses a power) which it is difficult to surpass.

Both those who have committed mortal sin (*Mahâpâtaka*) and all other offenders are severally freed from their guilt by means of well-performed austerities.

C.—UPANISHADS.

I.

BRAHMA.

1. All this is Brahman. Let a man meditate on that (visible world) as beginning, ending, and breathing in it (the Brahman).

Now man is a creature of will. According to what his will is in this world, so will he be when he has departed this life. Let him therefore have this will and belief.

2. The intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed; he who embraces all this, who never speaks, and is never surprised.

3. He is my self within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is my self within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than the heaven, greater than all these worlds.

4. He from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odours and tastes proceed, who embraces all this, who never speaks and who is never surprised, he, my self within the heart, is that Brahman. When I shall have departed from hence, I shall obtain him (that self). He who has this faith has no doubt; thus said *Śāṇḍilya*, yea, thus he said.

II.

THE TRUE SELF.

1. There is this city of Brahman (the body), and in it the palace, the small lotus (of the heart), and in it that small ether. Now, what exists within that small ether, that is to be sought for, that is to be understood?

2. And if they should say to him: "Now, with regard to that city of Brahman, and the palace in it, *i. e.*, the small lotus of the heart, and the small ether within the heart, what is there within it that deserves to be sought for, or that is to be understood?"

3. Then he should say: "As large as this ether (all space) is, so large is that ether within the heart. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of him (the Self) here in the world, and whatever is not (*i. e.*, whatever has been or will be), all that is contained within it."

4. And if they should say to him: "If everything that exists is contained in that city of Brahman, all beings and all desires (whatever can be imagined or desired), then what is left of it, when old age reaches it and scatters it, or when it falls to pieces?"

5. Then he should say: "By the old age of the body, that (the ether, or Brahman within it) does not age: by the death of the body, that (the ether, or Brahman within it) is not killed. That (the Brahman) is the true Brahma-city (not the body). In it all desires are contained. It is the Self, free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine. Now, as here on earth people follow as they are commanded, and depend on the object which they are attached to, be it a country or a piece of land.

6. "And as here on earth, whatever has been acquired by exertion, perishes, so perishes whatever is acquired for the next world by sacrifices and other good actions performed on earth. Those who depart from hence without having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is no freedom in all the worlds. But those who depart from hence, after having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is freedom in all the worlds."

III.

THE THREE BOONS.

1. Vāgasravasa, desirous (of heavenly rewards), surrendered (at a sacrifice) all that he possessed. He had a son of the name of Nakiketas.

2. When the (promised) presents were being given (to the priest), faith entered into the heart of Nakiketas, who was still a boy, and he thought:

3. "Unblessed, surely, are the worlds to which a man goes by giving (as his promised present at a sacrifice) cows which have drunk water, eaten hay, given their milk, and are barren."

4. He (knowing that his father had promised to give up all that he possessed, and therefore his son also) said to his father: "Dear father, to whom wilt thou give me?" He said it a second and a third time. Then the father replied (angrily):

"I shall give thee unto Death."

[The father, having once said so, though in haste, had to be true to his word and to sacrifice his son.]

5. The son said: "I go as the first, at the head of many (who have still to die); I go in the midst of many (who are now dying). What will be the work of Yama (the ruler of the departed) which to-day he has to do unto me?"

6. "Look back how it was with those who came before; look forward how it will be with those who come hereafter. A mortal ripens like corn, like corn he springs up again."

[Nakiketas enters into the abode of Yama Vaivasoota, and there is no one to receive him. Thereupon one of the attendants of Yama is supposed to say:]

7. "Fire enters into the houses, when a Brāhmaṇa enters as a guest. That fire is quenched by this peace-offering; bring water, O Vaivasvata!"

8. "A Brāhmaṇa that dwells in the house of a foolish man without receiving food to eat, destroys his hopes and expectations, his possessions, his righteousness, his sacred and his good deeds, and all his sons and cattle."

[Yama, returning to his house after an absence of three nights, during which time Nakiketas had received no hospitality from him, says:]

9. "O Brāhmaṇa, as thou, a venerable guest, hast dwelt in my house three nights without eating, therefore choose now three boons. Hail to thee! and welfare to me!"

10. Nakiketas said: "O Death, as the first of the three boons I

choose that Gautama, my father, be pacified, kind, and free from anger towards me; and that he may know me and greet me, when I shall have been dismissed by thee."

11. Yama said: "Through my favour Anddālaki Āruṇi, thy father, will know thee, and be again towards thee as he was before. He shall sleep peacefully through the night, and free from anger, after having seen thee freed from the mouth of death."

12. Nakiketas said: "In the heaven-world there is no fear; thou art not there, O Death, and no one is afraid on account of old age. Leaving behind both hunger and thirst, and out of the reach of sorrow, all rejoice in the world of heaven."

13. "Thou knowest, O Death, the fire-sacrifice which leads us to heaven; tell it me, for I am full of faith. Those who live in the heaven-world reach immortality, this I ask as my second boon."

14. Yama said: "I tell thee, learn it from me, and when thou understandest that fire-sacrifice which leads to heaven, know, O Nakiketas, that it is the attainment of the endless worlds, and their firm support, hidden in darkness!"

15. [Yama then told him that fire-sacrifice, the beginning of all the worlds, and what bricks are required for the altar, and how many and how they are to be placed, and Nakiketas repeated all as it had been told to him. Then Mrityu, being pleased with him, said again:]

16. The generous, being satisfied, said to him: "I give thee now another boon; that fire-sacrifice shall be named after thee, take also this many-coloured chain."

17. "He who has three times performed this Nāṣiketa rite, and has been united with the three (father, mother, and teacher), and has performed the three duties (study, sacrifice, almsgiving) overcomes birth and death. When he has learnt and understood this fire, which knows (or makes us know) all that is born of Brahman, which is venerable and divine, then he obtains everlasting peace."

18. "He who knows the three Nāṣiketa fires, and knowing the three, piles up the Nāṣiketa sacrifice, he, having first thrown off the chains of death, rejoices in the world of heaven, beyond the reach of grief."

19. "This, O Nakiketas, is thy fire which leads to heaven, and which thou hast chosen as thy second boon. That fire all men will proclaim. Choose now, O Nakiketas, thy third boon!"

20. Nakiketas said: "There is that doubt, when a man is dead, —some saying, he is; others, he is not. This I should like to know, taught by thee; this is the third of my boons."

21. Death said: "On this point even the gods have doubted formerly; it is not easy to understand. That subject is subtle. Choose another boon, O Nakiketas, do not press me, and let me off that boon."

22. Nakiketas said: "On this point even the gods have doubted indeed, and thou, Death, has declared it to be not easy to understand, and another teacher like thee is not to be found: surely no other boon is like unto this."

23. Death said: "Choose sons and grandsons who shall live a hundred years, heads of cattle, elephants, gold, and horses. Choose the wide abode of the earth, and live thyself as many harvests as thou desirest."

24. "If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth, and long life. Be (king), Nakiketas, on the wide earth. I make thee the enjoyer of all desires."

25. "Whatever desires are difficult to attain among mortals, ask for them according to thy wish;—these fair maidens with their chariots and musical instruments,—such are indeed not to be obtained by men,—be waited on by them whom I give to thee, but do not ask me about dying."

26. Nakiketas said: "These things last till to-morrow, O Death, for they wear out this vigour of all the senses. Even the whole of life is short. Keep thou thy horses, keep dance and song for thyself."

27. "No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth, when we see thee? Shall we live, as long as thou rulest? Only that boon (which I have chosen) is to be chosen by me."

28. "What mortal, slowly decaying here below, and knowing, after having approached them, the freedom from decay enjoyed by the immortals, would delight in a long life, after he has pondered on the pleasures which arise from beauty and love?"

29. "No, that on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell us what there is in that great Hereafter. Nakiketas does not choose another boon but that which enters into the hidden world."

1. Death said: "The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end."

2. "The good and the pleasant approach man: the wise goes round about them and distinguishes them. Yea, the wise prefers

the good to the pleasant, but the fool chooses the pleasant through greed and avarice.

3. "Thou, O Nakiketas, after pondering all pleasures that are or seem delightful, hast dismissed them all. Thou hast not gone into the road that leadeth to wealth, in which many men perish.

4. "Wide apart and leading to different points are these two, ignorance, and what is known as wisdom. I believe Nakiketas to be one who desires knowledge, for even many pleasures did not tear thee away.

5. "Fools dwelling in darkness, wise in their own conceit, and puffed up with vain knowledge, go round and round, staggering to and fro, like blind men led by the blind.

6. "The Hereafter never rises before the eyes of the careless child, deluded by the delusion of wealth. This is the world, he thinks, there is no other;—thus he falls again and again under my sway.

7. "He (the Self) of whom many are not even able to hear, whom many, even when they hear of him, do not comprehend; wonderful is a man, when found, who is able to teach him (the Self); wonderful is he who comprehends him, when taught by an able teacher.

8. "That (Self), when taught by an inferior man, is not easy to be known, even though often thought upon; unless it be taught by another, there is no way to it, for it is inconceivably smaller than what is small.

9. "That doctrine is not to be obtained by argument, but when it is declared by another, then, O dearest, it is easy to understand. Thou hast obtained it now; thou art truly a man of true resolve. May we have always an inquirer like thee!"

10. Nakiketas said: "I know that what is called a treasure is transient, for that eternal is not obtained by things which are not eternal. Hence the Nāṁiketa fire(-sacrifice) has been laid by me (first); then, by means of transient things, I have obtained what is not transient (the teaching of Yama)."

11. Yama said: "Though thou hadst seen the fulfilment of all desires, the foundation of the world, the endless rewards of good deeds, the shore where there is no fear, that which is magnified by praise, the wide abode, the rest, yet being wise thou hast with firm resolve dismissed it all.

12. "The wise who, by means of meditation on his self, recognises the ancient, who is difficult to be seen, who has entered into the dark, who is hidden in the cave, who dwells in the abyss, as God, he indeed leaves joy and sorrow far behind.

13. "A mortal who has heard this and embraced it, who has separated from it all qualities, and has thus reached the subtle Being, rejoices, because he has obtained what is a cause for rejoicing. The house (of Brahman) is open, I believe, O Nakiketas."

14. Nakiketas said: "That which thou seest as neither this nor that, as neither effect nor cause, as neither past nor future, tell me that."

15. Yama said: "That word (or place) which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is Om."

16. "That (imperishable) syllable means Brahman, that syllable means the highest (Brahman); he who knows that syllable, whatever he desires, is his."

17. "This is the best support, this is the highest support; he who knows that support is magnified in the world of Brahmā."

18. "The knowing (Self) is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed."

19. "If the Killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed."

20. "The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator."

21. "Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere. Who, save myself, is able to know that God who rejoices and rejoices not?"

22. "The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve."

23. "That Self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own."

24. "But he who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil, and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self (even) by knowledge."

25. "Who then knows where He is, He to whom the Brahmans and Kshatriyas are (as it were) but food, and death itself a condiment?"

1. "There are the two, drinking their reward in the world of their own works, entered into the cave (of the heart), dwelling on the highest summit (the ether in the heart). Those who know Brahman call them shade and light; likewise those householders who perform the *Trināṅkiketa* sacrifice.

2. "May we be able to master that *Nāṅiketa* rite which is a bridge for sacrificers; also that which is the highest, imperishable Brahman for those who wish to cross over to the fearless shore.

3. "Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect (*buddhi*) the charioteer, and the mind the reins.

4. "The senses they call the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. When he (the Highest Self) is in union with the body, the senses, and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer.

5. "He who has no understanding and whose mind (the reins) is never firmly held, his senses (horses) are unmanageable, like vicious horses of a charioteer.

6. "But he who has understanding and whose mind is always firmly held, his senses are under control, like good horses of a charioteer.

7. "He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place, but enters into the round of births.

8. "But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed that place, from whence he is not borne again.

9. "But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of his journey, and that is the highest place of *Vishṇu*.

10. "Beyond the senses there are the objects, beyond the objects there is the mind, beyond the mind there is the intellect, the Great Self is beyond the intellect.

11. "Beyond the Great there is the Undeveloped, beyond the Undeveloped there is the Person (*purusha*). Beyond the Person there is nothing—this is the goal, the highest road.

12. "That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.

13. "A wise man should keep down speech and mind; he should keep them within the Self which is knowledge; he should keep knowledge within the Self which is the Great; and he should keep that (the Great) within the Self which is the Quiet.

14. "Rise, awake! having obtained your boons, understand them! The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path (to the Self) is hard.

15. "He who has perceived that which is without sound, without touch, without form, without decay, without taste, eternal, without smell, without beginning, without end, beyond the Great and unchangeable, is freed from the jaws of death.

16. "A wise man who has repeated or heard the ancient story of Nakiketas told by Death, is magnified in the world of Brahman.

17. "And he who repeats this greatest mystery in an assembly of Brahmans, or full of devotion at the time of the Śrāddha sacrifice, obtains thereby infinite rewards."

IV.

ENS REALISSIMUM.

1. Some wise men, deluded, speak of Nature, and others of Time (as the cause of everything); but it is the greatness of God by which this Brahma-wheel is made to turn.

2. It is at the command of him who always covers this world, the knower, the time of time, who assumes qualities and all knowledge, it is at his command that this work (creation) unfolds itself, which is called earth, water, fire, air and ether ;

3. He who, after he has done that work and rested again, and after he has brought together one essence (the Self) with the other (matter), with one, two, three, or eight, with time also and with the subtle qualities of the mind ;

4. Who, after starting the works endowed with (the three) qualities, can order all things, yet when, in the absence of all these, he has caused the destruction of the work, goes on, lying in truth different (from all he has produced).

5. He is the beginning, producing the causes which unite (the soul with the body), and, being above the three kinds of time (past, present, future), he is seen as without parts, after we have first worshipped that adorable god, who has many forms, and who is the true source (of all things), as dwelling in our own mind.

6. He is beyond all the forms of the tree (of the world) and of time, he is the other, from whom this world moves round, when one has known him who brings good and removes evil, the lord of bliss, as dwelling within the self, the immortal, the support of all.

7. Let us know that highest great lord of lords, the highest deity of deities, the master of masters, the highest above, as God, the lord of the world, the adorable.

8. There is no effect and no cause known of him, no one is seen like unto him or better; his high power is revealed as manifold, as inherent, acting as force and knowledge.

9. There is no master of his in the world, no ruler of his, not even a sign of him. He is the cause, the lord of the lords of the organs, and there is of him neither parent nor lord.

10. That only God who spontaneously covered himself, like a spider, with threads drawn from the first cause (pradhāna), grant us entrance into Brahman.

11. He is the one God, hidden in all beings, all-pervading, the self within all beings, watching over all works, dwelling in all beings, the witness, the perceiver, the only one, free from qualities.

12. He is the one ruler of many who (seem to act, but really do) not act; he makes the one seed manifold. The wise who perceive him within their self, to them belongs eternal happiness, not to others.

13. He is the eternal among eternal, the thinker among thinkers, who, though one, fulfils the desires of many. He who has known that cause which is to be apprehended by Sāṅkhya (philosophy) and Yoga (religious discipline), he is freed from all fetters.

14. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, and much less this fire. When he shines, everything shines after him; by his light all this is lightened.

15. He is the one bird in the midst of the world; he is also (like) the fire (of the sun) that has set in the ocean. A man who knows him truly, passes over death; there is no other path to go.

16. He makes all, he knows all, the self-caused, the knower, the time of time (destroyer of time), who assumes qualities and knows everything, the master of nature and of man; the lord of the three qualities (guṇa), the cause of the bondage, the existence, and the liberation of the world.

17. He who has become that, he is the immortal, remaining the lord, the knower, the ever-present guardian of this world, who rules this world for ever, for no one else is able to rule it.

18. Seeking for freedom I go for refuge to that God who is the light of his own thoughts, he who first creates Brahman (in) and delivers the Vedas to him.

19. Who is without parts, without actions, tranquil, without fault, without taint, the highest bridge to immortality—like a fire that has consumed its fuel.

20. Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known.

21. Through the power of his penance and through the grace of God has the wise Śvetāśvatara truly proclaimed Brahman, the highest and holiest, to the best of ascetics, as approved by the company of Rishis.

22. This highest mystery in the Vedānta, delivered in a former age, should not be given to one whose passions have not been subdued, nor to one who is not a son, or who is not a pupil.

23. If these truths have been told to a high-minded man, who feels the highest devotion for God, and for his Guru as for God, then they will shine forth indeed.

V.

THE SOUL'S PROGRESS.

And thus it has been said elsewhere: after having left behind the body, the organs of sense, and the objects of sense (as no longer belonging to us), and having seized the bow whose stick is fortitude and whose string is asceticism, having struck down also with the arrow, which consists in freedom from egotism, the first guardian of the door of Brahman (for if man looks at the world egotistically, then, taking the diadem of passion, the earrings of greed and envy, and the staff of sloth, sleep, and sin, and having seized the bow whose string is anger, and whose stick is lust, he destroys with the arrow which consists of wishes, all beings) -- having therefore killed that guardian, he crosses by means of the boat Om to the other side of the ether within the heart, and when the ether becomes revealed (as Brahman), he enters slowly, as a miner seeking minerals in a mine, into the Hall of Brahman. After that let him, by means of the doctrine of his teacher, break through the shrine of Brahman, which consists of the four nets (of food, breath, mind, knowledge, till he reaches the last shrine, that of blessedness and identity with Brahman). Thenceforth pure, clean, undeveloped, tranquil, breathless, bodiless, endless, imperishable, firm, everlasting, unborn and independent, he stands on his own greatness, and having seen (the Self), standing in his own greatness, he looks on the wheel of the world as one (who has alighted from a chariot) looks on its revolving wheel.

D. - MAHÂBHÂRATA.

I.

THE VANITY OF GRIEF.

The Holy One Spoke:

Thou grieveest for those who need no grief, but thou speakest words of wisdom. The wise grieve not for the dead or the living.

But I was never non-existent, nor thou, nor these rulers of men, nor shall any of us hereafter cease to be.

As in this (present) body, childhood, youth, and old age appertain to the embodied (soul), so also it obtains another body. The wise man is not troubled thereat.

But the contacts of matter, O son of Kunti! causing cold and heat, pain and pleasure, come and go, being only temporary: these bear with firmness, O son of Bharata!

For the man whom these things afflict not, O chief of men! who is steadfast, the same in pain and pleasure, is formed for immortality.

That which is unreal has no (proper) existence, and that which is real never ceases to be: but the limit of both is seen by those who know the truth.

Know also that He (That) which spread out this All can never perish. No one is able to cause the destruction of this Eternal.

These (bodies) are called the mortal bodies of the eternal, imperishable, infinite, embodied (soul): wherefore fight, O son of Bharata!

He who deems this to be a slayer, and he who thinks that it can be slain, are both undiscerning: it slays not, and it is not slain.

It is never born, and it never dies: it has never been brought into being, nor shall it ever be brought hereafter. Unborn, undying, eternal, primeval, this is not slain when the body is slain.

How can that man, O son of Prithâ! who knows it to be indestructible, eternal, unborn, and undying, cause any one to be slain, and how can he slay?

As a man, having cast off his old garments, takes others that are new, so the embodied (soul), having cast off the old bodies, enters into others that are new.

Weapons cleave it not, nor does the fire burn it; the waters wet it not, nor do the winds dry it up.

This is impenetrable, incombustible, incapable of being moistened

or dried up: it is undying, all-pervading, constant, immovable, and eternal.

This is declared to be invisible, incomprehensible, immutable: wherefore knowing it to be such, thou oughtest not to grieve for it.

And if thou thinkest it to be ever born and ever dying (with the body, even then it is not meet for thee to grieve for it, O mighty-armed!

For the death of what is born is certain, and certain (too) the birth of what has died; therefore it is not meet for thee to mourn over that which none can prevent.

In the primal state all things are unseen; in the middle state they are seen, O son of Bharata! they become unseen again in the state of death. What cause of grief is there in this?

One man looks on it (the soul) as a marvel; another speaks of it as a marvel, another hears of it as a marvel, but there is not one who, by hearing of it understands it.

This embodied (soul) in the body of every one, O son of Bharata! is ever indestructible, wherefore thou oughtest not to mourn for any living thing."

II.

THE PATH TO PEACE.

Let no man rejoice in attaining what is pleasant, nor grieve in attaining what is unpleasant, being fixed in mind, untroubled, knowing Brahma and abiding in Brahma.

He whose soul is unattached to outward contacts (impressions from material things) finds happiness in himself; his soul, joined by devotion (*yoga*) to Brahma, enjoys eternal blessedness;

For the pleasures that are born of (these) contacts are the wombs of pain: they begin and end, O son of Kunti! not in them the wise man delights.

He who even here, ere he is freed from the body, can resist the impulse born of lust and wrath, he is devout (*yukta*); he is blessed.

He who is happy in himself, pleased with himself, who finds also light in himself, this Yogin, one with Brahma, finds *nirvāna* in Him.

The Rishis, whose sins are destroyed, whose doubts are removed who are self-restrained and pleased with the well-being of all that live, obtain *nirvāna* in Brahma.

They who are freed from lust and wrath, who are subdued in nature and in thought, and who know the soul, are near to *nirvāna* in Brahma.

When the *muni* has made eternal contacts (purely) external, and looks between his eyebrows; has made his inward and outward breath equal, directing it through the nostrils;

Then with senses, heart, and mind subdued, intent on final deliverance, having put away desire, fear, and wrath, he is for ever free.

He who knows Me as the enjoyer of sacrifice and austere rites, as the mighty Lord of all the worlds and the friend of every living thing, he attains to peace.

III.

DEVOTION BY THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

The Holy One Spoke:

Hear further still, O large-armed one! my all-important works which I will speak to thee, who hast a delight therein, from a desire for thy good.

The hosts of Suras know not any origin of Me, nor the great Rishis; for I am the primal source of all the gods and the great Rishis.

He who knows Me, as unborn and without beginning, the mighty Lord of the world, he of mortals, is undeluded, he is freed from all sin.

Mind, knowledge, absence of illusion, patience, truth, self-restraint, tranquillity, pleasure, pain, birth, death, fear, and courage also;

Innocence, evenness of mind, contentment, religious austerity, beneficence, glory and shame, these are the qualities of beings severally appointed by Me.

The seven great Rishis, the four ancient (Fathers), and the Manus, partaking of my nature, were born from my mind: from them the races of mankind have sprung.

He who knows in truth that pre-eminence and mystic power of mine is united (to Me) by unflinching devotion: of that there is no doubt.

I am the source of all things; the whole (universe) proceeds from Me: thinking thus, the wise who share my nature worship Me.

Thinking on Me, having their life absorbed in Me, instructing each other and ever glorifying Me, they are contented and happy.

To these, constantly devout, who worship with the service of love, I give that mental devotion by which they come to Me.

In them I destroy from compassion, dwelling in their souls, the darkness which is born of ignorance, by the bright lamp of knowledge.

Arjuna Spoke:

Thou art the supreme Brahma, the supreme abode, the best purification, the Eternal Creator, Divine, First of Gods, Unborn, the Lord!

Thus all the Rishis proclaim thee, and also the divine Rishi, Narada; thus too Asita, Devala, and Vyāsa: thus thou declarest thyself to me.

I believe that all which thou sayest is true. O Késava for neither gods nor Dānavas understand thy manifestation (in bodily form), O Holy One!

Thou alone knowest thyself by thyself, O best of beings! Creator of all things, Lord of all, the God of gods, Ruler of the Universe!

It is meet for thee to declare fully thy divine perfections, by which these worlds are constantly pervaded by thee.

How shall I, by ever meditating, know thee, O Mystic One? In what forms of being mayst thou, O mighty Lord! be comprehended by me?

Declare to me again and fully thy mystic nature and perfection (*vibhūti*), O conqueror of men! for I am never sated in hearing thy immortal (ambrosial) words.

The Holy One Spoke:

Well! I will declare to thee my divine perfections by means of the chief of them (only), O best of Kurus! for there is no end of my greatness.

I am the soul, O Guḍakeśu! seated in the heart of every creature. I am the beginning and the middle and the end of all things.

Among the Ādityas I am Viṣṇu; among luminous things the resplendent Sun, I am Marichi among the Maruts and the Moon among the constellations.

I am the Sāma (Veda) of the Vedas, I am Vāsava of the gods. Of the senses I am the *manas*; I am the intellect in living beings.

Of the Rudras I am Śankara, and Vittéśa of the Yakshas and Rakshasas. Of the Vasas I am Pāvaka (fire); of the Mountain-peaks I am Meru.

Know, O son of Prithā! that I am Vṛihaspati, the chief of household priests; of the chiefs in war I am Skanda, and of waters I am the Ocean.

Of the great Rishis I am Bhṛigu, and of words the syllable (Om.) Of offerings I am the *japa*-offering, of mountains the Himalaya (range).

Of all trees I am the sacred fig-tree (*āśvattha*), and of divine Rishis Nārada. Of the Gandarvas I am Chitraratha; of the perfect ones the recluse (*muni*) Kapila.

Know that I am of horses Uchchaiśravas born of the *amrita* (water of immortality); of elephants, Airāvata, and among men I am the King.

Of weapons of war I am the thunderbolt, and of cows the Kāmaduk. I am the progenitor Kandarpa, and of serpents I am Vāsuki.

Of the snakes I am Ananta, and among beings of the waters Varuṇa. Of the Pitris (ancestral manes) I am Aryama, and of judges I am Yama.

Of the Daityas I am Prahlada, and of things that measure I am Time. Of wild beasts I am the Tiger, and Vainateya of birds.

Of purifiers I am the wind, and of those who bear weapons Rama. Of fishes I am Makara and of rivers I am the Gaṅges.

Of Emanations (creations) I am the beginning and the end, and I am also the middle Arjuna! of the kinds of knowledge I am the knowledge of the Supreme spirit (Adhyātman); of those who speak I am the Speech.

I am the letter A among letters, the *dvandva* in compound words; I am also Eternal Time; I am the Sustainer whose presence is on every side.

I am Death that seizes all, and the Source of all that are to come. Of feminine words I am Fame, Fortune, and Speech, Memory, Intelligence, Constancy, and Patience. Among the songs of the Sama-Veda I am the Vrihatsāman and the Gāyatrī among metrical forms. Of months I am the Margasīrsha, and of seasons the flowery Spring.

I am the Dice-play of the fraudulent and the Splendour of the splendid. I am Victory. I am Enterprise. I am the Goodness of the good.

Of the sons of Vṛishni I am Vāsudeva, of the Pāṇdavas the subduer of wealth (Arjuna). Of the *munis* I am Vyāsa, and of sages Uśana the wise.

Of things that subdue I am the Rod, and the Polity of those who seek to conquer. Of secret things I am Silence, and the Knowledge of those who know.

And whatever is of living things the seed, I am That, Arjuna! There is nothing, whether moving or fixed, that can exist without Me.

There is no end of my divine perfections. O slayer of foes! but this recital of my glory has been uttered by Me by way of instances thereof.

Whatever thing is pre-eminent, glorious, or strong, know that all is the issue of a part of my power.

But what hast thou to do with this vast extent of knowledge, Arjuna? I have established in continuance all this universe by one part of myself.

IV.

THE DEVOTION OF WORSHIP.

Arjuna Spoke:

Of those who, ever devoutly worshipping, do thee service, and those who serve the Imperishable and the Unmanifested, which of these (classes) is best acquainted with Yoga?

The Holy One Spoke:

They who have stayed their hearts on Me, and do Me service with a constant devotion, being endowed with perfect faith, these I deem to be the most devout (*Yuktatamās*). But they who serve the Imperishable, Unseen, Unmanifested One, All-pervading and Incomprehensible, who dwelleth on high, the Immutable and Eternal; who, subduing all the senses, are equal-minded to all around and rejoice in the good of all, these attain to Me. The trouble of those whose minds, are fixed on the Unmanifested is the greater, because the unseen path is hard to be gained by those who are embodied; but they who renounce all works in Me, whose chief object I am, who, meditating on Me, serve with an exclusive devotion;

These I raise from the ocean of this mortal world without delay, O son of Pritha! their minds being stayed on Me. Fix thy heart (*manas*) on Me alone; let thy mind (*buddhi*) be stayed on Me; then hereafter thou shalt dwell in Me on high: of that there is no doubt.

But if thou art not able to fix thy thoughts constantly on Me, then by frequent devotion seek to gain Me, O subduer of wealth!

If thou art not equal to frequency (of devotion), be thou intent on doing works for Me; if thou doest works for Me alone, thou shalt attain the perfect state.

If this also thou art not able to do, then having found refuge with Me in devotion, renounce thus the fruit of works with soul subdued;

For knowledge is better than diligence, meditation is better than

knowledge, and renouncing of the fruit of works than meditation; to renunciation peace is very nigh.

He who hates no single being, is friendly and compassionate, free from self-regard and vanity, the same in good and evil, patient. .

Contented, ever devout, subdued in soul, firm in purpose, fixed on Me in heart and mind, and who worships Me, is dear to Me.

He whom the world troubles not, and who troubles not the world, who is free from the emotions of joy, wrath, and fear, is dear to Me.

The man who has no selfish bias, is pure, upright, unconcerned, free from distress of mind, who renounces every enterprise and worships Me, is dear to me.

He who has neither delight or aversion, who neither mourns nor desires, who renounces good and evil fortune, and worships Me, is dear to Me.

He who is the same to friend and foe, and also in honour and dishonour, who is the same in cold and heat, pleasure and pain, who is wholly free from attachment;

To whom praise and blame are equal, who is silent, content with every fortune, home-renouncing, steadfast in mind, and worships Me, that man is dear to Me.

But they who sit at (the banquet of) that sacred nectar, which has been described before, endowed with faith, making Me their highest aim and worshipping (Me,) these are the most dear to Me.

V.

THE PERFECT LIFE.

Those high-souled ones who are devoid of (the thought that this or that is) mine, and devoid of egoism, by means of a pure concentration (of mind) on contemplation, obtain the great and highest world. Those who best understand the self, attaining concentration (of mind) on contemplation, and having their minds always tranquil, enter into the unperceived accumulation of happiness. Those who are free from (all thought that this or that is) mine, and who are free from egoism, attaining concentration (of mind) on contemplation, enter the highest world of the great, which is the unperceived. Born from that same unperceived (principle), again acquiring knowledge, and getting rid of the (qualities of) passion and darkness, and resorting to the pure (quality of) goodness, a man gets rid of all sins, and abandons everything as fruitless. He should be understood to be the Kshetragña. He who understands him understands the

Vedas. Withdrawing from the mind the objects of mental operations, a sage should sit down self-restrained. (He) necessarily (becomes) that on which his mind (is fixed). This is the eternal mystery. That which begins with the unperceived and ends with the gross objects is stated to be of the nature of ignorance. But (you should) learn that whose nature is devoid of qualities. Two syllables are death; three syllables the eternal Brahman. Mine is death, and not mine is the eternal. Some men of dull understandings extol action. By action a creature is born with a body and made up of the sixteen. Knowledge brings forth the being, and that is acceptable and constitutes immortality. Therefore those who are far-sighted have no attachment to actions. This being is stated to be full of knowledge, not full of action. The self-restrained man who thus understands the immortal, changeless, incomprehensible, and ever indestructible and unattached (principle), he dies not. He who thus understands the Self to which there is nothing prior, which is incomprehensible (even) to those who feed on nectar, he certainly becomes immortal and not to be restrained, in consequence of these means. Expelling all impressions, and restraining the self in the self, he understands that holy Brahman, than which nothing greater exists. And when the understanding is clear, he attains tranquillity. And the nature of tranquillity is as when one sees a dream. This is the goal of those emancipated ones who are intent on knowledge. And they see all the movements which are produced by development. This is the goal of those who are indifferent (to the world). This is the eternal piety. This is what is acquired by men of knowledge. This is the uncensured (mode of conduct). This goal can be reached by one who is alike to all beings, who is without attachment, who is without expectations, and who looks alike on everything. I have now declared everything to you, O best of Brāhmaṇa sages! Act thus forthwith; then you will acquire perfection.

BUDDHISM.

GOTAMA'S EMANCIPATION.

It was while the sun was still above the horizon, that the Great Being thus put to flight the army of the Evil One. Then, whilst the Bo-tree paid him homage, as it were, by its shoots like sprigs of red coral falling over his robe, he acquired in the first watch of the night the knowledge of the Past, in the middle watch the knowledge of the Present, and in the third watch the Knowledge of the Chain of Causation which leads to the Origin of Evil.

Now on his thus revolving this way and that way, and tracing backwards and forwards, and thoroughly realizing the twelvefold Chain of Causation, the ten thousand world-systems quaked twelve times even to their ocean boundaries. And again when the Great Being, making the ten thousand world-systems to shout for joy, attained at break of day to complete Enlightenment, the whole ten thousand world-systems became glorious as on a festive day. The streamers of the flags and banners raised on the edge of the rocky boundary to the East of the world reached to the very West; and so those on the West and North, and South, reached to the East, and South, and North; while in like manner those of flags and banners on the surface of the earth reached to the highest heaven and those of flags and banners in heaven swept down upon the earth. Throughout the universe flowering trees put forth their blossoms, and fruit-bearing trees were loaded with clusters of fruit; the trunks and branches of trees, and even the creepers, were covered with bloom; lotus wreaths hung from the sky; and lilies by sevens sprang, one above another, even from the very rocks. The ten thousand world-systems as they revolved seemed like a mass of loosened wreaths, or like a nosegay tastefully arranged: and the great Voids between them, the hells whose darkness the rays of seven suns had never been able to disperse, became filled

with light. The waters of the Great Ocean became sweet, down to its profoundest depths; and the rivers were stayed in their course. The blind from birth received their sight; the deaf from birth heard sound; the lame from birth could use their feet; and chains and bonds were loosed, and fell away.

It was thus in surpassing glory and honour, and with many wonders happening around, that he attained Omniscience, and gave vent to his emotion in the Hymn of Triumph, sung by all the Buddhas.

Long have I wandered! long!
Bound by the Chain of Life,
Through many births:
Seeking thus long, in vain,
"Whence comes this Life in man, his consciousness, his Pain!"
And hard to bear is Birth,
When pain and death but lead to Birth again.
Found! It is found!
O Cause of Individuality!
No longer shalt thou make a house for me:
Broken are all thy beams.
Thy ridge-pole shattered!
Into Nirvāna now my mind has past:
The end of cravings has been reached at last!

II.

THE TWIN-VERSES.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who harbour such thoughts hatred will never cease.

"He abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,"—in those who do not harbour such thoughts hatred will cease.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time: hatred ceases by love, this is an old rule.

The world does not know that we must all come to an end here; — but those who know it, their quarrels cease at once.

He who lives looking for pleasures only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his food, idle, and weak, Māra (the tempter) will certainly overthrow him, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

He who lives without looking for pleasures, his senses well controlled, moderate in his food, faithful and strong, him Māra will certainly not overthrow, any more than the wind throws down a rocky mountain.

He who wishes to put on the yellow dress without having cleansed himself from sin, who disregards also temperance and truth, is unworthy of the yellow dress.

But he who has cleansed himself from sin, is well grounded in all virtues, and regards also temperance and truth, he is indeed worthy of the yellow dress.

They who imagine truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, never arrive at truth, but follow vain desires.

They who know truth in truth, and untruth in untruth, arrive at truth, and follow true desires.

As rain breaks through the ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind.

As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.

The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he mourns in the next; he mourns in both. He mourns and suffers when he sees the evil of his own work.

The virtuous man delights in this world, and he delights in the next; he delights in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path.

The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path.

The thoughtless man, even if he can recite a large portion (of the law), but is not a doer of it, has no share in the priesthood, but is like a cowherd counting the cows of others.

The follower of the law, even if he can recite only a portion (of the law), but, having forsaken passion and hatred and foolishness, possesses true knowledge and serenity of mind, he, caring for nothing in this world or that to come, has indeed a share in the priesthood.

III.

FLOWERS.

Who shall overcome this earth, and the world of Yama (the lord of the departed), and the world of the gods? Who shall find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds out the (right) flower?

The disciple will overcome the earth, and the world of Yama, and the world of the gods. The disciple will find out the plainly shown path of virtue, as a clever man finds out the (right) flower.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Mâra, and never see the king of death.

Death carries off a man who is gathering flowers and whose mind is distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Death subdues a man who is gathering flowers and whose mind is distracted, before he is satiated in his pleasures.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.

Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

As many kinds of wreaths can be made from a heap of flowers, so many good things may be achieved by a mortal when once he is born.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor (that of) sandal-wood, or of Tagara and Mallikâ flowers; but the odour of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

Sandal-wood or Tagara, a lotus-flower, or a Vassikî, among these sorts of perfumes, the perfume of virtue is unsurpassed.

Mean is the scent that comes from Tagara and sandal-wood;—the perfume of those who possess virtue rises up to the gods as the highest.

Of the people who possess these virtues, who live without thoughtlessness, and who are emancipated through true knowledge, Mâra, the tempter, never finds the way.

As on a heap of rubbish cast upon the highway the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight, thus the disciple of the

truly enlightened Buddha shines forth by his knowledge among those who are like rubbish, among the people that walk in darkness.

IV.

VAIN MOURNING.

1. Without a cause and unknown is the life of mortals in this world, troubled and brief, and combined with pain.

2. For there is not any means by which those that have been born can avoid dying; after reaching old age there is death, of such a nature are living beings.

3. As ripe fruits are early in danger of falling, so mortals when born are always in danger of death.

4. As all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so is the life of mortals.

5. Both young and grown-up men, both those who are fools and those who are wise men, all fall into the power of death, all are subject to death.

6. Of those who, overcome by death, go to the other world, a father does not save his son, nor relatives their relations.

7. Mark! while relatives are looking on and lamenting greatly, one by one of the mortals is carried off, like an ox that is going to be killed.

8. So the world is afflicted with death and decay, therefore the wise do not grieve, knowing the terms of the world.

9. For him, whose way thou dost not know, either when he is coming or when he is going, not seeing both ends, thou grievest in vain.

10. If he who grieves gains anything, (although he is only) a fool hurting himself, let the wise man do the same.

11. Not from weeping nor from grieving will any one obtain peace of mind; (on the contrary), the greater his pain will be, and his body will suffer.

12. He will be lean and pale, hurting himself by himself, (and yet) the dead are not saved, lamentation (therefore) is of no avail.

13. He who does not leave grief behind, goes (only) deeper into pain; bewailing the dead he falls into the power of grief.

14. Look at others passing away, men that go (to what they deserve) according to their deeds, beings trembling already here, after falling into the power of death.

15. In whatever manner people think (it will come to pass) dif-

ferent from that it becomes, so great is the disappointment (in this world); see, (such are) the terms of the world.

16. 'Even if a man lives a hundred years or even more, he is at last separated from the company of his relatives, and leaves life in this world.

17. Therefore let one, hearing (the words of) the saint, subdue his lamentation; seeing the one that has passed away, is dead, (let him say): "He will not be found by me (any more)."

18. As a house on fire is extinguished by water, so also the wise, sensible, learned, clever man rapidly drives away sorrow that has arisen, as the wind a tuft of cotton.

19. He who seeks his own happiness should draw out his arrow (which is) his lamentation, and complaint, and grief.

20. He who has drawn out the arrow and is not dependent (on anything) will obtain peace of mind: he who has overcome all sorrow will become free from sorrow, and blessed (*nibbuta*).

V.

THE LIBERATED SOUL.

1. "I ask thee, O Bhagavat, tell me this,"—so said the venerable Mettagû,—“I consider thee accomplished and of a cultivated mind, why are these (creatures), whatsoever they are of many kinds in the world, always subject to pain?”

2. "Thou mayest well ask me concerning the origin of pain,—O Mettagû," so said Bhagavat,—“I will explain that to thee in the way I myself know it: originating in the *upadhis* pains arise, whatsoever they are, of many kinds in the world.

3. "He who being ignorant creates *upadhi*, that fool again undergoes pain; therefore let not the wise man create *upadhi*, considering (that this is) the birth and origin of pain."

4. Mettagû: "What we have asked thee thou hast explained to us; another (question) I ask thee, answer that, pray: How do the wise cross the stream, birth and old age, and sorrow and lamentation? Explain that thoroughly to me, O Muni, for this thing (Dhamma) is well known to thee."

5. "I will explain the Dhamma to thee,—O Mettagû," so said Bhagavat;—"if a man in the visible world, without any traditional instruction, has understood it, and wanders about thoughtful, he may overcome desire in the world."

6. Mettagû: "And I take a delight in that, in the most excellent

Dhamma, O great Isi, which if a man has understood, and he wanders about thoughtful, he may overcome desire in the world."

7. "Whatsoever thou knowest,—O Mettagû," so said Bhagavat,— "(of what is) above, below, across, and in the middle, taking no delight and no rest in these things, let thy mind not dwell on existence."

8. "Living so, thoughtful, strenuous, let the Bhikkhu wandering about, after abandoning selfishness, birth, and old age, and sorrow, and lamentation, being a wise man, leave pain in this world."

9. Mettagû: "I delight in these words of great Isi; well expounded O Gotama, is (by thee) freedom from *upadhi* (i.e., Nibbāna). Bhagavat in truth has left pain, for this Dhamma is well known to thee."

10. "And those also will certainly leave pain whom thou, O Muni, constantly mayest admonish; there I bow down to thee, having come hither, O chief (nāga), may Bhagavat also admonish me constantly."

11. Buddha: "The Brāhmaṇa whom I may acknowledge as accomplished, possessing nothing, not cleaving to the world of lust, he surely has crossed this stream, and he has crossed over to the other shore, free from harshness (akkila), (and) free from doubt."

12. "And he is a wise and accomplished man in this world; having abandoned this cleaving to reiterated existence he is without desire, free from woe, free from longing, he has crossed over birth and age, so I say."

VI.

SORROW.

Now the Blessed One addressed the venerable Ānanda, and said: "Come, Ānanda, let us go on to Kotigāma."

"So be it, Lord!" said Ānanda, in assent, to the Blessed One.

The Blessed one proceeded with a great company of the brethren to Kotigāma; and there he stayed in the village itself.

And at that place the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said: "It is through not understanding and grasping four Noble Truths, O brethren, that we have had to run so long, to wander so long in this weary path of transmigration, both you and I!"

"And what are these four?"

"The noble truth about sorrow; the noble truth about the cause of sorrow; the noble truth about the cessation of sorrow, and the noble truth about the path that leads to that cessation. But when these noble truths are grasped and known the craving for existence is destroyed, and then there is no more birth!"

VII.

THE FOUR TRUTHS.

Now the Blessed One early in the morning robed himself, and taking his bowl, entered Vesâli for alms; and when he had passed through Vesâli, and had eaten his meal and was returning from his alms-seeking he gazed at Vesâli with an elephant look and addressed the venerable Ânanda, and said: "This will be the last time, Ananda, that the Tathâgata will behold Vesâli. Come, Ânanda, let us go on to Bhaṇḍa-gâma."

"Even so, Lord!" said the venerable Ânanda, in assent, to the Blessed One.

And the Blessed One with a great company of the brethren went to Bhaṇḍa-gâma; and there the Blessed One stayed in the village itself.

There the Blessed One addressed the brethren and said: "It is through not understanding and grasping four truths, O brethren, that we have had to run so long, to wander so long in this weary path of transmigration--both you and I.

"And what are these four? The noble conduct of life, the noble earnestness in meditation, the noble kind of wisdom, and the noble salvation of freedom. But when noble conduct is realised and known, when noble meditation is realised and known, when noble wisdom is realised and known, when noble freedom is realised and known--then is the craving for existence rooted out, that which leads to renewed existence is destroyed, and there is no more birth."

Thus spoke the Blessed One; and when the Happy One had thus spoken, then again the teacher said:

"Righteousness, earnest thought, wisdom, and freedom sublime.

These are the truths realised by Gotama, far-renowned.

Knowing them, he, the Knower, proclaimed the truth to the brethren.

The master with eye divine, the quencher of griefs, must die!"

VIII.

FOUNDATION OF THE KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Thus have I heard. The Blessed One was once staying at Benares at the hermitage called Migadâya. And there the Blessed One addressed the company of the five Bhikkhus, and said:

"There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow--the habitual practice, on

the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction) unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy and unprofitable.

“There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna!

“What is that middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna?

“Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:

Right views;
Right aspirations;
Right speech;
Right conduct;
Right livelihood;
Right effort;
Right mindfulness; and
Right contemplation.

“This, O Bhikkhus, is that middle path, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—that path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna!

“Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

“Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief the five aggregates which spring from attachment (the conditions of individuality and their cause) are painful.

“This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning suffering.

“Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

“Verily, it is that thirst (or craving) causing the renewal of existence, accompanied by sensual delight, seeking satisfaction now here, now there—that is to say, the craving for the gratification of the passions, or the craving for (a future) life, or the craving for success (in this present life).

"This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the origin of suffering.

"Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering. "

"Verily, it is the destruction, in which no passion remains, of this very thirst; the laying aside of, the getting rid of, the being free from, the harbouring no longer of this thirst.

"This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of suffering.

"Now this, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the way which leads to the destruction of sorrow. Verily! it is this noble eightfold path; that is to say:

Right views;
Right aspirations;
Right speech;
Right conduct;
Right livelihood;
Right effort;
Right mindfulness; and
Right contemplation.

"This then, O Bhikkhus, is the noble truth concerning the destruction of sorrow."

IX.

BARRENNESS AND BONDAGE.

"And who has not broken through the five kinds of spiritual bondage?"

"In the first place, O Bhikkhus, when a brother has not got rid of the passion for lusts (*kâma*), has not got rid of the desire after lusts, has not got rid of the attraction to lusts, has not got rid of the thirst for lusts, has not got rid of the fever of lusts, has not got rid of the craving after lusts.

"Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, has not got rid of the passion for lusts, has not got rid of the desire after lusts, has not got rid of the attraction to lusts, has not got rid of the thirst for lusts, has not got rid of the fever of lusts, has not got rid of the craving after lusts, his mind does not incline to zeal, exertion, perseverance and struggle.

"But whosoever mind inclineth not toward zeal, exertion, perse-

verance, and struggle, he has not broken through this first spiritual bondage.

"And further, O Bhikkhus, when a brother has not got rid of the passion for a body (Kâye), has not got rid of the desire after a body, has not got rid of the attraction to a body, has not got rid of the thirst for a body, has not got rid of the fever of a body, has not got rid of the craving after a body.

"Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, has not got rid of the passion for a body, has not got rid of the desire after a body, has not got rid of the attraction to a body, has not got rid of the thirst for a body, has not got rid of the fever of a body, has not got rid of the craving after a body, his mind does not incline to zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle.

"But whosoever mind inclineth not toward zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle, he has not broken through this second spiritual bondage.

"And further, O Bhikkhus, when a brother has not got rid of the passion for a form (rûpe), has not got rid of the desire after a form, has not got rid of the attraction to a form, has not got rid of the thirst for a form, has not got rid of the fever of a form, has not got rid of the craving after a form.

"Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, has not got rid of the passion for a form, has not got rid of the desire after a form, has not got rid of the attraction to a form, has not got rid of the thirst for a form, has not got rid of the fever of a form, has not got rid of the craving after a form, his mind does not incline to zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle.

"But whosoever mind inclineth not toward zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle, he has not broken through this third spiritual bondage.

"And further, O Bhikkhus, a brother may have eaten enough and to satisfy, and begins to follow after the ease of sleep, the ease of softness, the ease of sloth.

"Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, when he has eaten enough and to satisfy, begins to follow after the ease of sleep, the ease of softness, the ease of sloth, his mind does not incline to zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle.

"But whosoever mind inclineth not toward zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle, he has not broken through this fourth spiritual bondage.

"And further, O Bhikkhus, a brother may have adopted the religious life in the aspiration of belonging to some one or other of

the angel hosts, and thinking to himself: By this morality, or by this observance, or by this austerity, or by this religious life, I shall become 'an angel, or one of the angels!

"Whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, may have adopted the religious life in the aspiration of belonging to some one or other of the angel hosts, and thinking to himself. By this morality, or by this observance, or by this austerity, or by this religious life, I shall become an angel, or one of the angels! his mind does not incline to zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle.

"But whosoever mind inclineth not toward zeal, exertion, perseverance, and struggle, he has broken through this fifth spiritual bondage.

"It is such a one, O Bhikkhus, who has not broken through the five kinds of mental bondage.

"And whatsoever brother, O Bhikkhus, has not quite become free from the five kinds of spiritual barrenness, has not altogether broken through the five kinds of mental bondage--that such a one should reach up to the full advantage of, should attain to the full growth in, to full breadth in, this doctrine and discipline--that can in no wise be!"

X.

BUDDHA, THE WORLD-REDEEMER.

Thus perfected, Buddha then devised for the world's benefit the eightfold path, *right sight*, and so on, the only true path for the world to tread.

Thus did he complete the end (destruction) of "self," as fire goes out for want of grass; thus he had done what he would have men do; he first had found the way of perfect knowledge;

He finished thus the first great lesson (paramârtha) entering the great Rishi's house, the darkness disappeared; light coming on, perfectly silent, all at rest,

He reached at last the exhaustless source of truth (dharma); lustrous with all wisdom the great Rishi sat, perfect in gifts, whilst one convulsive throe shook the wide earth.

And now the world was calm again and bright, when Devas, Nâgas, spirits, all assembled, amidst the void raise heavenly music, and make their offerings as the law directs;

A gentle cooling breeze sprang up around, and from the sky a fragrant rain distilled; exquisite flowers, not seasonable, bloomed; sweet fruits before their time were ripened;

Great Mandâras, and every sort of heavenly precious flower, from space in rich confusion fell, as tribute to the illustrious monk.

Creatures of every different kind were moved one towards the other lovingly; fear and terror altogether put away, none entertained a hateful thought;

And all things living in the world with faultless men consorted freely; the Devas giving up their heavenly joys, sought rather to alleviate the sinner's sufferings;

Pain and distress grew less and less, the moon of wisdom waxed apace; whilst all the Rishis of the Ikshvâku clan who had received a heavenly birth,

Beholding Buddha thus benefiting men, were filled with joy and satisfaction; and whilst throughout the heavenly mansions religious offering fell as raining flowers,

The Devas and the Nâga spirits, with one voice, praised the Buddha's virtues; men seeing the religious offerings, hearing, too, the joyous hymn of praise,

Were all rejoiced in turn; they leapt for unrestrained joy; Mâra, the Devarâga, only, felt in his heart great anguish.

Buddha for those seven days, in contemplation lost, his heart at peace, beheld and pondered on the Bodhi tree, with gaze unmoved and never wearying:

"Now resting here, in this condition, I have obtained," he said, "my ever-shifting heart's desire, and now at rest I stand, escaped from self."

XI.

SALVATION THROUGH BUDDHA.

In the past and present, thus there had been deliverance for all; Tathâgata, when in the world; and now his relics—after his Nirvâna;

Those who worship and revere these, gain equal merit; so also those who raise themselves by wisdom, and reverence the virtues of the Tathâgata.

Cherishing religion, fostering a spirit of almsgiving, they gain great merit also. The noble and superlative law of Buddha ought to receive the adoration of the world.

Gone to that undying place (Amrita), those who believe (his law) shall follow him there; therefore let all the Devas and men, without exception, worship and adore.

The one great loving and compassionate, who mastered thoroughly

the highest truth, in order to deliver all that lives. Who that hears of him, but yearns with love!

The pains of birth, old age, disease, and death, the endless sorrows of the world, the countless miseries of 'hereafter', dreaded by all the Devas,

He has removed all these accumulated sorrows; say, who would not revere him? to escape the joys of after life, this is the world's chief joy!

To add the pain of other births, this is the world's worst sorrow! Buddha, escaped from pain of birth, shall have no joy of the hereafter!

And having shown the way to all the world, who would not reverence and adore him? To sing the praises of the lordly monk, (declare) his acts from first to last,

Without self-seeking or self-honour, without desire for personal renown, but following what the scriptures say, to benefit the world, (has been my aim).

XII.

RENASCENCE.

The king said: "He who will not be reborn, Nāgasena, does he still feel any painful sensation?"

The Elder replied: "Some he feels and some not."

"Which are they?"

"He may feel bodily pain, O King; but mental pain he would not."

"How would that be so?"

"Because the causes, proximate or remote, of bodily pain still continue, he would be liable to it.

"But the causes, proximate or remote, of mental agony having ceased, he could not feel it. For it has been said by the Blessed One: One kind of pain he suffers, bodily pain: but not mental."

"Then why, Sir, does he not die?"

"The Arabat, O King, has need neither to curry favour nor to bear malice. He shakes not down the unripe fruit, but awaits the full time of its maturity.

"For it has been said, O King, by the Elder, Sâriputta, the Commander of the faith:

"It is not death, it is not life I welcome;
As the hircling his wage, so do I bide my time.
It is not death, it is not life I want;
Mindful and thoughtful do I bide my time."

"Well put, Nâgasena!"

The King said: "Will you, Nâgasena, be reborn?"

"Nay, great King, what is the use of asking that question again? Have I not already told you that if, when I die, I die with craving in my heart, I shall; but if not, not?"

"Give me an illustration."

"Suppose, O King, a man were to render service to the King: and the King, pleased with him, were to bestow an office upon him. And then that he, while living through that appointment, in the full possession and enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense, should publicly declare that the King had repaid him naught. Now would that man, O King, be acting rightly?"

"Most certainly not."

"Just so, great King, what is the use of asking that question again? Have I not already told you that if, when I die, I die with craving in my heart, I shall; and if not, not?"

"You are ready, Nâgasena, in reply."

XIII.

NIRVÂNA.

The King said: "Is cessation Nirvâna?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"How is that Nâgasena?"

"All foolish individuals, O King, take pleasure in the senses and in the objects of sense, find delight in them, continue to cleave to them. Hence are they carried down by that flood (of human passions), they are not set free from birth, old age, and death, from grief, lamentation, pain, sorrow, and despair,— they are not set free, I say, from suffering. But the wise, O King, the disciple of the noble ones, neither takes pleasure in those things, nor finds delight in them, nor continues cleaving to them. And inasmuch as he does not, in him craving ceases, and by the cessation of craving grasping ceases, and by the cessation of grasping becoming ceases, and when becoming has ceased birth ceases, and with its cessation birth, old age, and death, grief, lamentation, pain, sorrow and despair cease to exist. Thus is the cessation brought about, the end of all that aggregation of pain. Thus is it that cessation is Nirvâna!

"Very good, Nâgasena!"

XIV.

THE ETERNITY OF BUDDHA.

The King said : "Is there such a person as the Buddha, Nāgasena?"

"Yes."

"Can he then, Nāgasena, be pointed out as being here or there?"

"The Blessed One, O King, has passed away by that kind of passing away in which nothing remains which could tend to the formation of another individual. It is not possible to point out the Blessed One as being here or there."

"Give me an illustration."

"Now what do you think, O King? When there is a great body of fire blazing, is it possible to point out any one flame that has gone out, that it is here or there?"

"No, Sir. That flame has ceased, it has vanished."

"Just so, great King, has the Blessed One passed away by that kind of passing away in which no root remains for the formation of another individual. The Blessed One has come to an end, and it cannot be pointed out of him, that he is here or there. But in the body of his doctrine he can, O King, be pointed out. For the doctrine was preached by the Blessed One?"

"Very good, Nāgasena!"

XV.

BUDDHIST LITURGY.

We believe in the Blessed One, the Holy One, in him who has arrived at the knowledge of all truth, who has fully accomplished the eight kinds of supernatural knowledge and the fifteen holy practices, who came the good journey which led to the Buddhahood, who knows the Universe, the unrivalled, who has made subject to him all mortal beings, whether in heaven or in earth, the Teacher of gods and men, the blessed Budd'a. Through life till I reach Nirvāṇa I will put my trust in Budd'a.

The Enlightened of to-day,
The Budd'as that are gone,
The Budd'as yet to come,
Shall I worship alway.

No other refuge do I know,
 My triumph and my food:
 By these fair words of truth I trow
 The best of all is Budd'.

My head unto the ground
 I reverently bow,
 Wherein my sin is found
 I beg forgiveness now.

The law was graciously preached by Budd'a, its effects are immediate, it is unlimited by time, it is conducive to salvation, it invites all comers, it is a fitting object of contemplation, the wise ponder it in their hearts. Through life till I reach Nirvāṇa I will put my trust in the Law.

The Law as it is to-day,
 As it was long, long ago
 And in ages yet to grow,
 May I worship alway.

No other refuge do I know,
 My triumph and my awe:
 By these fair words of truth I trow
 The best of all is Law.

I fall upon the knee
 And crave forgiveness now;
 Before the Law and Baskets three
 I reverently bow!

Budd'a's holy Brotherhood, the assembly of righteous men who lead a godly life, who walk in the straight path, in the way of wisdom, who walk faithfully in the four paths of holiness, the eight orders of the elect, worthy of offerings from afar, worthy of fresh offerings, worthy of offerings of the daily necessities of life, entitled to receive the respectful salutation of joined hands raised in homage to the forehead, this holy Brotherhood brings forth merit which, like a rich field, yields its increase for the benefit of this world of men. Through life till I reach Nirvāṇa I will put my trust in the Brotherhood (Order, Church).

The Church as it is to-day,
As it was long, long ago
And in ages yet to flow,
Lêt me worship alway.

My refuge is in thee,
My triumph, my delight;
In these fair words I see
The battle for the right.

Upon the knee I fall
And crave forgiveness now,
Before the Church, before them all
I reverently bow!

Upon my head abide
Three refuges, three signs;
And ever at my side
Nirvâna's peaceful mines!

MAZDAISM.

I.

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

With venerating (desire) for this (gift) of gracious help, O Mazda, and stretching forth my hands (to Thee) I pray for the first (blessing) of (Thy) bountiful Spirit; (that is, I beseech of Thee that my) actions (toward) all (may be performed) in (the Divine) Righteousness; and with this I implore from Thee the understanding of Thy Benevolent Mind, in order that I may propitiate the Soul of the Kine (our herds and flocks, which cry so bitterly to Thee).

And therefore, O Great Creator, the Living Lord! (inspired) by Thy Benevolent mind, I approach You, (and beseech of Thee) to grant me (as a bountiful gift) for both the worlds, the corporeal and (for that) of mind, those attainments which are to be derived from the (Divine) Righteousness, and by means of which (that personified Righteousness within us) may introduce those who are its recipients into beatitude and glory!

O (thou Divine) Righteousness, and thou Benevolent Mind (of Deity)! I will worship you, and Ahura Mazda the first, for all of whom the Pious ready mind (within us) is causing the imperishable Kingdom' to advance. (And while I thus utter my supplications to You), come Ye to my calls to help!

(Yea, I will approach You with my supplications, I) who am delivering up (my) mind and soul to that (heavenly) Mount (whither all the redeemed at last must pass), knowing (full well) the holy characteristics and rewards of the (ceremonial and moral) actions (prescribed) by Ahura Mazda. (And) so long as I am able and may have the power, so long will I teach (Your people concerning these holy deeds to be done by them with faith toward God, and) in the desire (for the coming) of the (Divine) Righteousness (within their souls).

And, thou Righteousness! when shall I see thee, knowing the

Good mind (of God), and (above all the personified) Obedience (of our lives which constitutes) the way to the most beneficent Ahura Mazda. (asking this, I thus beseech thee, for) with this holy word of supplication we must hold off with tongue the flesh-devouring fiend, (the very sign and power of all spiritual foulness)!

And do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator! come to me with Thy Good mind; and do Thou, who bestowest gifts through Thy Righteousness, bestow alike long-lasting life on us. And (that this life may be spent aright, do) Thou by means of Thy lofty words (bestow) the (needed) powerful spiritual help upon Zarathustra and upon us, whereby we may overcome the torments of the tormentor.

(And) do thou, O (Divine) Righteousness, bestow (upon me) that sacred blessing which is constituted by the attainments of the Good Mind (within my soul); and do thou also, O Piety! grant unto Vîstâspa and to me our wish; (Yea) may'st Thou grant (us), O Mazda, ruler (as Thou art! that grace) whereby we may hear (with understanding) Thy benignant words.

That best (of gifts therefore) do I beseech (of Thee), O Thou best (of beings) Ahura! who art one in will with (Thy Divine) Righteousness (within us, likewise), the best (of spirits), desiring it (as I now do) for the (heroic) man Frashaostra, and for me, upon whom also may'st Thou bestow it (not for time alone), but for all the ages of Thy Good mind (that reign of Thy Benevolence which shall be to us as Heaven)!

And (impressed and moved) by these gifts of strengthening grace (which thou may'st give in answer to these prayers may we never anger You, O Ahura Mazda! (nor Thy) Righteousness (within us), nor yet Thy Kindly mind (toward us), since we have most earnestly made effort (helping to advance Your cause) in the (chanting) offering of Your praises, for most easy to be invoked (are Ye). (Yours are verily both) the desire for (spiritual) blessings (for us), and the (Divine) Possession (of their power).

And therefore do Thou, O Lord, the Great Creator! fill up and satisfy (my) desire with these attainments (of the grace) of Thy Good Mind, which Thou dost know to be derived from Righteousness, (and) which (are verily) sublime, for I have known Thine instructions to be never void of their effect (in the struggles) for our (daily) food, and therefore worthy objects of desire.

(Yea, I approach Thee with my prayers, I) who by these (great gifts of grace), will protect (Thy) Divine Righteousness, and (Thy) Good mind (within us) for ever. And do Thou therefore, O Ahura Mazda! teach me from Thyself, yea, from Thine own mouth of

spirit, that I may declare it forth to (these Thy waiting people) by what (powers and according to what laws) the primeval world arose!

II.

THE DOCTRINE OF DUALISM.

And now I will proclaim, O ye who are drawing near and seeking to be taught! those animadversions which appertain to Him who knows (all things) whatsoever; the praises which are for Ahura, and the sacrifices (which spring) from the Good Mind, and likewise the benignant meditations inspired by Righteousness. And I pray that propitious results may be seen in the lights.

Hear ye then with your ears; see ye the bright flames with the (eyes of the) Better Mind. It is for a decision as to religions, man and man, each individually for himself. Before the great effort of the cause, awake ye (all) to our teaching!

Thus are the primeval spirits who as a pair (combining their opposite strivings), and (yet each) independent in his action, have been famed (of old). (They are) a better thing, they two, and a worse, as to thought, as to word, and as to deed. And between these two let the wisely acting choose aright. (Choose ye) not (as) the evil-doers!

(Yea) when the two spirits came together at the first to make life, and life's absence, and to determine how the world at the last shall be (ordered); for the wicked (Hell) the worst life, for the holy (Heaven) the Best Mental State.

(Then when they had finished each his part in the deeds of creation, they chose distinctly each his separate realm.) He who was the evil of them both (chose the evil), thereby working the worst of possible results, but the more bounteous spirit chose the (Divine) Righteousness; (yea, He so chose) who clothes upon Himself the firm stones of heaven (as His robe). And He chose likewise them who content Ahura with actions, which (are performed) really in accordance with the faith.

And between these two spirits the Demon-gods (and they who give them worship) can make no righteous choice, since we have beguiled them. As they were questioning and debating in their council the (personified) Worst Mind approached them that he might be chosen. (They made their fatal decision). And thereupon they rushed together unto the Demon of Fury, that they might pollute the lives of mortals.

Upon this ~~Ar~~amaiti (the personified Piety of the saints) approached, and with her came the Sovereign Power, the Good Mind, and the Righteous Order. And (to the spiritual creations of good and of evil) ~~Ar~~amaiti gave a body, she the abiding and ever strenuous. And for these Thy (people) so let (that body) be (at the last), O Mazda! as it was when Thou camest first with creations!

And (when the great struggle shall have been fought out which began when the Devas first seized the Demon of Wrath as their ally), and when the (just) vengeance shall have come upon these wretches, then O Mazda! the Kingdom shall have been gained for Thee by (Thy) Good Mind (within Thy folk). For to those, O living Lord! does (that Good Mind), utter his command, who will deliver the Demon of the Lie into the two hands of the Righteous Order (as a captive to a destroyer).

And may we be such as those who bring on this great renovation, and make this world progressive, (till its perfection shall have been reached). (As) the Ahuras of Mazda (even) may we be; (yea, like Thyself), in helpful readiness to meet (Thy people), presenting (benefits) in union with the Righteous Order. For there will our thoughts be (tending) where true wisdom shall abide in her home.

(And when perfection shall have been attained) then shall the blow of destruction fall upon the Demon of Falsehood, (and her adherents shall perish with her), but swiftest in the happy abode of the Good Mind and of Ahura the righteous saints shall gather, they who proceed in their walk (on earth) in good repute (and honour).

Wherefore, O ye men! ye are learning (thus) these religious incitations which Ahura gave in (our) happiness and (our) sorrow. (And ye are also learning) what is the long wounding for the wicked, and the blessings which are in store for the righteous. And when there (shall have begun their course), salvation shall be (your portion)!

III.

EULOGY OF PRAYER.

1. Zarathustra asked Ahura Mazda: "O Ahura Mazda, most beneficent Spirit, Maker of the material world, thou Holy One!

"What is the only word in which is contained the glorification of all good things, of all the things that are the offspring of the good principle?"

2. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is the praise of Holiness, O Spitama Zarathustra!

3. "He who recites the praise of Holiness, in the fulness of faith

and with a devoted heart, praises me, Ahura Mazda; he praises the waters, he praises the earth, he praises the cattle, he praises the plants, he praises all good things made by Mazda, all the things that are the offspring of the good principle.

4. "For the reciting of that word of truth, O Zarathuṣtra! the pronouncing of that formula, the Aluma Vairya, increases strength and victory in one's soul and piety.

5. "For that only recital of the praise of Holiness is worth a hundred *Khshnaothras* of the beings of Holiness, when delivered while going to sleep, a thousand when delivered after eating, ten thousand when delivered during cohabitation, or any number when delivered in departing this life."

6. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth ten others in greatness, goodness, and fairness?"

7. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathuṣtra that a man delivers when eating the gifts of Haurvatât and Ameretât, at the same time professing good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and rejecting evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

8. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth a hundred others in greatness, goodness, and fairness?"

9. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathuṣtra! that a man delivers while drinking of the Haoma strained for the sacrifice, at the same time professing good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and rejecting evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

10. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth a thousand others in greatness, goodness and fairness?"

11. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathuṣtra! that a man delivers when starting up from his bed or going to sleep again, at the same time professing good thoughts, good words and good deeds, and rejecting evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

12. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth ten thousand others in greatness, goodness and fairness?"

13. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathuṣtra! that a man delivers when waking up and rising from sleep, at the same time professing good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and rejecting evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

14. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth this Karshvare of ours, Hoaniratha, with its cattle and its chariots, without its men, in greatness, goodness, and fairness?"

15. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathustra! that a man delivers in the last moments of his life, at the same time professing good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and rejecting evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

16. "What is the one recital of the praise of Holiness that is worth all that is between the earth and the heavens, and this earth, and that luminous space, and all the good things made by Mazda, that are the offspring of the good principle in greatness, goodness, and fairness?"

17. Ahura Mazda answered: "It is that one, O holy Zarathustra! that a man delivers to renounce evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds."

IV.

FATE OF SOULS AFTER DEATH.

1. Zarathustra asked Ahura Mazda: "O Ahura Mazda, most beneficent spirit, Maker of the material world, thou Holy One!

"When one of the faithful departs this life, where does his soul abide on that night?"

Ahura Mazda answered:

2. "It takes its seat near the head, singing the *Ustavaiti Gâtha* and proclaiming happiness: Happy is he, happy the man, whoever he be, to whom Ahura Mazda gives the full accomplishment of his wishes! On that night his soul tastes as much of pleasure as the whole of the living world can taste."

3. "On the second night where does his soul abide?"

4. Ahura Mazda answered: "It takes its seat near the head singing the *Ustavaiti Gâtha* and proclaiming happiness. Happy is he, happy the man, whoever he be, to whom Ahura Mazda gives the full accomplishment of his wishes! On that night his soul tastes as much of pleasure as the whole of the living world can taste!"

5. "On the third night where does his soul abide?"

6. Ahura Mazda answered: "It takes its seat near the head, singing the *Ustavaiti Gâtha* and proclaiming happiness: Happy is he, happy the man, whoever he be, to whom Ahura Mazda gives the full accomplishment of his wishes! On that night his soul tastes as much of pleasure as the whole of the living world can taste."

7. "At the end of the third night, when the dawn appears, it seems to the soul of the faithful one as if it were brought amidst plants and scents: it seems as if a wind were blowing from the regions of the south, a sweet-scented wind, sweeter-scented than any other wind in the world."

8. "And it seems to the soul of the faithful one as if he were inhaling that wind with the nostrils, and he thinks: Whence does that wind blow, the sweetest-scented wind I ever inhaled with my nostrils?!

9. "And it seems to him as if his own conscience were advancing to him in that wind, in the shape of a maiden fair, bright, white—armed, strong, full-formed, high-standing, thick-breasted, beautiful of body, noble, of a glorious seed, of the size of a maid in her fifteenth year, as fair as the fairest things in the world.

10. "And the soul of the faithful one addresses her, asking: What maid art thou, who art the fairest maid I have ever seen?

11. "And she, being his own conscience, answers him; O thou youth of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, of good religion, I am thy own conscience!

"Everybody did love thee for that greatness, goodness, fairness, sweet-scentedness, victorious strength and freedom from sorrow, in which thou dost appear to me;

12. "And so thou, O youth of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, of good religion! didst love me for that greatness, goodness, fairness, sweet-scentedness, victorious strength, and freedom from sorrow, in which I appear to thee.

13. "When thou wouldst see a man making decision and deeds of idolatry, or rejecting (the poor) and shutting his door, then thou wouldst sit singing the Gâthas and worshipping the good waters and Âtar, the son of Ahura Mazda, and rejoicing the faithful that would come from near or from afar.

14. "I was lovely and thou madest me still lovelier; I was fair and thou madest me still fairer; I was desirable and thou madest me still more desirable; I was sitting in a forward place and thou madest me sit in the foremost place, through this good thought, through this good speech, through this good deed of thine; and so henceforth men worship me for my having long sacrificed unto and conversed with Ahura Mazda.

15. "The first step that the soul of the faithful man made, placed him in the *Good-Thought Paradise*;

"The second step that the soul of the faithful man made, placed him in the *Good-Word Paradise*;

"The third step that the soul of the faithful man made, placed him in the *Good-Deed Paradise*;

"The fourth step that the soul of the faithful man made, placed him in the Endless Lights."

HELLENIC AND GRÆCO-ROMAN RELIGION.

I.

THE FRUIT OF SIN.

Zeus--if to The Unknown
That name of many names seem good—
Zeus, upon thee, in utter need, I call.
Thro' the mind's every road
I passed, but vain are all,
Save that which names thee Zeus, the Highest One!
Were it lent mine to cast away the load,
The weary load, that weighs my spirit down!*

He that was Lord of old,
In full-blown pride of place and valour bold,
Hath fallen and is gone, even as an old tale told!
And he that next held sway—
By stronger grasp o'erthrown,
Hath passed away!
And whoso now shall bid the triumph-chant arise
To Zeus and Zeus alone,
He shall be found the truly wise!
'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way
Of knowledge: He hath ruled,
Men shall learn wisdom, by affliction schooled.

In visions of the night, like dropping rain,
Descend the many memories of pain
Before the spirits sight: in tears and dole,
Comes wisdom o'er the unwilling soul—
A boon, I wot, of all Divinity,
That holds its sacred throne, in strength, above the sky!

Zeus the high God!—whate'er be dim in doubt,
 This can one thought track out—
 The blow that fells the sinner is of God,
 And as he wills, the rod
 Of vengeance smiteth sore. One said of old,
The Gods list not to hold
A reckoning with him whose feet oppress
The grace of holiness—
 An impious word! for whensoever the sire
 Breathed forth rebellious fire—
 What time his household overflowed the measure
 Of bliss and health and treasure—
 His children's children read the reckoning plain.
 At last in tears and pain!
 On me let weal that brings no woe be sent,
 And therewithal, content;
 Who spurns the shrine of Right, nor wealth nor power
 Shall be to him a tower,
 To guard him from the gulf; there lies his lot,
 Where all things are forgot?
 Lust drives him on—Lust, desperate and wild,
 Fate's Sin-contriving child—
 And cure is none; beyond concealment clear,
 Kindles Sin's baleful glare.
 As an ill coin beneath the wearing touch
 Betrays, by stain and smutch,
 Its metal false—such is the sinful wight.
 Before on pinions light,
 Fain pleasure flits, and lures him childlike on,
 While home and kin make moan,
 Beneath the grinding burden of his crime;
 Till, in the end of time,
 Cast down of heaven, he pours forth fruitless prayer,
 To powers that will not hear.

II.

THE MORAL LAW DIVINE AND UNERRING.

O may I live
 Sinless and pure in every word and deed
 Ordained by those firm laws, that hold their realm on high!

Begotten of Heaven, of brightest Ether born,
 Created not of man's ephemeral mould,
 They ne'er shall sink to slumber in oblivion.
 A Power of God is there, untouched by Time.
 Pride plants the root from whence the tyrant grows.
 Insolent pride, if idly surfeited
 With plenty inordinate, injurious wealth,
 Mounts to his pinnacle, then leaps amain
 Down a precipitous doom, where foothold finds he none.
 Beneath the arm of God I would shelter me,
 And pray him to maintain the people's cause,
 Yea, all who strive for the universal good.

But if there be who walks disdainfully.
 Reckless in act or word
 Fearless of Justice, passing without awe
 The abodes of Deity,—
 Let evil Destiny take him for her own,
 And quench his ill-starred wanton spirit, unless
 He learn in time to traffic without wrong,
 And hold his hand from sacrilegious gain;
 Nor in mad folly grasp at things forbidden.
 What man in such a course shall keep his soul
 Unblasted by the artillery of Heaven?
 Nay, were such lives continued in renown,
 Most idle were our service.

III.

THROUGH PERCEPTION OF PURE BEAUTY TO THE NOBLE LIFE.

He who has been instructed thus far in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty (and this, Socrates, is the final cause of all our former toils)—a nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; secondly, not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair, at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a face or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any

other being, as for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place; but beauty absolute, separate, simple and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase, or any change, is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of all other things. He who from these ascending under the influence of true love, begins to perceive that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going, or being led by another, to the things of love, is to begin from the beauties of earth and mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty, using these as steps only, and from one going on to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is. This, my dear Socrates, said the stranger of Mantinea, is that life above all others which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute; a beauty which if you once beheld, you would see not to be after the measure of gold, and garments and fair boys and youths, whose presence now entrances you; and you and many a one would be content to live seeing them only and conversing with them without meat or drink, if that were possible—you only want to look at them and to be with them. But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty—the divine beauty, I mean, pure, and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanity of human life—thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty simple and divine! Remember how in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he has hold not of an image but of a reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may. Would that be an ignoble life?

IV.

DEATH A GOOD.

Let us reflect in another way, and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is a good; for one of two things—either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose that there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, death will be an unspeakable gain. For if a person were

to select the night in which his sleep was undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare with this the other days and nights of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man, I will not say a private man, but even the great king will not find many such days or nights, when compared with the others. Now if death be of such a nature, I say that to die is gain; for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is the journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead abide, what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If indeed when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, and finds the true judges who are said to give judgment there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and other sons of God who were righteous in their own life, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I myself, too, shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and any other ancient hero who has suffered death through an unjust judgment; and there will be no small pleasure, as I think, in comparing my own sufferings with theirs. Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into true and false knowledge; as in this world, so also in the next; and I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise, and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition; or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women too! What infinite delight would there be in conversing with them and asking them questions! In another word they do not put a man to death for asking questions: assuredly not. For besides being happier than we are, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the Gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that the time had arrived when it was better for me to die and be released from trouble; wherefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my condemners, or with my accusers; they have done me no harm, although they did not mean to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

Still I have a favour to ask of them. When my sons are grown up, I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them; and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing,—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons will have received justice at your hands.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

V.

THE END OF SOCRATES.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying:—To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said: How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me; and was good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito; and therefore let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the Sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hurry—there is time enough.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think they will be gainers by the delay; but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit. Please then do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, Echecrates, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer.

Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed, and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet there, and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and restrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then

his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: when the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—they were his last words—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

VI.

THE BEST WAY OF LIFE.

As I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of the bad kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is, nor who his parents are; he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his proper recompense. Or, again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth; he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime; him Rhadamanthus sends to the Islands of the Blessed. Æacus does the same; and they both have sceptres, and judge; but Minos alone has a golden sceptre, and is seated looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him:

“Holding a sceptre of gold, and giving laws to the dead.” Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honours at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and when I die, to die as well as I can. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same: And, in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than any other earthly conflict.

And I retort your reproach of me, and say, that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you; you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and, when he has got you in his grip and is carrying you off, you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world, and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you any sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you will condemn. And there might be reason in your condemning such tales, if by searching we could find out something better and truer: but now you see that you, and Polus, and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised, and that the next best thing to a man being just is that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few or of the many: and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done always, with a view to justice.

Follow me then, and I will lead you where you will be happy in life and after death, as the argument shows. And never mind if some one despises you as a fool, and insults you, if he has a mind; let him strike you, by Zeus, and do you be of good cheer, and do not mind the insulting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practice of virtue, if you are a really good and true man. When we have practised virtue together, we will apply ourselves to politics, if that seems desirable, or we will advise about whatever else may seem good to us, for we shall be better able to judge then. In our present condition we ought not to give ourselves airs, for even on the most important subjects we are always changing our minds; so utterly stupid are we! Let us, then, take the argument as our guide, which has revealed to us that the best way of life is to practise justice and every virtue in life and death. This way let us go, and in this exhort all men to follow, not in the way to which you trust and in which you exhort me to follow you; for that way, Callicles, is nothing worth.

VII.

THE WORLD OF REALITY AND OF APPEARANCE.

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or un-enlightened:—Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained, so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose, further, that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke, that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error.

At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck round and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be perplexed? will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.*

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the seasons and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the invisible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honours among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer: "Better to be the poor servant of a poor master," and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such an one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it were better not even to think of ascending; and if anyone tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed—whether rightly or wrongly God knows. But, true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort; and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

VIII.

THE CHOOSING OF THE LOT OF LIFE.

Well, I said, I will tell you a tale; not one of the tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous, yet this too is a tale of a hero, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterwards, when the bodies of the dead were taken up already in a state of corruption, his body was found unaffected by decay, and carried away home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pyre, he returned to life and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when his soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them there were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and had bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men, and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place. Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them, and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon they seem to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously enquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth (now the journey lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. The story, Glaucon, would take too long to tell; but the sum was this:—He said that for every wrong which they had done to anyone they suffered tenfold; or once in a hundred years—such being reckoned to

be the length of man's life, and the penalty being thus paid ten times in a thousand years. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behaviour, for each and all of their offences they received punishment ten times over, and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murderers, there were retributions other and greater far, which he described. He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another: Where is *Ardiaeus* the Great? (Now this *Ardiaeus* lived a thousand years before the time of *Er*: he had been the tyrant of some city of *Pamphylia*, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes). The answer of the other spirit was: He comes not hither and will never come. And this, said he, was one of the dreadful sights which we ourselves witnessed. We were at the mouth of the cavern, and, having completed all our experiences, were about to reascend, when of a sudden *Ardiaeus* appeared and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also besides the tyrants private individuals who had been great criminals: they were just, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world, but the mouth instead of admitting them, gave a roar, whenever any of these incurable sinners or some one who had not been sufficiently punished tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by and heard the sound, seized and carried them off; and *Ardiaeus* and others they bound head and foot and hand, and threw them down and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell! And of all the many terrors which they had endured, he said there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment, lest they should hear the voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with exceeding joy. These, said *Er*, were the penalties and retributions, and there were blessings as great.

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see from above a line of light, straight as a column, extending right through the whole heaven and through

the earth, in colour resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer; another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the chains of heaven let down from above: for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. The shaft and hook of this spindle are made of steel, and the whorl is made partly of steel and also partly of other materials. Now the whorl is in form like the whorl used on earth; and the description of it implied that there is one large hollow whorl which is quite scooped out, and into this is fitted another lesser one, and another, and another, and four others, making eight in all, like vessels which fit into one another; the whorls show their edges on the upper side, and on their lower side all together form one continuous whorl. This is pierced by the spindle, which is driven home through the centre of the eighth. The first and outermost whorl has the rim broadest, and the seven inner whorls are narrower, in the following proportions--the sixth is next to the first in size, the fourth next to the sixth; then comes the eighth; the seventh is fifth, the fifth is sixth, the third is seventh, last and eighth comes the second. The largest (or fixed stars) is spangled, and the seventh (or sun) is brightest; the eighth (or moon) coloured by the reflected light of the seventh; the second and fifth (Saturn and Mercury) are in colour like one another, and yellower than the preceding; the third (Venus) has the whitest light; the fourth (Mars) is reddish; the sixth (Jupiter) is in whiteness second. Now the whole spindle has the same motion; but, as the whole revolves in one direction, the seven inner circles move slowly in the other, and of these the swiftest is the eighth; next in swiftness are the seventh, sixth, and fifth, which move together; third in swiftness appeared to move according to the law of this reversed motion the fourth; the third appeared fourth and the second fifth. The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity, and on the upper surface of each circle is a siren, who goes round with them, hymning a single tone or note. The eight together form one harmony; and round about, at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne: these are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white robes and have chaplets upon their heads, Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos, who accompany with their voices the harmony of the sirens--Lachesis singing of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future; Clotho from time to time assisting with a touch of her right hand the

revolution of the outer circle of the whorl or spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching and guiding the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows: Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser—God is justified. When the interpreter had thus spoken he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself (he was not allowed), and each as he took his lot perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal and of man in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities. And of women likewise; there was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. But there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty, and disease and health; and there were mean states also. And here, my dear Glaucon, is the supreme peril of our human state, and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if, peradventure, he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things which have been mentioned severally and collectively upon virtue;

he should know what the effect of beauty is when combined with poverty or wealth in a particular soul, and what are the good and evil consequences of noble and humble birth, of private and public station, of strength and weakness, of cleverness and dulness, and of all the natural and acquired gifts of the soul, and the operation of them when conjoined; he will then look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamant faith in truth and right, that there, too, he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villanies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the mean, and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life, but in all that which is to come.

For this is the way of happiness.

And, according to the report of the messenger from the other world, this was what the prophet said at the time: Even for the last comer, if he chooses wisely and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair.

And when he had spoken, he who had the first choice came forward and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny; his mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter before he chose, and did not at first sight perceive that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, forgetting the proclamation of the prophet; for, instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune on himself, he accused chance and the gods, and everything rather than himself. Now he was one of those who came from heaven, and in a former life had dwelt in a well-ordered State, but his virtue was a matter of habit only, and he had no philosophy. And it was true of others who were similarly overtaken, that the greater number of them came from heaven and therefore they had never been schooled by trial, whereas the pilgrims who came from earth, having themselves suffered and seen others suffer, were not in a hurry to choose. And owing to this inexperience of

theirs, and also because the lot was a chance, many of the souls exchanged a good destiny for an evil, or an evil for a good. For if a man had always on his arrival in this world dedicated himself from the first to sound philosophy, and had been moderately fortunate in the number of the lot, he might, as the messenger reported, be happy here, and also his journey to another life and return to this, instead of being rough and underground, would be smooth and heavenly. Most curious, he said, was the spectacle—sad and laughable and strange; for the choice of the souls was in most cases based on their experience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had once been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman because they had been his murderers; he beheld also the soul of Thamyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, wanting to be men. The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion, and this was the soul of Ajax the son of Telamon, who would not be a man, remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment about the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who took the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature by reason of his sufferings. About the middle came the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation; and after her there followed the soul of Epeus the son of Panopeus passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts; and far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey. There came also the soul of Odysseus having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for a considerable time in search of the life of a private man who had no cares; he had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it, he said that he would have done the same had his lot been first instead of last, and that he was delighted to have it, and not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals tame and wild who changed into one another. And into corresponding human natures—the good into the gentle and the evil into the savage, in all sorts of combinations.

• All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the genius whom they had severally chosen, to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice: this genius led the souls first to

Clotho, and drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled by her hand, thus ratifying the destiny of each; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible, whence without turning round they passed beneath the throne of necessity; and when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then towards evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, whose water no vessel can hold; of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one as he drank forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night there was a thunderstorm and earthquake, and then in an instant they were driven upwards in all manner of ways to their birth, like stars shooting. He himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body, he could not say; only, in the morning, awaking suddenly, he found himself lying on the pyre.

And thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved and has not perished, and will save us if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the plain of Forgetfulness and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore my counsel is, that we hold fast ever to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward, and it shall be well with both of us in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been describing.

IX.

THE LIFE OF TRUE SELF.

The life of the statesman and of the soldier, then, though they surpass all other virtuous exercises in nobility and grandeur, are not leisurely occupations, and aim at some ulterior end, and are not desired merely for themselves.

But the exercise of the reason seems to be inferior in seriousness (since it contemplates truth) and to aim at no end beside itself, and to have its proper pleasure (which also helps to increase the exercise); and its exercise seems further to be self-suffi-

cient, and leisurely, and inexhaustible (as far as anything human can be), and to have all the other characteristics that are ascribed to happiness.

This, then, will be the complete happiness of man, *i. e.*, when a complete term of days is added; for nothing incomplete can be admitted into our idea of happiness.

But a life which realized this idea would be something more than human; for it would not be the expression of man's nature, but, of some divine element in that nature—the exercise of which is as far superior to the exercise of the other kind of virtue (*i. e.*, practical or moral virtue), as this divine element is superior to our compound human nature.

If then reason be divine as compared with man, the life which consists in the exercise of reason will also be divine in comparison with human life. Nevertheless, instead of listening to those who advise us as men and mortals not to lift our thoughts above what is human and mortal, we ought rather, as far as possible, to put off our mortality and make every effort to live in the exercise of the highest of our faculties; for though it be but a small part of us, yet in power and value it far surpasses all the rest.

And indeed this part would even seem to constitute our true self, since it is the sovereign and the better part. It would be strange, then, if a man were to prefer the life of something else to the life of his true self.

X.

HYMN TO ZEUS.

Most glorious God, invoked by many names,
 O Zeus, eternally omnipotent,
 The Lord of nature, ruling all by law,
 Hail! For all men may speak to thee unblamed;
 From thee we spring, with reasoned speech endowed
 Alone of tribes that live and creep on earth.
 Thee will I hymn, and ever sing the power.
 Thee all this cosmos, circling round the earth,
 Obeys, and willingly is ruled by thee.
 Thou holdest in unconquerable hands
 So grand a minister, the double-edged,
 The burning, ever living thunderbolt;
 For 'neath its strokes, all things in nature awed,

Shudder; and thou therewith directest wise
The universal reason, which through all
Roams, mingling with the lights both great and small....
The great supreme, all-penetrating king.
Nor without thee, O God, is any work
Performed on earth or sea, or in the vault
Ethereal and divine, save whatso'er
The wicked do through folly of their own.
But thou canst perfect make e'en monstrous things,
And order the disordered; things not dear
Are dear to thee: for into one thou so
Hast harmonized the whole, the good and ill,
That one eternal reason dwells in all;
From which the wicked flee, ill-fated men,
Who, longing ever to obtain the good,
Nor see nor hear God's universal law.
Obeying which they might achieve a life
Worthy, enriched with mind; but they in haste
Forsaking good, seek each some different ill.
For glory some arouse the eager strife;
And some, disordered, turn to gain; and some
Pursue, ungoverned, bodily delights.
But Zeus, all bounteous, wrapt in sable cloud,
Thou ruler of the thunder, oh! redeem
Mankind from mournful ignorance. Do thou
Dispel, O Father, from our souls this fault,
And grant that we attain that wisdom high
On which relying thou dost rule the world
With Justice; so that, honoured thus by thee,
Thee we in turn may honour, and may hymn
Unceasingly thy works, as doth beseem
A mortal, since nor men nor gods can know
A grander honour than to greatly hymn
The universal and eternal law.

XI.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Muses of Sicily's fountain, a grander song let us sing.
Pleasure to some nor vines nor the humble tamarisks bring.

Worthy a Consul's ear be the woods whose praises we ring!
 Come is the last of the Ages, in song Cumæan foretold.
 Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.
 Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again;
 Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.
 Thou to the boy in his birth,—upon whose first opening eyes
 The iron age shall close, and a race that is golden arise,—
 Chaste Lucina, be kindly! He reigns—thy Phœbus—to-day!
 Thine to be consul, thine at a bright world's ushering in
 Pollio, when the procession of nobler months shall begin;
 Under thy rule all lingering traces of Italy's sin,
 Fading to nought, shall free us from fear's perpetual sway.

Life of the gods shall be his, to behold, with gods in their might,
 Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,
 Rule with his Father's virtues a world at peace from the sword.
 Boy, for thine infant presents the earth unlaboured shall bring
 Ivies wild with foxglove around thee wreathing, and fling
 Mixed with the laughing acanthus, the lotus leaf on the sward;
 Homeward at eve untended the goat shall come from the mead,
 Swelling with milk: flocks fearless of monster lions shall feed;
 Even thy cradle blossom with tender flowers, and be gay.
 Every snake shall perish; the treacherous prison weed
 Die, and Assyrian spices arise unsown by the way.

When thou art able to read of the heroes' glories, the bright
 Deeds of thy sire, and to know what is manhood valour and might.
 Plains will be turning golden, and wave with ripening corn;
 Purple grapes shall blush on the tangled wilderness thorn;
 Honey from hard-grained oaks be distilling pure as the dew;
 Though of our ancient folly as yet shall linger a few
 Traces, to bid us venture the deep, with walls to surround
 Cities, and restless ever, to cleave with furrows the ground.
 Then shall another Tiphys, a later Argo to sea
 Sail, with her heroes chosen; again great battles shall be;
 Once more mighty Achilles be sent to a second Troy.

Soon when strengthening years shall have made thee man from a boy,
 Trader himself shall abandon the deep; no trafficking hull
 Barter her wares; all regions of all things shall be full.
 Glebe shall be free from the harrow, the vine no pruner fear;

Soon will the stalwart ploughman release unneeded the steer,
 Varied hues no longer the wool shall falsely assume,
 Now to a blushing purple and now to the saffron's bloom,
 Cropping the meadow, the ram shall change his fleece at his need;
 Crimsoning grasses colour the lambs themselves as they feed.

"Ages blest, roll onward!" the Sisters of Destiny cried,
 Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide.
 Come to thy godlike honours; the time wellnigh is begun;
 Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son!
 Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,
 Land and the wide waste waters, the depths of the firmament great!
 Lo, all Nature rejoices to see this glorious day!

Ah! may the closing years of my life enduring be found,—
 Breath sufficient be mine thy deeds of valour to sound;—
 Orpheus neither nor Linus shall ever surpass my lay,
 One with mother-immortal, and one with sire, at his side,
 To Orpheus Calliopeia, to Linus Apollo allied.
 Pan, were he here competing, did all Arcadia see,
 Pan, by Arcadia's voice, should allow him vanquished of me!
 Baby, begin thy mother to know, and to meet with a smile;
 Ten long moons she has waited, and borne her burthen the while.
 Smile, my babe; to his feast no god has admitted the child,
 Goddess none to her kisses, on whom no parent has smiled.

XIII.

THE FITTING TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

If there is any abode for the spirits of the good; if, as philosophers maintain, the soul does not perish with the body—may your rest be peaceful, and may you summon us and your own household from weak repining and womanish complaints, to fix our gaze upon that noble life, before which mourning and lamentation have no place. Let our homage rather be in admiration, in never-ceasing praise, and, if nature grant us the strength, in growing like to you. This is true honour, this is the pledge of affection from all who held you dear. This too would be my counsel to his daughter and wife, that their reverence for the memory of a father and a husband be shown by pondering on all he did and said, and by treasuring in their hearts,

more jealously than the familiar shape and figure, the character and features of the soul. Not that I would forbid images fashioned of marble or of brass; but, as the countenance of man, so the likeness of his countenance is frail and perishable. The form of the mind endures for ever, and each for himself, without the help of alien material or borrowed art, may embrace and show it forth in his life. Whatever in Agricola we have loved or admired abides, and most surely will abide, in the minds of men through never-ending time, while mighty deeds have voice to speak. For while oblivion falls on many of old, mingling them with the ignoble and obscure, Agricola, preserved to after ages in tale and history, will still have a place among the living.

ROMAN STOICISM

A.—*SENECA.*

I.

OF THE GODS.

1. *The names of God.*

It is Nature (says one,) who gives me these things. But do you not understand that in speaking after this manner you are but changing the name of God? for what else is Nature but God and God's reason residing in the entire Universe, and in each part thereof? You may call him as often as you like by other names, the Author of our world, or Jupiter most mighty and most good, or the Lord of Thunder. You may properly style him too as the Stayer, or Upholder, who had this name given him not (as historians say) because in answer to vows he stayed the flight of the Roman armies, but because it is by his goodness that all things stand and are established.

You would not be wrong, if you gave him also the name of Destiny; for what is Destiny but a closely-linked chain of causes, the first of which, whereon all the rest depend, is God? You fitly apply to Him whatever names you please, provided that they signify the force and working of heavenly things; his names, in fact, may be as numerous as his attributes and his gifts.

2. *The presence of God in man.*

We need not lift our hands to Heaven, nor beseech the sacrificer for permission to approach the idol's car, as though we should be heard the better for that.

No! God is near you, with you, in you.

There dwells within us (believe me) a holy spirit, the watcher and guardian of all we do, good or bad. According as we deal with him, so he deals with us. No one is virtuous without God's

influence, and no one without his aid can rise superior to fortune: he it is from whom all high and noble counsels proceed.

3. *The eye of God.*

So must we live as under the eye of One; so must we think as though One could look into our inmost heart. For what is the good of hiding anything from man, when from God no secrets are hid?

He is present to our minds; he enters into the very core of our thoughts.

So should we live with our fellow-men as in the sight of God; so should we speak to God, as within the hearing of man.

4. *The gifts of God.*

Will you say that God does not bestow all benefits upon us? Whence then do you derive all these things which you possess, or give, or refuse, or preserve, or seize? Whence come the numberless objects that charm the eye, the ear, the mind? Whence that abundance that feeds even our luxury? for not only are our needs provided for, but we are indulged even to pampering.

Think, *e. g.*, of the numerous trees, bearing sundry and savoury fruits—so many wholesome herbs—such variety of meats regulated according to each season of the year, that even the sluggard may find casual sustenance from the earth.

Whence, too, come all the different kinds of animals, some bred on dry ground, some in the water, while others range throughout the air, to the end that there might not be any part of Nature but what paid some tribute or other to us.

Look at the rivers too—here environing the plains with their delightful meanderings, there opening a channel for commerce on their spacious and navigable bosoms Whence, moreover, have you the very breath you draw? or the light, whereby you regulate and dispose the several actions of your life, or the blood by the motion of which the vital heat is maintained?

It is the same God who has taught us not only to play on a reed, and adapt to it, each after a particular measure, wild and simple strains, but has invented for us so many arts and such a variety of voices, and tones, some by means of our own breath, others by aid of the outward air framed to give forth music. For we can no more call the things we have invented our own, than we can call it our own doing that we grow, or that our bodies have their particular functions answering to determinate stages of time.

First we lose our milk-teeth; anon we pass into manhood; as

years go on and settle us into a stronger and solider form, complete dentition crowning our advancing youth. In short, the seeds of all ages, and all arts and sciences are planted in us from our birth, and God, the great master, draws forth our faculties from their hidden womb. . . . Yes! the immortal Gods have always held, and do hold, us men most dear, and have conferred upon us the greatest honour they could, viz., that of ranking next to themselves. Much have we received; of more we were not capable.

5. *The discipline of God.*

Those whom God approves and loves, he examines, tries, and hardens; such as he appears to favour and to spare, only become effeminate, and are reserved by him for evil to come.

For it is a mistake to suppose that any one is exempt from ills; however long his prosperity may have lasted, his share will come at length. It may *seem* to have been remitted; it *is* but deferred. Why does God visit the best of men with ill-health, or affliction, or troubles of other kinds? On the same principle that in war the bravest soldiers have the hazardous enterprises entrusted to them, and it is the picked men whom the general sends to a night-attack, to reconnoitre a road, or storm a fortress. In their case no one thinks of saying, "My general has dealt hardly with me," but rather, "He must have thought highly of me;" such should be the language of those, who are called to suffer what none but cowards and weaklings grieve at. It just comes to this, that God has deemed us worthy subjects whereon to try how much human nature could bear.

6. *His liberality to the evil as well as to the good.*

It is objected that the Gods bestow their gifts often on the unthankful and the evil. Yes! but those gifts were designed primarily for the good, and it is only because no separation is possible, that they fall to the bad as well. And surely it is better that wicked men should gain for the sake of the good than that the good should lose for the demerits of the wicked. Accordingly such gifts as those of the light and the sun, the periods of winter and summer, the temperate intervals of spring and autumn, the rains and supplies of springwater, together with the periodical currents of the winds--these the Gods provided for the benefit of the whole; they could not make exceptions of individuals. True! it is only the worthy that receive honours from a sovereign; but even the unworthy are not denied the dole. The state-allowance of corn is given alike to the perjurer, adulterer and thief, to any one in fact, irrespective of character, who happens

to be inscribed on the roll; and whatever there is given away to anyone in his character as citizen and not as good man, is shared equally by good and bad.

God has in like manner bestowed certain gifts on the whole race of mankind, and from a share in these none is excluded. For it would not be possible so to arrange, that good men should always find the winds favourable, and bad men find them adverse; whereas it is an universal blessing that men should have free intercourse by sea, and the dominion of the human race be spread far and wide.

Neither again could any law be ordained for the rain that it should fall only on the good, and not water the fields of the unrighteous and the evil. In short there are certain blessings that could never come into the hands of particular individuals, had they not been bestowed for the universal good. No objection consequently can be raised on the score of these; they form a common banquet, to which all are invited. As for what my judgment tells me is due to any one person in particular, I will see it be not given to such as I know to be unthankful.

7. His worship.

How the Gods are to be worshipped, must (as usual) be taught our youth. Let us forbid all lighting of lamps on Sabbaths and holidays; for the Gods are in no need of light, and lamp smoke is disagreeable even to men. Let us prohibit, moreover, early visits and devotions at the temple-doors; it is only man's vanity that takes delight in such ceremonies. We worship God by knowing him. Again let us not allow the offering of towels and flesh-brushes to Jupiter, or the holding of a mirror before the image of Juno. God does not ask to be ministered to; how should he, seeing that he himself ministers to the human race, and is present everywhere and to all? The young should be instructed what limits to observe in their offerings, and how far to keep clear from offensiveness and superstition. Worship will never be satisfactory till a right conception has been formed of God as possessing all things, and bestowing all things freely in love. To believe in the Gods is the first step in worship, the next is to ascribe to them their proper majesty, and, what is essential to majesty, the attribute of goodness; and then to feel that it is the Gods who govern the world, who guide all things by their power, who exercise guardianship over the human race while not neglecting the individual. They neither inflict, nor are susceptible of, harm; though offenders they correct, coerce, condemn, and sometimes visit with punishment in the form of blessing.

If you would win the divine favour, you have only to be virtuous; the truest worship of the Gods is to imitate them.

8. *Prayer an evidence of divine providence.*

I know it is contended that God bestows no blessings on us at all, but is indifferent and regardless, not deigning to look upon the world, either busied about other matter, or (what Epicurus thought to be the height of bliss) doing nothing at all, and unaffected alike by benefit or injuries? The man who maintains this can never have heard the accents of prayers nor the vows everywhere made with uplifted hands to heaven as well in private as in public. Surely this would never be done, and the whole of mankind could never have joined in such madness as to implore deaf gods who had no power of help, but that they were sure that the Gods bestow benefits, sometimes of their own proper motion, at other times in answer to prayer, and that such benefits are large, seasonable, and efficacious in freeing them from great and impending dangers. Is there a single being so wretched, so despised, so born to a hard and penal destiny as not to have experienced at one time or another this liberality of the Gods?

II.

OF MAN.

9. *Man—his origin and aspirations.*

The virtuous man is the equal of the Gods. The recollection of his origin makes him aspire to the divine; for no one can be wrong in endeavouring to rise to the source from which he sprang. Why should it seem incredible that man has something of the divine in him, when he is actually a part of the deity himself?

The great whole wherein we are comprehended is an unit, and the same is God; and so with him we claim membership and communion. Our mind has the capacity of aspiring, and, if not clogged by vices, does actually soar to the divine. Just as our bodily form is erect and looks upward to heaven, so our mind may reach out as far as it chooses; indeed it has been so constituted by the very nature of things, that if it only exert itself to the just extent of its powers, it desires and wills the same things as the Gods. It is by no strange way that the virtuous man presses on to perfection. It

might have proved hard work to find the way to heaven; the good have simply to return to it.

10. *Relation of mind and body.*

Man's body is the burden and the bane of the mind, which is weighed down and held in bondage by it, till philosophy comes to its aid, enabling it by the contemplation of Nature to breathe again, and rise from earthly things to divine. Herein consists its emancipation and power to soar; and during such intervals of thought it is released from its usual imprisonment, and refreshed by its intercourse with heaven . . . Too great am I and born for too great ends ever to become the slave of my body, which I regard simply as a chain thrown around my liberty. Contempt therefore of one's body is the sure way to freedom. This will at the same time be greatly promoted by that investigation of Nature I spoke of; for the universe consists of two parts—God and matter. All things are governed by God, and him in their compass they obey as their Ruler and Guide. Now the creative element, which is God, is more powerful and more estimable than matter which submits to God. Well, the same position which God occupies in the world, is held by the mind in man; what matter is in the former, that the body is in us; and therefore the inferior must obey the higher.

11. *Frailty of man's physical constitution.*

What is man? a cracked vessel, ready to break at the slightest fall. It does not require a great storm to shiver him; a mere push is enough to crumble him into atoms. Yes! what is man but a weak and brittle body, naturally bare and unprotected, in need of external help, exposed to the assaults of every chance (let him struggle as he will), a prey and food for every wild beast, composed of feeble and fluid elements, and only in its external features fine,—impatient of heat, cold, and exertion, while at the same time inactivity and indolence of themselves bring it to decay—with a stomach timid even about its own food, through excess or lack of which it is upset, and a frame that gives trouble and anxiety to protect, animated by breathing which is uncertain and apt to fail. In such a creature can you be surprised at death—just one sigh and no more?

12. *Mankind made for society.*

What rules shall we give the young for their behaviour to man? Merely tell them to abstain from bloodshed? A low estimate

of duty indeed—simply to abstain from injuring those we are bound to benefit! Surely it is no great credit for one man to be only gentle towards his fellow.

We must teach every youth to stretch out his hand to the drowning, show the right way to the straying, and share his crust with the starving; I need not go on to enumerate all that should be done or not done, when I can briefly impress on our pupil a law of duty between man and man like this. All that you see (including things divine and human) forms one whole; we are members of that one great body. Nature made us akin, when she produced us out of the same elements, and for the same purpose. She planted in us the seeds of mutual affection, and formed us for fellowship. It was she that determined what is right and just.

By her ordinance it is worse to do, than to suffer, injury; according to her law should hands be trained to help. That well-known line should ever be in mind and mouth:

“Man am I, and to all things human am I kin.”

We were born, let us remember, for the common good; indeed society is just like an arch, which is supported simply by the reciprocal pressure of the several stones, without which the structure must fall.

13. *The body and its members.*

If it be a crime to injure one's country, no less must it be so to injure a citizen who is a part of that country. If the whole be sacred, so must be the parts. It is the same therefore with mankind generally, for they are all your fellow-citizens in the great commonwealth of the world.

Can you imagine the hands wanting to injure the feet, or the eyes at enmity with the hands?

Nay! just as all the members are in harmony with one another, because the health of each is the interest of all, so will the body of men be tender toward the individual, feeling that they are born for fellowship. No community can be secure, unless its members be protected and loved. .

14. *What makes life worth living.*

Why should one take pleasure in being alive? merely to act as a sort of filter for so much food and drink? merely to pamper and doctor for all one's life a sickly and wasting body, which is only kept from death by repeated nourishment?

Or to abide in fear of death, the one event we are born for? No!

Take away the priceless blessing of thought, and life is not worth the sweat and fever it entails. Oh! what an abject thing is man, if he does not rise above the level of human things! Is it a very great matter to contend against our passions, and even when we conquer these, have we done such wonders after all? The virtue we aspire to is grand in its way, not, however, because emancipation from evil is by itself such a blessed thing, but because virtue expands the mind, fits it for the knowledge of heavenly things, and renders it worthy of communion with the Gods. Man only then attains the fulness and perfection of his destiny, when having trodden all evil under his feet he lifts his mind above, and penetrates into the inner heart of Nature

Then he at last learns, what he has long sought to know. Then he begins to apprehend God; for what is God but the mind of the universe? What is God but the sum of all that is visible and invisible. Then only do we ascribe to him the absolute perfection that is his due, when we acknowledge him to constitute all things by himself, and his operation to extend over all without and within.

What difference then is there between God's nature and our own? Simply this: while with us the mind is our nobler part, he is nothing but mind; he is all Reason.

15. *How to conquer misfortune.*

What is man's best weapon against the caprice of Fortune, you want to know. I answer: let him not resent the occurrence of any misfortune to himself, but feel that the very circumstances, which appear to hurt him, are necessary to preserve the order of the universe, and tend to complete the course and purpose of the world. What has pleased God, must please man. Indeed the only ground for satisfaction with himself and with what he does, is for a man to feel that he cannot be defeated by, but is master of, misfortunes, and that by the omnipotent power of reason he can subdue disaster, injustice and pain. Yes! love reason: the love of it will arm you against the very worst that can befall.

16. *The privilege and benefit of daily self-examination.*

There is no practice I know of more beautiful than that of passing each day under review; blessed is the sleep that follows such an examination of oneself! How calm, lofty and free is the mind that acts as a spy and censor of its conduct, and privately approves or blames itself for its acts and character. Every night I take the opportunity of summoning myself before such a tribunal.

As soon as the light is out, and my wife, knowing my practice, has lapsed into silence, I run over and examine everything I have said and done throughout the day.

I hide nothing and pass over nothing; for why should I fear the sight of my faults, when I can pardon myself on condition of not transgressing in the same way again?

Did I speak too warmly in such and such a discussion? I resolve in future not to engage in debate with uneducated people; for those who have never learnt anything, do not want to learn from me or any one else.

Did I warn such an one rather more freely than I ought? The result was that I only gave offence, and did him no good. I will take care in future, that what I say shall not only be true, but that he, to whom I say it, shall be able to bear the truth.

A good man likes being warned; while a monitor is intolerable to the bad.

17. *Charity toward the erring.*

Theophrastus contends that a good man cannot help being indignant with the bad. But on this principle the better a man was, the more liable to anger would he be; whereas his virtue should make him all the more calm and even-tempered and disposed to hate no one at all. Besides what is there in the transgressor to make me hate him? It is but error that has driven him into his transgressions.

No sensible person will feel hatred towards one who errs, for otherwise he would come to hating himself. He will rather reflect, how often he departs from the rule of right himself, and how many actions of his call for forgiveness; and then such indignation as is felt, will be towards his own failings. For an impartial judge will never pass one kind of sentence in his own case, and a different one in another's. And there is, I maintain, no man living, who can pronounce himself innocent; if he does, it is not that he has not done wrong, but that he has never been found out.

It is far better to show a gentle and fatherly feeling towards transgressors, and try to recover rather than pursue them.

If you find a man trespassing on your land through having lost his way, you do better by showing him the right road than by simply driving him off.

18. *Depravity of man.*

We shall ever be bound to pronounce the same sentence upon ourselves, viz., that we are evil, that we have been evil, and (sorry as I am to add) that we shall be evil. Every vice exists in every man, though every vice may not be prominent in each. Luxuriousness and laxity are vices of mankind and not of the times; but no age has ever been free from fault.

III.

OF LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

19. *Life a hard warfare.*

Life is a warfare, a kind of service which allows of no rest or ease. The first foes to be overcome in it are pleasures, which have (as we have seen) carried away even hard and stern natures. If any one would understand the task before him, he should know that everything that survives of softness, or luxuriousness, should be renounced. What have I to do with such things as hot baths? or close sweating-rooms with their dry air to carry off the humour of the body? Labour is the proper way to remove these.

20. *Life a state of bondage.*

We are all, according to our destiny, bound with chains. It may be with one a chain of gold, with another one of meaner sort; some may wear their chains tight, others loose.

But where is the difference? We are all fettered alike, and even those who have chained their fellows have got to wear their own chains (unless perhaps you think that a manacle on the left hand is of little or no consequence): for one is fettered by his honours and another by his riches. Some groan under distinction, others under obscurity. Some have to obey foreign masters, others are slaves to their own will. It may be exile with this one, or a priesthood with a second, that confines them each to one spot. Thus all life is, in one way or another, bondage.

21, 22. *Life a short pilgrimage in itself, neither good nor evil.*

If you will only compare what we call human life with the infinite, you will see how little there is in what we so wish for, and desire to prolong. Just consider how much of it is taken up with troubles and tears, with the wishing for death before it comes,

with ill-health, anxiety, years of uselessness and inexperience; while one half of it is spent in sleep. Reckon in its labours, sorrows, and dangers: and you will see how little it is that is lived, even in the most prolonged existence. Yet who would not allow, that he is best off, to whom an early return is granted, and who ends his journey, before he is tired.

The fact is that life is neither a good nor an evil, though there is room in it for both.

Life is a pilgrimage; after a long walk one must return home.

23. *Life a vale of tears.*

Look around at mankind: and you will find everywhere plentiful and constant occasion for tears. One is forced by want and hardship to daily work: another is racked by the restlessness of ambition; a third is anxious about the very wealth he had always longed for, and suffers through the very attainment of his wish. Some are tortured with care, some with overwork, and others with the crowd of visitors that beset their doors. Here is a man lamenting that he has got no children, and there one, that he has got children, and there another, that he has lost them. Indeed, tears will fail, before the occasions for shedding them cease. You may perceive the kind of life, that Nature promises us, by her having ordained that at our birth the first utterance should be a cry. With this we come into the world, and the whole course of our life that follows is in harmony with such a beginning.

24. *Life's course uncertain and incalculable.*

O how great is the madness of those who form distant hopes, saying: I will buy, I will build, I will lend, I will demand payment, I will hold offices; and then at length I will resign to ease my tired and satisfied old age.

But, believe me, all things even to the prosperous are uncertain. No man should promise himself anything about the future. Even what we hold slips through our fingers, and chance assails the very hour we are approaching.

Time proceeds, doubtless, according to a fixed law, only in the dark; but what do I care if an event be certain in the order of Nature, so long as it be uncertain to me?

• 25. *Death not to be dreaded.*

What is death? Either an end or a passage. If the former, I am not afraid of ceasing to be, for it is much the same as not

beginning to be; and if the latter, I do not fear to pass to some other world, as elsewhere I cannot be so cribbed and confined as here.

26. *The haven after a stormy voyage.*

According to the deepest thinkers, all life is suffering. Here we are launched on a deep and restless sea, in which with the ebb and flow of the tide we suddenly rise at one time to a considerable pitch, and at another are carried down to still deeper depressions. Thus perpetually tossed, we never continue in one stay. We are poised on the waves, we reel to and fro, we dash one against the other, sometimes suffer shipwreck, and are always in fear of it. For those embarked on such an open and stormy sea there is but one haven—that of death.

27. *Transformation not extinction.*

If you find yourself craving for prolongation of life, you should reflect that none of those things, which pass from our sight, and bury themselves in the bosom of Nature, out of which they once issued, and will presently issue again, are wasted; such do not perish, but simply cease for a while to be. Similarly death, that we so dread and recoil from, is only a pause, and not a privation of existence.

A day will come in its turn to restore us to light and life, though few would welcome such a return, were it not that the former state was clean forgotten. All things that seem to perish are but transformed. Every one should be ready to go out, when he is sure of coming back. You have only to observe in the revolution of Nature, how things return into themselves, and you will perceive that nothing in the universe suffers extinction, but all things alternately rise and fall. Summer passes, but the following year will bring it back; winter may have closed, but it will return in its proper months. Night may hide the sun, but the dark will quickly vanish at the dawn. The courses of the stars return over the space that has been traversed; one portion of the heavenly bodies is constantly on the rise, another is on the decline. I will conclude with the remark, that neither infants, children, nor idiots were ever known to fear death; and it were indeed a shame, if reason in us did not produce the confidence, which unreason excites in them.

28. *Death a state always to be ready for.*

The good of life does not consist in its duration, but in the way we use it. Indeed it may, and very often does, happen that

the man who has lived long, has lived but little. When I am going to bed, I wish it said to me, You may possibly wake up no more; when I am awake, You may go to sleep no more; when I go out, You may never come back; when I come back, You may never go out again. You are mistaken, if you imagine, that it is only when we are in a boat, the least possible space separates life from death. No! the interval between these is just as slight, wherever you are. It is not everywhere that death *appears* so near as at sea; but it really is so at all times and in all places.

29. *Death the birth into a new and eternal life.*

The day will come that shall separate this compound of the human and divine in me. My body I shall then leave where I found it; my real self I shall restore to the Gods, with whom I have conversation even here amid the enthrallment of my earthly prison-house. This span of mortal life is but a prelude to a better and longer existence. Just as we are kept for ten months in our mother's womb, not as being our abiding place, but to be prepared for that world, into which we are born as soon as we are fitted to breathe and bear the open air, so during that period, which stretches from infancy to old age, we are gradually ripening for a new birth.

A fresh start, a different condition awaits us yonder.

We can have no prospect of heaven here except at a distance; let us therefore fearlessly expect our last and destined hour; the last (that is to say) for our bodies, not for our minds; the things about us let us regard as only so much luggage suited to a place of sojourn. We have to cross over to the other side, and leave the world much as we entered it.

We can carry out of it nothing more than we brought into it; indeed even of what we did bring into life with us, a considerable portion must be abandoned, as, *e.g.* skin and flesh and blood. The day, which we shrink from as our last, is but the birthday of eternity.

30. *Death a process always going on in each.*

We do not come of a sudden upon death, but by little and little advance towards it. We die daily: for every day we lose some portion of life, and even while we are waxing, our life is waning. We have parted with infancy, then with childhood, and next with youth.

All that is past up to yesterday is lost; nay, we divide with death the very instant that we live. As it is not only the last sand in

the glass that empties it, but what has previously run out, so it is not our last hour by itself that constitutes death, but only completes it. We have long been coming to this; at our last moment we may be said to have reached it.

31. *Death ushers the mind into a world of light.*

Our mind will only, then, have gained its full gratification when escaping from the darkness in which it is shrouded here, it no longer contents itself with faint glimpses of the brightness beyond, but shall have been restored to heaven its home, and to the enjoyment of perfect and uninterrupted light: when, in fact, it shall have regained the position it is entitled to by its birth in the region above, to which its origin beckons it. Still the mind may rise thither even before it be emancipated from the bondage of the flesh, if casting away vice it soars on light and pure wings to the regions of divine contemplation.

32. *Death unimportant to the lofty mind.*

With this hope (says the wise man) I quit life all the more bravely, because I regard the way opened to those I call my Gods. As I have deserved to join their company, so have I already been actually conversant with them, projecting my mind to theirs, and their mind meeting and responding to mine.

But even supposing that I vanished out of the world and nothing was left of me after death, I am still in possession of a lofty mind, even though no further world await me on my departure hence.

33. *Death open to all at any moment.*

There are high authorities who maintain that one should never lay violent hands on oneself,—that all self-destruction is wicked,—and that we are bound to await the end, which is determined for us by Nature. But in holding this they do not seem to perceive that they are barring the way to freedom; for among the ordinances of Eternal Law this is the kindest, that while we must enter life in one way, we may leave it by many. Say: why should I linger out a cruel disease, or the evil treatment of man, when I have the power any moment to escape from my agony, and rid myself of my distress? In one respect we never can complain of life, in that any one is forced to stay in it. Man is fortunately situated in this, that no one need be miserable save through his own fault. Are you happy? in that case live. Are you unhappy? You have it in your power to return from whence you came.

Why, you have often been bled just to relieve a headache, or reduce your size.

It does not require a great wound to rend the heart. A penknife can open the way to that grand freedom I speak of, and peace may be won by a pin-prick.

What is it then, which makes such cowards of us? Simply that we do not reflect how, sooner or later, we must quit this abode; and so, after long sojourning in it, we allow habit and fondness for the world to keep us there, even in the midst of sufferings.

If you want to feel free as regards your body, you have only to live as though at any moment you may quit it.

IV.

OF EDUCATION, PHILOSOPHY, READING, TRAVEL.

34. *Study a preparation for, not a training in, virtue.*

Do not liberal studies benefit us? Yes, much in other ways, but as to virtue, nothing.

For in like manner these avowedly common arts which depend on manual dexterity, though a great assistance to the means of life, are yet in no sense connected with virtue.

Why then (you will ask) do we instruct our children in liberal studies? I answer, not because they can give virtue, but because they prepare the mind to the receiving of it.

For just as the primer, or hour-book (as our forefathers called it), whereby the rudiments are imparted to children, does not teach the liberal arts, but prepares in the understanding a receptacle for them later, so liberal studies fit the mind for, but do not conduct it to, virtue.

35. *Philosophy indispensable to man.*

It will be objected: What is the use of philosophy, if there be such a thing as destiny? Or what does it profit, supposing God or chance rule the world? For if things be fixed, they cannot be altered, and if they be not fixed, there is no preparation against uncertainties, but either God takes the place of my will and pre-ordains my action, or else fortune leaves nothing to my determination at all.

Well, whichever of these be the case, or whether all of them be so, still, I say, philosophy must be practised. Whether we are bound by

the inexorable law of destiny, or whether God be the ruler and disposer of all things in the universe, or whether human affairs are driven and tossed by irregular chance, we require philosophy to support us. This will encourage us to obey God cheerfully, to meet fortune steadfastly.

This will teach us how to follow God, and to bear with chance.

36. *Profitable reading.*

Take care lest your habit of reading many authors' and all sorts of books, involve giddiness and inconstancy of mind. If you would extract anything that may settle permanently in your memory, you must dwell and feed on a few choice and definite spirits. He is nowhere that is everywhere. Those who pass their life in travel find many inns, but form no friendships: and it is necessarily the same with those who devote themselves closely to no one work of genius, but hastily skim every book they come across. That meat can never benefit, nor be assimilated with, the body, which is no sooner taken in than it is passed out.

Nothing, again, so much injures a man's health as the frequent change of remedies. A wound is never healed up on which one cure after another is tried; nor do you ever find a shrub healthy that is often transplanted.

Nothing is so profitable that it can reward a mere cursory glance over it; and the multitude of books produces distraction. Therefore, as you cannot read all that you have, it sufficeth to have as much as you can read.

"But (you tell me) I like to turn over now this work and now that." Ah! it is only a dainty stomach that is fond of tasting numerous and diverse dishes, which disorder and do not nourish it. Therefore I say, always read well-approved authors; and if at any time you turn for amusement to others, still always come back to the former.

Procure every day from them some help against poverty, death, and other plagues of humanity; and after running through several such passages, pick out some one that you may on that day inwardly digest.

This I always do myself; out of the many things I read, I select a particular one to appreciate.

37. *Use and abuse of travel.*

How can travel of itself profit any one? It neither moderates pleasure nor bridles desires, nor checks displeasure, nor breaks the

invincible assaults of love; in short, it delivers the mind from no evil. It does not impart judgment, nor dispel error, but simply entertains us for a while with the novelty of objects, just as children stop to gaze at what they have never seen before. Furthermore, this going to and fro does but provoke the highly unhealthy restlessness of the mind, making it all the more changeable and fickle; so that no sooner have travellers reached a place, than they quickly leave it, and like birds of passage, depart even more swiftly than they came. Travel (it is true) will give you a knowledge of the world, show you new shapes of mountains, rare extent of plains, valleys watered with running rivers, or the notable characteristics of a particular stream, like the Nile that increases in summer, or the Tigris that loses itself from view, and then after a hidden course underground reappears as large as ever; or like the Mæander (the pet theme of poets) which turns and winds incessantly, and often approaching in its bed some contiguous stream, just bends in time before its waters mingle with it; but travel will certainly make you neither more healthy nor wise. For this you must live in study among the authors of wisdom, that you may learn what has been discovered; so only can the mind be emancipated and set free from its miserable thralldom. As long as you are ignorant of what is to be shunned or sought, of what is necessary or superfluous, of what is honest and right, you cannot be said to travel, but only to tramp.

B.—*EPICETETUS.*

1. *The imitation of God.*

It is not enough simply to wish to be honourable and good; it is necessary besides to be instructed in certain points; we must inquire accordingly, what these are.

The philosophers tell us that before all things it is necessary to learn that God is, and that he provides for all things, and that from him nothing can be hid—not deeds only, but even thoughts and purposes. Next must be learned of what nature the Gods are; for such as they are found to be, he who would please and obey them must endeavour with all his might to become like unto them. If, *e.g.*, the Divine be faithful, so must he be faithful; if free, so must he be free; if beneficent, so must he be beneficent; if high-minded, so must he be high-minded. As an imitator of God, he must both speak and do all such things as are agreeable to the same.

2. Divine government of the world.

We conduct ourselves in the assembly of life, much as people do at a fair. Some, like cattle, are concerned with nothing but their fodder; for in the case of those who busy themselves only with property and estates and servants and offices, such things are nothing better than fodder. How few are they who come to the fair for love of the spectacle--to understand what the world is, and by whom it is governed. For can you suppose that no one governs it? But how, then, is it possible for either a state or a house to endure, even for the shortest time, without a government and guardian, and yet for this great and beautiful fabric of the world to be so orderly administered by mere chance and accident? There is, therefore, One who governs; but of what nature is He, and how does He govern? And we that were made by Him, why, and for what purpose, are we in existence? Have we, for instance, any connexion and relation with Him, or not? Such problems are felt by the few, who all their time are bent on this alone—to discover all about the fair and then depart. Of course they are laughed at by the multitude, but that is just what happens at a fair, where the traders mock at the lookers-on; and the cattle too, if they shared the faculty of reflection, would be disposed to mock at all who admired anything but the fodder.

3. The providence of God.

Concerning the Gods, there are some who say: There is no Divine Being at all; others, that he exists, but is indolent and indifferent, and exercises no providence over anything; a third class holds that he both exists and exercises providence, but only as to great and heavenly things, and none at all as to those of earth; a fourth, that he takes thought of things in heaven and on earth, but only in a general and not a special and particular way: while a fifth, with Odysseus and Socrates, say, I cannot stir without thy knowing. Before all things, then, it is necessary to have investigated each of these opinions, whether it be sound or unsound. For if there be no Gods, how can following the Gods be proposed as an End? And if there be Gods, but such as care for nothing, how in this case can following them be a true End? And how again, supposing they both exist, and do have care for things, yet if there be no communication on their part with men, aye, and by Heaven, none with me individually, could the End still hold good? After having investigated all these things, the wise and good man forthwith submits his mind to

Him who administers the Universe, even as a good citizen submits to the Law of the State.

. 4. *Omniscience and Omnipotence of God.*

4. On being asked how we could be convinced that everything he does is observed by God, Epictetus replied: Do you not believe that all things in the universe are united in one? Yes! said the other. Well, then, do you not think that there must be a sympathy between the things of earth and those of heaven? I do, said he; for how else could such order prevail, as by the command of God, that so when He bids the plants flower, they do flower—and at His bidding, they shoot forth, and when they are ordered, bear at one time, and in another ripen their fruit, and again cast it when He bids them, and shed their leaves at His command? How else when ordered do they fold themselves up, and remain motionless and at rest?

How else, too, according to the waxing or waning of the moon, and the approach or retirement of the sun, is the great alternation and vicissitude of earthly things to be understood? Well, but if the plants and our bodies are so linked and sympathetic with the whole constitution of things, are not our souls much more so? The fact is that our souls are thus bound up and in touch with God, inasmuch as they are portions and fragments of Him; and therefore must He not feel each movement of these as something personal and akin to Himself?

Why! you have the power of reflecting on the divine government, and each and every matter human and divine; you can be at the same time affected in your senses and your understanding by thousands of objects in various ways, assenting to some, dissenting from others, and suspending (in certain cases) your judgment.

You can preserve in your mind any number of impressions derived from such numerous and diverse objects, and under the stimulus of these, you strike upon new ideas similar to your antecedent impressions; you can construct one art upon another, and retain recollections gathered from ten thousand things; and shall not God have the power to oversee all, be present with all, and maintain a certain communication from and with all?

Shall the sun be able to illumine such a vast part of the universe, leaving so little without light (only just that part filled with the earth's shadow), and yet shall not He who made the sun itself, and guides it in its circuit—being but a small part of Himself as compared with the whole—be capable of perceiving all things?

But, says my friend, I cannot take in all these things at once. Well, I reply, who ever said you could, or that you had equal faculties with Zeus? None the less, however, hath he set at each man's side a guardian, the Genius of each one, who never slumbers nor can be deceived, to keep watch over him. For to what better or more careful guardian could he have consigned us each? Therefore, when ye shall have shut to your doors, and made all dark within, remember never to say you are alone; for alone you are not; God is there, and your Genius is there, and neither of these requires light to see what you are doing. To this God it is your duty to swear allegiance, just as soldiers do to Cæsar. Indeed they, with the poor pay they get, yet swear they will prefer above everything the safety of Cæsar; and will ye, endowed with so many and great gifts, either refuse the oath, or, if you make it, not abide by it? Do you ask me, what oath you should take? Why! that you will never disobey, never complain, never find fault with anything He has given; and never be unwilling to suffer or to do aught that is necessary. Is this oath like the one before mentioned? Just with this difference. In that case they swear they will esteem none above Cæsar; in this that they will esteem themselves above all.

5. *The great designer.*

Every single thing in the world prompts man to praise Providence, if he only possesses in himself two things, viz., the faculty of insight into the properties of objects, and the spirit of thankfulness. Otherwise without the former he will not discern the good purpose of created things, and without the latter, though he see it, he will not be grateful for it.

Had God created colours and yet not created also the faculty of seeing them, of what use would they have been? None whatever. And on the other hand, had He created the faculty of sight and yet not made objects in such wise as to be subjected to the faculty, of what use even so would it have been? Or, once more, supposing He had made both the faculty and its objects, yet had not made the light, the former would then have been useless. Who is it then who adapted this to that, and that to this? Who made the sword to fit the sheath, and the sheath to fit the sword? Will you tell me, No one? Yet, from the very constitution of any completed work, we are in the habit of arguing, that it must be necessarily the production of an artist, and not put together at random.

Does then each work of man evidence the designer, and yet the faculty of vision and visible objects and light not prove the same?

Nor these only: but take the constitution of the understanding, whereby when we light upon sensible objects we do not let ourselves be simply and passively impressed by these, but select this, abstract that, introduce a third, and thereby combine ideas of a particular kind, aye, and pass on from one set of objects to others which are in a way parallel to them—say, do not these considerations suffice to impress us and keep before our minds the thought of the Designer?

If not, let some one explain what it is that produces these several results, or how it is conceivable for things so admirable and artistic to have come into being of themselves, or by accident?

6. *Man more than animal.*

We have several points in common with the animals. Use is one thing, observation is another. God requires of the animals that they should simply use and submit to objects of sense; of us that we should observe and investigate these. Consequently for them it is enough to eat and drink and rest and breed, and whatever else each of them perform; but for us, who have been further endowed with the faculty of observation, these things are not enough....

Man has been brought into the world by God to contemplate Him and His works, and not only to contemplate these, but to interpret them. And therefore it is a shame for man to begin and end where do the animals; it is his business rather to begin from the point they end at, and to end only where Nature in our case ends—namely, with contemplation and study and a life in harmony with herself. Take heed then that ye die not without having considered these things.

7. *Man equal to his fortune.*

Look away, then, (from the existence of evil) and fix your mind on the powers you possess, and in doing so, say: Lead me, O Zeus, into what condition thou wilt; for thou hast furnished me with means and resources to bear myself with credit amid whatever may befall. But this is not our way. On the contrary we sit and shiver, lest this or that should happen; and when accidents do occur, we grieve, and mourn, and groan, and proceed to complain of the Gods; for cowardice of this kind is sure to be followed by impiety. And yet God not only bestowed on us such faculties to bear all that may happen without being depressed or crushed by it; but, like a good king and true father, accompanied his gift with no hindrance, compulsion or restraint, but put it all in our own hands, not even reserving to himself any power to prevent or impede its

use. And yet with such means at their free disposal, men do not use them, do not realize what they have received, and from whose hands; but they sit moaning and groaning, some quite blind as regards the Giver, and not recognizing their Benefactor; while others are sordid enough to resort to complaints and accusations against God. Yet, while I can show that we have been fitted and fashioned to exercise courage and high-mindedness, what proof can you show me, that we were constituted to complain and reproach?

8. *The praise of God.*

Are these the only works of Providence about us? Nay, what words would suffice adequately to praise or exhibit them?

For had we true understanding of these, ought we to be otherwise employed either in public or private, than in hymning the Divine Being, offering Him praises, and recounting His benefits? Should we not even while ploughing, digging, or eating sing this hymn to God? Great is God, who has given us such implements whereby to till the earth! Great is God, that He hath given us hands, and a stomach, and the power of swallowing; that He hath made us to grow without our knowledge, and respire while we sleep. Thus ought we on every occasion to sing; but the greatest and divinest strain we should utter on this account, viz., that He has given us the power to trace His works, and a way of life to follow.

What then? Inasmuch as most men have become blind, should there not be some one to supply their place, and in the name of all to sing this hymn to God? For what else can I do, an old man and infirm, than sing psalms to God? If I were a nightingale, for example, I should do after a nightingale's nature; if I were a swan, I should do after that of a swan; but as I am a being with reason, I am bound to sing God's praise; this is my task, and I perform it; neither will I, as far as it is permitted to me, abandon this post; and all of you I challenge to join me in this same song.

9. *God's care of individuals.*

Is any good man afraid lest means of sustenance should fail him? But they do not fail the blind and the lame, and are they likely to fail the virtuous? The good soldier never wants for some one to pay him; neither does the labourer, nor shoemaker, and yet shall the good man want for such? What! Is God so indifferent to his instruments, his ministers, his witnesses, whom alone He employs as living proofs to the ignorant, that He not only exists but governs all things well, and never neglects the interest of man, and

that to the virtuous, whether living or dead, there is no such thing as evil. Well, but how, supposing that He does not give me food? Is not this, however, just what a good general does, when he gives me the signal for retreat?

I obey, I follow, all the while praising my commander, and singing his deeds.

For, as I came into the world when He pleased, so again when it pleases Him, I depart. And so long as I lived, it was my business to sing praises unto God, both by myself and with individuals, and in the presence of many.

10. *His real presence in man.*

You, O Man, are God's chief work—aye, a very offshoot of God; you have some part of Him in yourself. Why, therefore, do you not recognize your high birth? Why do you not know whence you have come? When you eat, will you not remember who it is that eats, who it is that you nourish with food? In society, in exercise, in debate, do you not know that it is God you keep, exert, and bear about with you, although, unhappy man, you are unconscious of it. Do you imagine, I mean, some God of silver or gold outside you? Nay, it is within yourself you bear Him, and do not feel that you are polluting Him with impure thoughts and filthy deeds. Now, were it an image of a god that was before you, you would not dare to do any of these things: but, though God Himself is present within you, and overlooks and overhears everything, you are not ashamed to think and do such things; insensible to your nature, and the object of God's wrath.

11. *Man's sonship and brotherhood.*

Next, remember that you are a son. What is the profession answering to this character? To consider everything of His as belonging to a father, to obey Him in all things, never to complain of Him to any one, never to say or do anything injurious to Him, to yield and give way before Him in all things, and work with Him to the utmost of your power.

Once more, remember that you are a brother: and to this character corresponds the duty of readiness to yield, of compliance, of right speech, the never claiming for oneself any of the things that depend not on our will, but the cheerfully resigning of these, that you may have a greater interest in what your will can determine.

12. *The ideal philosopher.*

This much I can tell you at present, that he who applies himself without God to so great a matter as philosophy, is the object of God's wrath, and simply chooses to behave himself unseemly in the eyes of the people. For in no well-regulated household even does any one come forward, and say to himself, -I must be steward. Else the master observing him, and seeing him issuing orders insolently, will drag him off and chastise him. So it happens also in this great city of the world; for here, too, is there a householder who orders everything, saying to the sun: Thou art the sun; thou hast the power to make thy circuit and to constitute the year and the seasons, and to increase and nourish the fruits, and to stir the winds, and still them, and temperately to warm the bodies of men. Go forth, run thy course, and thus minister to all from the greatest to the least. Or, thou hast the power to lead the host against Ilium, be then an Agamemnon. Thou canst fight a duel with Hector, be an Achilles. But supposing that Thersites came forward and claimed the command, either he would not gain it, or else, gaining it, he would disgrace himself before many witnesses.

First of all, then, in things concerning yourself you must cease to act as you do now. You must not find fault with either God or man, you must utterly banish desire, and avoid only such things as are in the power of your will; you must feel neither anger, resentment, envy, nor compassion--neither amorousness, nor vanity, nor a craving even for the smallest luxury. For you must remember that all other men, when they indulge themselves thus, have their walls and houses, and the darkness, and several things to hide and screen them. One shuts his door and puts a watcher before his chamber: If any one should come, say I am out, or am busy. But instead of all this, the philosopher must shelter himself behind his purity; otherwise he will appear naked and shamed under the open heaven. Purity must be for him both house, and door, and darkness, and chamber-guards. For he must not wish to conceal anything that he does, else he is lost: the philosopher is no more the free man, under the light of heaven. No! he has begun to fear something outside of himself, he has begun to need concealment, though he could not find it, if he would. For how or where shall he hide himself? But if by chance this public teacher and tutor should be detected, what must not his sufferings be! And if he lives in dread of this, is it possible for him to possess that full-souled confidence,

which would enable him to guide the rest of mankind? It is impracticable, impossible.

Above-all, then, you must needs purify your ruling faculty and the purpose of your life. Henceforth say: My mind is the material I have to deal with, just as wood is to the carpenter, and leather to the shoemaker; and my work is the right employment of objects. Neither the body nor its parts have anything to do with me. Death? let it come when it will—death either of the whole, or any part of it. What! flee it? but whither? Can anyone cast me altogether out of the universe? It is impossible: for wheresoever I shall go, there will be the sun and moon and stars: there will be visions, omens, and communion with Gods.

Next, after preparing himself thus, the true philosopher will not be satisfied. He must be assured that he is a messenger from Zeus, sent to men to show them about good and evil, that they have gone astray and are seeking the reality of good and evil where it is not, and do not consider where it is . . . For the philosopher really is a kind of spy, to report what is friendly, and what is hostile, to mankind. And having carefully spied out these things by himself, he must come and report the exact truth, neither being so stricken with panic as to report enemies where there are none, nor in any other way being confused, or bewildered by vain impressions.

In what then consists the good? Tell us, my lord missionary and spy.

It is to be found where you neither think nor wish; for had you wished it, you would have discovered it in yourselves, and not be wandering in search of it outside, nor pursuing alien objects as if they were your own. Turn rather and regard yourselves; examine closely the conception you have of things. Of what nature do you imagine the Good to be? What is peaceful, happy and untrammelled, I suppose? Come, don't you naturally imagine it also to be great, precious and beyond harm? Say, then, in what material should you look for what is peaceful and untrammelled? in that which is enslaved, or in that which is free? Surely in the latter. Take, then, *e.g.*, your poor body—is that free, or enslaved? We do not know. What! not know that it is the slave of fever, gout, ophthalmia, dysentery, tyranny, fire, steel—of everything, in fact, that is stronger than itself? True! it is so. How then can anything connected with the body be untrammelled? or how can that be precious, or great, which is by nature dead—mere dust and clay? What then! do ye possess nothing that is free? Nothing perhaps! But say, who can force you to assent to what appears to be false?

No one. Or to refuse assent to what appears to be true! No one. Well, then, you see by this, that there is in you something which is by nature free. Or, again, which of you can desire or avoid, pursue or shrink, purpose or prepare for anything without having formed a conception of what is profitable or unbecoming? No one. Here too, then, you have something that is unimpeded and free; this part of you, miserable men, ye should cultivate, and attend to, and in this seek for the Good.

Do you ask how is it possible for a man to live tranquilly, who has got nothing, who is naked and homeless, heartless and squalid, without a servant and without a country? Lo! God has sent you a man to show in very deed that such a thing is possible. Look at me! I have neither country, nor house, nor goods, nor servants; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, nor children, nor garret; I possess nothing but earth, sky, and one poor cloak. Yet, what lack I? Am I not free from grief and fear? am I not free? When did any of you see me miss what I aimed at, or fall into what I shunned? When did I ever blame God or man? When did I accuse any one? Did you ever see me of a sullen countenance? And how do I treat the persons whom all of you admire or dread? Is it not as so many slaves? Who that sees me does not think he is beholding his king and his lord?

But marriage, said he, and the procreation of children—shall not these be taken up as leading objects by the philosophers? Give me, replied Epictetus, a city of wise men, and then perhaps no one will readily enter on the philosopher's life, for in whose behalf should he undertake it? Still, if we do suppose such a community, there will be nothing to prevent his marrying and begetting children, because his wife will be such another as himself, and so will be his father-in-law, while his children will be brought up accordingly. But things being constituted as they are—on a field of battle (as it were),—must not the philosopher be bent wholly and undistractedly on the service of God, able to go about among men, not tied by private duties, nor entangled by relations, which if he should violate he can no longer preserve his character for goodness and honour, or if he observe them, he must ruin his mission as the messenger, spy and herald of the Gods.

13. *Life a voyage.*

We must act in life as when starting on a voyage. What is it possible for me to do? To select the captain and the crew, the season and the day. Then perhaps a storm bursts upon us. Well!

but what does it matter to me any more? because all that was mine to do ~~has~~ been already done; the problem is now another's, namely, the captain's. But the ship is actually sinking. What have I to do then?

Why, simply the only thing I can,—drown—without terror or screaming or accusing God, but knowing that what is born must also perish.

For I am no Eternal, but a man,—a fragment of the great whole, just as an hour, is of the day; like the hour then, I must arrive, and as an hour pass away. What does it matter therefore how I pass away, whether by drowning, or by a fever? For pass I must—in this, or some other way.

14. *Man an actor on the world stage.*

Bear in mind that you are an actor in a play of such a character as the manager shall choose—with a short part, if he assigns you a short part, or a long one, if he shall choose a long. If he wants you to play the part of a beggar, or a cripple, of a prince, or a private person, see that you act each gracefully; for while it is the business of another to choose your part for you, it is your duty to act the part assigned you well.

15. *How Death should find us.*

What do you wish that Death should find you occupied in? For my part I should wish to be doing some humane, beneficent, public-spirited, noble work or other; or, if I cannot be found engaged in anything so great, then at least I would be doing what is permitted me and what no one can prevent, correcting myself, perfecting my faculty of making use of objects, working out tranquillity, assigning to all relations what is due to them; and if so far successful, then entering on the third stage of philosophy, which promises infallibility in judgment. And if while thus employed I be overtaken by Death, I shall be content if able to lift up my hands unto God and say:

“Of the means which Thou gavest me to discern and obey Thy government, I have neglected none; nor have I, as far as lay in me, dishonoured Thee; behold and see how I have used my senses and my conceptions. Have I ever blamed Thee? Have I ever murmured against ~~ought~~ that has happened, or wished it otherwise? Have I ever desired to transgress any of the relations of life? Because Thou didst beget me, I thank Thee for Thy gifts; I am content to have used so long, what Thou gavest me. Take them back

again, and set them where Thou wilt; for Thine are all things, and Thou gavest them me."

Would you not be content to depart in such a condition as this? What life, too, could be better or fairer than that of such an one? or what end more blessed?

16. *The physical death.*

Whenever it comes to pass that the necessities of life are no longer supplied, then God sounds the retreat, opens the door, and says to you, Come! Whither, do you ask? To nothing terrible, but to the place whence you came, to the elements of things, to what is kindly and kindred. What there was in you of fire, shall go back to fire; what of earth, to earth; what of air, to air; what of water, to water. There is no Hades nor Acheron, neither Cocytus nor Pyriphlegethon; but all things are full of Gods and of Spirits.

One who has these things to think of, and sees the sun and moon and stars, and enjoys both earth and sea, is no more without society than he is without succour.

Supposing, however, a man should find me alone and slay me? what then? Thou fool I answer: it is thy poor body only, not thee, that he destroys.

17. *Loss truly restitution.*

Never say, in any case, --I have lost so and so, but only, I have returned it. Is your child dead? it is returned. Is your wife dead? she is returned. Have you had your property taken away? Well! is not this, too, merely returned?

But you tell me—he that took it was a rogue. I answer—What does it concern you, through whose action He that gave it you demands it back; so long as He allows it to you, manage it as you would the property of another, use it as wayfarers use an inn.

18. *Good habits, their nature and attainment.*

Every habit and faculty is maintained and increased by the corresponding acts—the power of walking, by walking; of running, by running. If you want to be a good reader, read often; if a painter, be constantly painting. If, however, you have never read for thirty days, but have been busy with other things, you will soon see what results. And just in the same way, if you have spent ten days on the sofa, and then get up and try to take a rather long walk, you will soon discover how your legs give way under you. As a rule then, if you want to contract a habit of anything, go on doing it; and

if you wish to refrain from anything, do it not, but habituate yourself to do something else instead.

So it is in spiritual matters. For instance, if you desire not to be passionate, do not cherish the habit in you, nor add any stimulant to it. Begin by keeping your temper one day, and then count the days when you have not been in a passion.

Once I used to be angry every day: now it is only every other day, then (it will be) every two, and afterwards every three days.

But if you shall have passed as much as thirty days, then offer a sacrifice to God: for the habit is first of all relaxed, and then becomes altogether eradicated. I was not vexed (say) to-day nor the following, nor for two or three months successively: but I took heed when causes of provocation arose. Be sure then it is well with you.

But how is this to be done? Desire to gain your own inward approval, desire to appear noble in the eyes of God, long to become pure with your own pure self and with God. Then whenever any tempting appearance of this sort beset you, Plato says: Go to the sacrifices of expiation, go and pray at the shrines of the protecting Gods; but it will be enough, if you will fly even to the company of the noble and the good, and discipline yourself after one of these, be he living or dead.

This is the genuine athlete who trains himself to meet such objects of sense as these. Stand fast, unhappy man, and be not swept away. Great is the struggle, divine the enterprise; it is for sovereignty, for freedom, for prosperity, for peace. Think upon God: call on Him to be your helper and defender, even as a sailor calls on the Twin Gods in a storm; for what storm is greater than that which arises from objects strong enough to dash reason from her seat? Aye, what is a storm itself but a thing of sense? since you have only to take away the fear of death, and then you may stand as many lightnings and thunderings as you please, for you will find what a great calm and serenity there will be in the ruling faculty of your soul. But if you be once worsted, and say that you will conquer the next time, and then the same again and again, be sure you will at last become so cowardly and weak, as not even to perceive henceforward that you are doing wrong, but you will begin to frame excuses for your misdoing, and thus confirm the truth of Hesiod's words: With ruin ever the procrastinator wrestles!

19. *Pity due to transgressors.*

Why have we still indignation against the masses? They are (we are told) a pack of thieves and robbers. But what means this, except that they are in error about good and evil? Shall we then feel indignation against such, or not rather pity? Nay! you have but to show them their error, and you will see how they will cease from their wrong-doing. But if they do not perceive their fault, then they have nothing better than their own notions to fall back on.

Ought not then this adulterer or robber to be put to death? By no means, but rather view the case thus: This man who has erred and been deceived about matters of the highest import, who has lost his sight (not, *i. e.*, the power which distinguishes black and white, but the judgment which discerns good from evil), could one think of destroying? Why! the very suggestion of such a thing shows us how inhuman such a proposal is, much as if you should think of destroying one who was blind, or deaf. For if it is the greatest injury to be deprived of the greatest things, and the greatest thing in each man be a right will, why are you yet indignant with him if he lose this? A mortal like you has no right to be affected contrary to nature by the wrong-doings of others! Pity such rather; put away inclinations to hatred and offence, and avoid all such expressions as the multitude use about these 'cursed wretches.' How is it you have become suddenly so wise and so severe?

20. *Dissuasives from quitting life.*

For my part I think the old man should be sitting here, not to devise how you may be preserved from mean and ignoble thoughts about yourselves, but rather to watch lest there be found young men of a certain kind, who, recognizing our kinship with the Gods, and how we have such bonds as those of the flesh and of property laid upon us, and how many necessities are entailed on us hereby for the conduct and management of life, may wish to fling these away as so many vexatious and intolerable burdens, and take their departure to their kin. Now it is just this, contention that your master and teacher, if you had such, ought to face and fight.

Suppose you come to me and say: Epictetus, we can no longer endure being bound to this wretched body, giving it food and drink, resting and cleansing it, and rushing about after this or that for its sake. Are not such things indifferent and immaterial to us? And as Death is no evil, and we are in a way God's kinsmen, and have come from Him, let us return whence we came; let us at

length be freed from these chains by which we are bound and burthened. There is nothing on earth but robbers and thieves, and law-courts, and so-called tyrants, who, just because of this wretched body and its possessions, fancy they have some power over us; let us show them that they have not power over anything whatever. Then I should reply: My good sirs, wait for God; when He shall give you the signal and release you from this service, then you may relieve yourselves and go to Him. For the present, however, be content to dwell in the place where He hath set you. Short indeed is the time of your sojourn here, and (for those so disposed) easy enough to bear. For where is the tyrant or the thief, or the courts that can any longer be a terror to those who set so little by their body and its possessions. Abide then, and depart not inconsiderately.

In some such way as this should the teacher deal with the well-disposed among his younger disciples.

C.—M. AURELIUS.

1. *Recognition of providential goodness in his own life.*

To the Gods I owe it that I had good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers and intimates, relations and friends, indeed almost everything good; also that I was never hurried into offending any of them, although I had such a disposition that I might have done so, if opportunity had offered; but, through the goodness of the Gods, no concurrence of circumstances arose to put me to the test. It was likewise by their providence, that I was not brought up for a longer time under the mistress of a grandfather, and that I preserved throughout the flower of my youth, and did not claim the privileges of manhood before the due season, but even delayed the time for such.

Further, that I was subjected to an emperor and father who was sure to take all conceit out of me, and make me feel that it was possible to live in a palace without wanting either a body-guard, or embroidered dresses, or torches, or statues, or any such vanities; but that one might reduce oneself almost to the level of a private person, and yet not be for that reason any the more mean-spirited, or remiss, when the public interest required things to be done in royal style. The Gods, too, gave me a brother who was able by his moral example to rouse me to watch over myself, while at the same time he cheered me with affection and respect. I thank the

Gods, too, that my children were not born dullards or deformed; and that I myself did not make any greater proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and other such studies, in which I might perhaps have been wholly absorbed, had I felt myself successfully pursuing them.

Further, that I lost no time in placing my tutors in such posts of honour as they seemed to desire, and did not put them off with hopes that I would do it some day later, seeing that they were still young; also that I enjoyed the acquaintance of Apollonius, Rusticus and Maximus. The Gods, too, enabled me to form lucid and repeated impressions about living in accordance with nature, and in what such a life consisted. So that as far as depended on the Gods, their gifts, assistance and inspirations, there was nothing to hinder me from living forthwith the life of nature, and if I yet fell short, it was through my own fault, and from not observing the promptings and, I may almost say, the direct precepts of the Gods.

To them also I owe it, that my body under such conditions of life has held out so long; that I not only never touched either Benedicta or Theodotus, but later, when I fell in love, that I soon recovered; that though often angry with Rusticus, I never went further and did anything I should have repented of; and that my mother, destined as she was to die young, yet spent her last days with me. I thank the Gods, moreover, that whenever I wanted to assist any one in poverty, or needing help on any other occasion, I was never told that there was no means for doing it; and that the like need of receiving help from others never befell myself; also that I have been blessed with such a wife, so obedient, affectionate, and simple; and that I was fortunate in securing such good masters for my children. Finally, that various remedies have been communicated to me by dreams—such as against the spitting of blood, and the avoiding of giddiness, and that when I conceived a passion for philosophy, I did not fall into the hands of any sophist, or devote myself entirely to reading history, chopping logic, or studying meteorology. None of these things happen without the aid of the Gods and of fortune.

2. Human fellowship.

Say to yourself the first thing in the morning—I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, the insolent, the deceitful, the envious, the unsociable. Now with them all this arises from their ignorance of good and evil; but as for me who have understood the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the evil, that it is ugly, and also the nature of the offender

himself, that it is related to me not by community of flesh and blood, but by sharing with me the same intelligence and portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of these, because no one can force me into what is disgraceful, nor can I hate, or be angry with, one who is related to me. For we were made for co-operation, just as are feet and hands and eyelids, or the rows of upper and lower teeth.

Therefore acting contrary to one another is to violate nature: and we do act thus when we show resentment and aversion.

3. *The harmfulness of vice.*

Wickedness in general does no harm to the universe; and the particular wickedness of any one individual does no harm to another. To him only it is harmful, who is free to rid himself of it as soon as ever he shall choose.

4. *Injustice and falsehood violations of Nature.*

Injustice is nothing less than impiety. For, inasmuch as universal Nature has made rational creatures for the sake of each other, for mutual help according to their deserts, but in no case to injure one another, he who transgresses Nature's purpose, plainly acts impiously towards the most venerable of the Gods.

Similarly he who lies is guilty of impiety towards the same deity. For universal Nature is the Nature of things that are; and things that are have a close relation to all that has been from the beginning. Further, this universal Nature is called truth, and is the original cause of all things that are true. Consequently, whoever lies intentionally, commits impiety, for he acts unjustly by deceiving his neighbour; and he also who lies unintentionally, is guilty of the same, because he is at variance with universal Nature, and creates disorder by fighting against the Law of the Universe; for fighting it is, to be hurried by his own impulses into what is opposed to truth; for he had once received from Nature faculties, through neglect of which he is now incapable of discerning the false from the true.

Again the man who pursues pleasure as good, and avoids pain as evil, is guilty of impiety; for such an one must of necessity often find fault with the general course of Nature, on the ground that it awards things to the evil and to the good otherwise than according to their deserts, because it frequently happens that bad men enjoy pleasures, and get what produces these, while the good meet with pain and the occasion of pain. And further, the man who dreads pain

must at times dread things which will happen in the world; and this by itself is impiety: while the man who is passionately set on pleasure, will be sure not to keep his hands from injustice, and this is obviously irreligious.

5, 6. *Duty to wrong-doers.*

It is peculiar to man to love even those who offend. And this may be felt, if it only occur to you at the time, that offenders are your kinsmen, and that they do wrong from ignorance and against their will; that you will both be dead before long, and above all, that the particular wrong-doer has not really injured you, for he has not made your ruling faculty worse than it was before.

If you can, reform a wrong-doer by teaching; if you fail, remember that kindness has been given you for this very purpose. The Gods themselves are kind to such persons, going so far even as to help them to health, wealth, and reputation; so indulgent are they. And you, too, may be the same; or say at least, who is there to prevent you?

7. *Man's nature and its perfection.*

Man consists of body, soul, and mind. To the body belong sensations, to the soul impulses and to the mind principles. The receiving of impressions according to appearances is shared even by animals; the being pulled by the puppet-strings of impulse belongs both to wild beasts and hermaphrodites, to a Phalaris and a Nero; and to have the mind that conducts to nothing higher than what appears to be proper, belongs even to those who disbelieve in Gods and desert their country, and care not what they do, once they have shut their doors. If, then, all the rest is common to the creatures aforesaid, there remains the quality characteristic of the good man, namely, the being pleased with and welcoming whatever happens, and the destiny spun for him; not polluting the divinity seated in his breast, nor confusing it with a crowd of phantasies, but preserving it tranquil, regularly following it as a god, never saying a word contrary to truth, nor doing an act contrary to justice. And even if the whole world should decline to believe that such an one lives a simple, modest, and contented life, he is not angry with any, nor dreams of turning from the way which leads to the end of life; to which each should come pure, calm, prepared, and without compulsion reconciled to his fate.

8. *Man—priest and minister.*

Do not waste the remainder of your life in imaginations about others, when these bear no relation to the general benefit: for else you miss some other business while imagining what so and so is doing, and why, and what he is saying, thinking, and contriving, or whatever of the kind causes us to wander from the observation of our own ruling faculty. You must therefore avoid all that is vain and purposeless in the chain of your thoughts, and particularly what is meddling and ill-natured; and you must habituate yourself to think only of such things, about which, if suddenly asked, What are you thinking of at the moment? you could straightway confidently answer, This or that; so that it might be thereby plain at once, that everything with you was sincere and kindly and befitting a social creature, one who is indifferent to pleasures, or voluptuous fancies, and is free from contentiousness, envy, suspicion, or any other vice which you would blush to confess that you harboured in your mind. For such a man as this, who does not delay to place himself at once on a level with the best, becomes a sort of priest and minister of the Gods, exerting the divine power planted within him, which makes a man to be undefiled by pleasure, unharmed by pain, untouched by insolence, insensible to wrong, a combatant in the noblest of combats, one who can be overthrown by no passion, dyed deep in justice, welcoming with all his heart whatever happens and is assigned to him, and seldom, without urgent necessity and for the general interest, thinking about what his neighbour says or does or intends. For his own affairs alone are sufficient to employ him; and he is constantly thinking about what is allotted to him by the Fates out of the general sum; the former he manages well, and the latter he believes to be for the best: for the lot assigned to each individual, as it is carried along with him, so carries him with it. Moreover, he bears in mind that every rational being is related to him, and that to care for all men is according to human nature, and that not every one's opinion must be prized, but only that of such as live in conformity with Nature. As for those who live otherwise, he always remembers what kind of men they are at home and abroad, by night and by day, what they are, and in what company they corrupt themselves. Accordingly he does not value praise from such, inasmuch as they are not even satisfied with themselves.

• 9. *Man gravitates to man.*

All things which have a quality in common, tend to what is of their kind. Everything that is earthy inclines to earth; one drop

of moisture runs to another, and everything of the nature of air does the same, so that even force is required to part them.

And everything accordingly that partakes of the common intelligent nature tends in the same degree, or even more so, to that which is akin with itself. For insomuch as it is superior to the rest, the more forward is it to mingle and be fused with what is of its own kind. For instance, among irrational creatures you find swarms of bees and herds of cattle, and nurture of nestlings in birds, and loves of a certain sort; for in them there were from the beginning souls, and so the principle of association is found to exert itself on a superior scale above what may be seen in plants, or stones, or trees. Similarly among rational beings there exist commonwealths, and friendships, and families, and meetings, and in war, treaties and truces. Then in things which are higher still, even though distant from one another, as in the case of the stars, unity after a manner subsists. Thus the upward movement to what is superior can produce sympathy even in things which are separated from each other. Observe then what takes place; for it is only intelligent creatures now that have forgotten their mutual bent and inclination; and in them alone the property of flowing together is not to be seen. Yet, although they try to avoid communication, they are caught by it: for Nature is too strong for them: and you will see what I mean, if you only look. For you will sooner find a particle of earth not in contact with another particle of the same kind, than a man entirely separated from his fellow-man.

10. *Rule of universal conduct.*

As to irrational animals and all objects and things generally, treat them generously and nobly, as one that hath reason should deal with those who have it not. But to men who have reason behave in a social spirit; and in all your dealings call upon the Gods.

Neither distract yourself with thinking how long you shall do this: for even three hours spent thus are sufficient.

11. *Selfishness a breach of social unity.*

As you yourself are a component part of a social system, so too should every action on your part be a component element in the social life. Therefore whatever act of yours bears no relation, either immediate or remote, to the general end of society, makes a rent in your life, destroys its unity, and is of the nature of sedition, just as in a commonwealth when a man playing his own selfish game stands apart from the general harmony.

12. *Self-examination.*

At every action ask yourself:

How will this affect me? Shall I repent of it? A little while and I am dead and all is over.

What more do I want, if only the deed in question be that of an intelligent being, of one who is social, and living under the same rule with God?

13. *The wrongfulness of sloth.*

In the morning when you feel loth to rise, let this thought be present to you: I am getting up to perform the duty of a man; why then am I out of humour, if I am going to do the very things for which I was born, and have been brought into the world? Or, Was I made only for this, that I might lie abed and keep warm beneath the sheets? But (do you say?) This is more comfortable. Were you then born only to be comfortable, and not rather for action or exertion? Do you not observe how the plants and birds, the ants the spiders and the bees contribute to improve their several departments of the universe; and yet do you refuse to perform the duties of a human being, slow to act according to your nature? But, say you? One requires rest as well as work. True! but then Nature has assigned limits to this also, just as she has done in regard to eating and drinking; and yet you go beyond these limits, beyond what is sufficient. In your action, on the contrary, it is not so, but you stop short of what you could do; for you have no true love for yourself; else you would love both your own nature and that nature's purpose.

Why! those, for instance, who love their trade will wear themselves out at work, regardless of washing and food; and yet you honour your own nature less than the turner his art of turning, or the dancer his skill in dancing, less than the miser his coin, or the vainglorious man his petty praise. Such persons, moreover, when passionately inclined to anything, care neither for food nor sleep, compared with advancing what they are set upon; and yet do you regard social actions as of less value, or deserving of less devotion?

14. *Man made for co-operation.*

We are all co-operating to one end, some consciously and intelligently, others without knowing it: even as (Heraclitus, I think, observes) men when they are asleep are workers in a way, helping forward the course of the universe. But men work together in different ways; nay, even the man who complains and endeavours to resist and subvert the course of things, does a full share of co-

operation; for the universe had need even of such persons as these. Consider therefore, among whom you range yourself; for you may be sure that He who governs all things will make some good use of you, and welcome you into the ranks of those who are engaged in, or disposed to, co-operative service.

15. *Man's true interest.*

If the Gods have decreed anything about me and what ought to happen to me, they must have decreed well; for it is not easy to conceive of a God as without counsel; and as for harming me, why should they even desire such a thing? For what good could come out of it, either to them or to the universe, the chief object of their care? But if the Gods have not decreed anything about me individually, they have at all events certainly decreed about the general course of things; and whatever happens by way of consequence therefrom, I am bound to welcome and be content with. But if perchance they make no decree about anything—a wicked belief to entertain, for then we must give up sacrifices and prayers, and adjurations, and everything else we do on the faith of the Gods being present and living with us,—if, I say, they make no decree about what concerns us, I am free in that case to provide for myself, and it belongs to me to consider what is for my interest. But the true interest of every man is that which is conformable to his constitution and nature; and my nature is rational and social. My city and country, so far as I am Antoninus, is Rome; so far as I am a human being, it is the world.

Whatever then is beneficial to these cities, that, and that alone, is good for me.

16, 17. *What we should pray for and reverence.*

Either the Gods possess power, or not. If not, why do you pray to them? If they have power, why do you not pray them to enable you not to fear this, or not to desire that, or not to be pained at something else, rather than pray that any of these things should occur to you, or not occur? For it is certain, that if the Gods can work together with men, they can work with them for these ends.

But you will say, perhaps, that the Gods have put these in your power. If so, then is it not better to use what is in your power, in the spirit of manly freedom, rather than in a servile cringing way to run after what is not in your power. Besides, who ever told you, that the Gods do not help us even in things which do depend on ourselves? Anyhow,

begin to pray for these, and you will see. One prays, How am I to be rid of this? You should pray, How can I be saved from the wish to be rid of it? Another prays, How can I avoid losing my dear child? You ought to pray, How can I avoid the fear of losing him? Turn your prayers generally in this direction, and you will see what is the result.

Among all the things in the universe, reverence what is best; and this is the power which directs all and makes use of all. In like manner also reverence what is best in yourself, and this is the power which is of like nature to the former. For it is this in you which uses everything else, and it is by this that your life is regulated.

18. *Life with the Gods.*

Live with the Gods; this is done by him who always exhibits to them his soul satisfied with the lot assigned to him, and doing all such things as are desired by the divinity which Zeus has given to each for a protector and guide, a portion in fact of himself, and this divinity in each man is his understanding and reason.

19. *Experience testifies to divine existence.*

People ask me, Where did you see the Gods? or, How are you convinced of their existence, that you worship them as you do? I answer in the first place, that they are visible even to the eye, and next, that though I have never seen even my own soul, I yet reverence it. So accordingly with the Gods, from my constant experience of their power, I understand that they exist, and so I revere them.

20. *Does extinction of the good impugn divine goodness?*

How comes it that the Gods, after having ordered all things beautifully and benevolently, have overlooked this one thing, viz., that some men, and very good men too, who have maintained, moreover, the closest communion with the divinity, and by holy deeds and religious services have been most intimate with God--that such men, once they have died, should never come into being again, but be extinguished altogether? Well! supposing this to be really the case, you may be sure, that if it should have been otherwise, the Gods would so have ordered it. For had it been right, it would also have been possible: and had it been according to nature, nature would have brought it about. Now, from its not being so (if as a fact it be not) you may be convinced, that it ought not to have been so: for you can see even for yourself, that in questioning this you are

disputing with God; and we should not be thus disputing with the Gods, if we did not assume them to be superlatively good and just; and if this be so, they would not have allowed anything in the administration of the universe to have been unjustly and unreasonably neglected.

21, 22. *Death in evil.*

Let every thought and deed be determined by the consideration, that you may at any moment depart out of life.

And to depart from the world is not at all a formidable thing, if the Gods exist, for they are never likely to involve you in harm; and if they either do not exist, or else have no regard for human affairs, what care I to live in a world devoid of Gods, or devoid of Providence? But, in point of fact, the Gods do exist, and do care for what happens to man.

And they have placed it wholly in each man's power not to fall into any evil properly so called, and for the rest, if anything were really evil, the same Gods would have provided also against this, and put it altogether in his power not to fall into it. But that which does not make a man the worse, how can it make a man's life the worse? For neither through want of knowledge, nor, having the knowledge, through lack of power to guard against or correct these things, can we imagine the universal nature to have overlooked them. Neither could it have committed, either through defect of power or skill, so great a mistake as to allow good and evil things to happen indiscriminately to good and bad men. Now death, for instance, and life, honour and dishonour, pleasure and pain, wealth and poverty, all happen equally to the good and bad, as not being in their own nature noble or base; and accordingly they are, strictly speaking, things neither good nor bad.

Any activity of whatever kind, when it has ceased at its proper time, suffers no harm by thus ceasing. Neither does the agent in such activity suffer any harm by reason of the act having ceased. On the same principle accordingly, life, which is the sum total of the several activities, if it shall have ceased at its proper time, suffers no harm by then ceasing; neither has the man who has closed this series at the right time, been evil treated. But the proper time and limit is assigned by nature,—particular nature in the case of man dying in old age, but in every case according to universal nature, through the change of whose parts the entire universe continues in perpetual youth and vigour. Now, whatever is beneficial to the universe is always good and seasonable. Consequently, the closing of life for each man is not

an evil, because neither is it shameful (inasmuch as it is independent of choice and not unserviceable to the world); nay, it is even a good, because it is seasonable, beneficial, and in harmony with the course of things; for so may one be said to be led by God, who follows in the steps of God, and whose mind moves towards the same ends.

23. *Fear of death unreasonable.*

He who fears death must fear either loss of sensation, or else a new kind of sensation. But if you feel nothing any more, you cannot feel any hurt; and if you acquire a different kind of sensation, then you will be a different creature and will not have ceased to live.

24. *Death should be welcomed.*

Do not despise death, but accept it cheerfully as being one of those events which nature wills. For such as it is to be young, and to wax old, and to grow and to mature, and to cut teeth, and have a beard and gray hairs, and to beget, and be pregnant, and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations, which come with the seasons of your life, such also is the process of dissolution. A thoughtful man therefore will not regard death in a careless, impatient and contemptuous spirit, but will wait for it as one of the operations of nature. Just as you wait now for the time when the embryo shall issue from the womb of your wife, so should you be expecting the hour when your soul shall drop out of its shell. But if you want, besides, a commonplace consideration to touch and console your heart, you will be most favourably disposed towards death, if you reflect on the objects you are about to part with, and the characters with which your soul will cease to converse. For although you have no right to fall foul of men, but should rather care for them, and bear with them gently, still you must remember, that those from whom death will sever you, are not of the same principles as yourself.

For this is the only thing, if there be any at all, that would hold us back and make us cling to life—namely, if we were permitted to live with those who were possessed of the same principles as ourselves. As it is, however, you see what great trouble arises from the want of harmony in those who live together, enough to make one cry, Come quickly, O Death, lest peradventure I too should forget my real self.

25. *Suicide better than forsaking virtue.*

Once that you have assumed these names of good, modest, true, sensible, sympathetic, high-minded, take heed that you never change them. . . . If you are able to abide in them, abide as if you had been transported to the Isles of the Blessed. But if you perceive that you are dropping away from these and not holding your ground, either retire cheerfully into some seclusion where you may maintain them, or else quit life altogether, not in passion, but with simplicity, freedom and self-respect, having done at least this one creditable act in your life—namely, quitting it after this fashion. However, it will greatly help you to remember these names, if you will be mindful of the Gods, and recollect, that what they wish is not to be flattered, but for all rational creatures to be made like unto themselves; and that as the fig-tree is known by its fruit, and the dog and the bee by the qualities of their kind, so men should be distinguished by the work and properties of man.

26. *Death a disembarcation after a voyage.*

Hippocrates, after curing many diseases, himself fell ill and died. The Chaldæans foretold the deaths of many, and then were overtaken themselves by fate. Alexander, Pompey and Caius Cæsar, after so often destroying utterly entire cities, and cutting to pieces several myriads of horsemen and footmen on the field of battle, at length departed themselves also out of life. Heraclitus, after his numerous speculations on the conflagration of the universe, died of dropsy, covered all over with mud. Democritus was eaten of vermin; another sort of vermin destroyed Socrates. Now what do these instances show? Simply this: you have embarked, made your voyage, reached the port: then disembark. If it be to another life, no place is without Gods, neither will that be: if to a state of insensibility, then you will cease to endure pains and pleasures alike, and to be the slave of that vessel which is as much inferior as that which here ministers to it is superior: for the one is mind and deity, whereas the other is clay and corruption.

27. *Death—what after?*

Where are your keen-witted men, gifted with foresight, or inflated with pride? Keen philosophers like Charax, Demetrius the Platonist, Eudæmon and men of that sort? All gone, dead long since. Some indeed were not even remembered for a short time: others have passed into fables, while some have already vanished even out of these. So remember this, that the poor little compound which

you are, will at death either have to be dissolved, or your frail spirit be extinguished, or else be removed, and take up its position elsewhere.

28. *Death in every case a gain.*

The world is either a mass of confusion, mutual involution and dispersion; or else it is unity, order and providence. Well, then, if it be the former, why should I wish to stay amid such a random chaos and jumble of things? Why care about aught else than how to return to dust at some time or other? And why, too, should I trouble myself? for whatever I do, dissolution awaits me. But if the latter supposition hold good, then I adore, and am firm and trustful in him who governs all.

29. *The universe and cosmos.*

The world is either an ordered universe or a chaos piled together, yet showing order still. For can a definite order subsist in you, and yet disorder prevail in the universe? And this, too, when all its elements are discriminated, diffused, and harmonious as they are?

30. *All is well if there be a God.*

The periodic movements of the universe are the same from age to age, up and down. And the universal mind either exerts itself to produce each single result (in which case accept what is produced by it), or else it exerts itself once for all, and the rest follows by way of consequence; or, it may be, indivisible atoms constitute all things. In a word, however, if there be a God, all is well; but if everything be at random, see that you too do not live at random. The earth will ere long cover us all, and then will also itself change, and undergo transformations, one after another, to infinity. And so everyone who considers these changes and transformations quickly following one another like wave on wave, will think scorn of everything perishable.

31. *One universe, one God, one reason, one truth.*

All things are interwoven one with the other, and are tied together in a sacred bond; and no one thing hardly is unrelated to another; since all things are co-ordinated, and combine to adorn the same universe. For there is but one universe made up of all things, and one God pervading all, one substance and one law, one common reason in all intelligent creatures, and one truth; if so be, that

there is also one perfection for all creatures possessing the same nature and partaking the same reason.

32. *Noxious things products of order.*

Asia and Europe are but corners of the universe, and the whole sea but a drop in it. Athos is but a tiny clod in respect of the universe, and all present time a mere point of eternity. All things are little, changeable and transitory. All things come from that universal governing power, either proceeding thence directly, or by way of consequence. And accordingly the lion's jaw, and all that is poisonous and harmful, like thorns or dirt, are after-products of what is grand and fair. Do not therefore regard such as alien to the being you adore; but think of Him as the great source of all.

33. *Imitation of Antoninus the way of life and comfort in death.*

Take care that you become not too much of a Cæsar, or be dyed with that dye; for it may happen so. Therefore keep yourself sincere, virtuous, pure, grave, unaffected, a lover of justice, a worshipper of the Gods, kindly, affectionate, and strong for graceful deeds. Strive to continue such as philosophy meant you to be. Reverence the Gods, and help mankind. Life is short; and the one fruit of this earthly existence is a pious disposition, and unselfish acts. Do everything as a disciple of Antoninus. Imitate his vigour in all reasonable undertakings, his evenness on all occasions, his piety, the serenity of his face, his gentleness, his contempt of vain-glory, and his ambition to comprehend and master things. Remember too, how he would never drop anything altogether without having first carefully examined and clearly understood it; and how he would bear with those who blamed him unjustly, without blaming them in return; and how he never did aught in a hurry, nor ever listened to calumnies; how exact he was in examining characters and acts, not given to reprimand nor frightened by clamour, not suspicious nor sophistical; how little contented him in the way of lodging, bed, clothes, food and service; how industrious and patient he was, how firm and steady in his friendships, how tolerant of such as openly opposed his views, and how pleased if any one pointed out a better course; finally, how religious without a spark of superstition. Imitate him in these, that your last hour may find you with as good a conscience as he had.

JUDAISM.

RIGHTEOUSNESS THE CONDITION OF A NATION'S WEAL.

The vision of Isaiah the son of Amoz, which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem, in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah.

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: *but* Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that deal corruptly: they have forsaken the Lord, they have despised the Holy One of Israel, they are estranged *and gone* backward. Why will ye be still stricken, that ye revolt more and more? the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there, is no soundness in it: *but* wounds, and bruises and festering sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with oil. Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. And the daughter of Zion is left as a booth in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city. Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, we should have been like unto Gomorrah.

Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom: give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs, or of he-

goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; new moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies, -I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear; your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

How is the faithful city become an harlot! she that was full of judgment! righteousness lodged in her, but now murderers. Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water. Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them.

Therefore saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the Mighty One of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies: and I will turn my hand upon thee, and thoroughly purge away thy dross, and will take away all thy tin: and I will restore thy judges as at the first and thy counsellors as at the beginning: afterward thou shalt be called The city of righteousness, the faithful city. Zion shall be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness. But the destruction of the transgressors and the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed. For they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have desired, and ye shall be confounded for the gardens that ye have chosen. For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water. And the strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.

II.

. THE PROVIDENCE AND INCOMPARABLENESS OF GOD.

Comfort yè, comfort yc, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; that she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God! Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, *and* shall gently lead those that give suck.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding? Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering. All the nations are as nothing before him; they are counted to him less than nothing and vanity. To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him? The graven image, a workman melted *it*, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth *for it*

silver chains. He that is too impoverished for *such* an oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot: he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to set up a graven image, that shall not be moved. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? *It is* he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity. Yea, they have not been planted; yea, they have not been sown; yea, their stock hath not taken root in the earth: moreover he bloweth upon them, and they wither, and the whirlwind taketh them away as stubble. To whom then will ye liken me, that I should be equal to *him*? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by name; by the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the LORD, and my judgment is passed away from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

III.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Behold my servant, whom I uphold; my chosen, in whom my soul delighteth: I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment in truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law. Thus saith God the LORD, he that created the heavens, and stretched them forth; he that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon

it, and spirit to them that walk therein: I the LORD have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles: to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house. I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images. Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth: ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up *their voice*, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit: let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains. Let them give glory unto the LORD, and declare his praise in the Islands. The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war: he shall cry, yea, he shall shout aloud: he shall do mightily against his enemies. I have long time holden my peace; I have been still, and retained myself: *now* will I cry out like a travailing woman; I will gasp and pant together. I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and will dry up the pools. And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; in paths that they know not will I lead them: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things will I do, and I will not forsake them. They shall be turned back, they shall be ashamed, that trust in graven images, that say unto molten images, Ye are our gods.

IV.

EXHORTATION TO TRUE RELIGION.

Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples. Behold,

thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the LORD for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

V.

FALSE AND GENUINE DEVOTION.

Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and declare unto my people their transgression, and to the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways: as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God, they ask of me righteous ordinances, they delight to draw near unto God. Wherefore have we fasted, *say they*, and thou seest not? *wherefore* have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find *your own* pleasure, and exact all your labours. Behold, ye fast for strife and contention, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye fast not this day so as to make your voice to be heard on high. Is such the fast that I have chosen? the day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the LORD? Is not this the fast that I have

chosen? to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the LORD shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call, and the LORD shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedly; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noonday: and the LORD shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in. If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, *and* the holy of the LORD honourable; and shalt honour it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking *thine own* words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the LORD; and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth; and I will feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.

VI.

THE NEW COVENANT.

Behold the days come, saith the LORD, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt: which my covenant they brake although I was an husband unto them, saith the LORD. But this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the LORD; I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people: and they shall teach no more every man his neigh-

bour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the LORD: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the LORD: for I will forgive their iniquity, and their sin will I remember no more. Thus saith the LORD, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which stirreth up the sea, that the waves thereof roar; the LORD of hosts is his name. If these ordinances depart from before me, saith the LORD, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever. Thus saith the LORD: If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, then will I also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the LORD.

VII.

THE PERFECT AGE.

But in the latter days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the LORD's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and peoples shall flow unto it. And many nations shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the LORD, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths, for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the LORD from Jerusalem. And he shall judge between many peoples and shall reprove strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid, for the mouth of the LORD of hosts hath spoken it. For all the peoples will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the LORD our God for ever and ever.

VIII.

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

Hear ye now what the LORD saith: Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear, O ye mountains, the LORD's controversy and ye enduring foundations of the earth: for the LORD has a controversy with his people and he will plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done unto thee?

and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of bondage; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. O my people, remember now what Balak, king of Moab, consulted, and what Balaam, the son of Beor, answered him; *remember* from Shittim unto Gilgal that ye may know the righteous acts of the LORD. Wherewith shall I come before the LORD, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings with calves of a year old? Will the LORD be pleased with thousands of rams, *or* with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the LORD require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

IX.

PRAISE OF GOD AS LORD OF NATURE AND THE SOUL.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
 And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
 Day unto day uttereth speech,
 And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
 There is no speech, nor language;
 Their voice cannot be heard.
 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
 And their words to the end of the world.
 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
 Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
 And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
 His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
 And his circuit unto the ends of it:
 And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
 The law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul:
 The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.
 The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart:
 The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.
 The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:
 The judgments of the LORD are true, *and* righteous altogether.
 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
 Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

In keeping of them there is great reward.
 Who can discern *his* errors?
 Clear thou me from hidden *faults*.
 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*;
 Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect,
 And I shall be clear from great transgression.
 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be
 acceptable in thy sight,
 O LORD, my rock, and my redeemer.

X.

THE DIVINE PROTECTOR.

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
 Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
 Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
 And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

XI.

THE SUPPORT OF FAITH AND HOPE IN TIMES OF DARKNESS.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
 So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
 When shall I come and appear before God?
 My tears have been my meat day and night.
 While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
 These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,
 How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
 With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.
 Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
 And *why* art thou disquieted within me?
 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
For the health of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
 Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan.
 And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the LORD will command his loving kindness in the day-time,
 And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
 I will say unto God, my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
 Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;
 While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
 Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
 And why art thou disquieted within me?
 Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

XII.

THANKSGIVING.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:
 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
 In a dry and weary land, where no water is.
 So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,
 To see thy power and thy glory.
 For thy loving kindness is better than life;
 My lips shall praise thee.
 So will I bless thee while I live:
 I will lift up my hands in thy name.
 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
 And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
 When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
 For thou hast been my help,
 And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
 My soul followeth hard after thee:
 Thy right hand upholdeth me.

XIII.

THE COMMUNION OF THE SANCTUARY.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!
 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD;

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
 And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
 Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts,
 My King, and my God.
 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house :
 They will be still praising thee.
 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee ;
 In whose heart are the high ways to *Zion*.
 Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of
 springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
 They go from strength to strength,
 Every one of them appeareth before God in *Zion*.
 O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer :
 Give ear, O God of Jacob.
 Behold, O God our shield,
 And look upon the face of thine anointed.
 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
 Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
 For the LORD God is a sun and a shield :
 The LORD will give grace and glory :
 No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
 O LORD of hosts,
 Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

XIV.

THE FRAILTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place
 In all generations.
 Before the mountains were brought forth,
 Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
 Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.
 Thou turnest man to destruction ;
 And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
 For a thousand years in thy sight
 Are but as yesterday when it is past,
 And as a watch in the night.
 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep :
 In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
 In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
 For we are consumed in thine anger,
 And in thy wrath are we troubled.
 Thou hast set iniquities before thee,
 Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
 We bring our years to an end as a tale *that is told*.
 The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
 Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;
 Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow;
 For it is soon gone, and we fly away.
 Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
 And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?
 So teach us to number our days,
 That we may get us an heart of wisdom.
 Return, O LORD; how long?
 And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
 O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;
 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
 And the years wherein we have seen evil.
 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
 And thy glory upon their children.
 And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us:
 And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
 Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

XV.

EXHORTATION TO THE PRAISE OF GOD.

O sing unto the LORD a new song:
 Sing unto the LORD, all the earth.
 Sing unto the LORD, bless his name:
 Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
 Declare his glory among the nations,
 His marvellous works among all the peoples.
 For great is the LORD, and highly to be praised:
 He is to be feared above all gods.
 For all the gods of the peoples are idols:
 But the LORD made the heavens.
 Honour and majesty are before him:

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
 Give unto the LORD, ye kindreds of the peoples,
 Give unto the LORD glory and strength.
 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name:
 Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
 Tremble before him, all the earth.
 Say among the nations, The LORD reigneth:
 The world also is stablished that it cannot be moved:
 He shall judge the peoples with equity.
 Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice:
 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
 Let the field exult, and all that is therein;
 Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;
 Before the LORD, for he cometh;
 For he cometh to judge the earth:
 He shall judge the world with righteousness,
 And the peoples with his truth.

XVI.

PRAISE OF THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

Bless the LORD, O my soul;
 And all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.
 Bless the LORD, O my soul,
 And forget not all his benefits:
 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
 Who healeth all thy diseases;
 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
 Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
 The LORD executeth righteous acts,
 And judgments for all that are oppressed.
 He made known his ways unto Moses,
 His doings unto the children of Israel.
 The LORD is full of compassion and gracious,
 Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
 He will not always chide;
 Neither will he keep *his anger* for ever.
 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
 Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
 So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
 As far as the east is from the west,
 So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
 Like as a father pitieth his children,
 So the LORD pitieth them that fear him.
 For he knoweth our frame;
 He remembereth that we are dust.
 As for man, his days are as grass;
 As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
 And the place thereof shall know it no more.
 But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting
 upon them that fear him,
 And his righteousness unto children's children;
 To such as keep his covenant,
 And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
 The LORD hath established his throne in the heavens;
 And his kingdom ruleth over all.
 Bless the LORD, ye angels of his:
 Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil his word,
 Harkening unto the voice of his word.
 Bless the LORD, all ye his hosts;
 Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
 Bless the LORD, all ye his works,
 In all places of his dominion:
 Bless the LORD, O my soul.

XVII.

GOD IN NATURE.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 O LORD my God, thou art very great;
 Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
 Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
 Who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters;
 Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
 Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
 Who maketh winds his messengers;
 His ministers a flaming fire:
 Who laid the foundations of the earth,

That it should not be moved for ever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:
They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation,
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth:
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the LORD are satisfied;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
O LORD, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.

Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
 Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
 Both small and great beasts.
 There go the ships;
 There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime
 therein.

These wait all upon thee,
 That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
 That thou givest unto them they gather;
 Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good.
 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
 Thou takest away their breath, they die,
 And return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:
 And thou renewest the face of the ground.
 Let the glory of the LORD endure for ever;
 Let the LORD rejoice in his works:
 Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
 He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.
 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live:
 I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.
 Let my meditation be sweet unto him:
 I will rejoice in the LORD.
 Let sinners be consumed out of the earth,
 And let the wicked be no more.
 Bless the LORD, O my soul.
 Praise ye the LORD.

XVIII.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known *me*.
 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,
 Thou understandest my thought afar off.
 Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,
 And art acquainted with all my ways.
 For there is not a word in my tongue,
 But, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether.
 Thou hast beset me behind and before,
 And laid thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
 It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
 Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
 If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
 If I take the wings of the morning,
 And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
 Even there shall thy hand lead me,
 And thy right hand shall hold me.
 If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
 And the light about me shall be night;
 Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
 But the night shineth as the day:
 The darkness and the light are both alike *to thee*.
 For thou hast possessed my reins:
 Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
 I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully
 made:
 Wonderful are thy works;
 And that my soul knoweth right well.
 My frame was not hidden from thee,
 When I was made in secret,
 And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
 Thine eyes did see mine unperfect substance,
 And in thy book were all *my members* written,
 Which day by day were fashioned,
 When as yet there was none of them.
 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
 How great is the sum of them!
 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
 When I awake, I am still with thee.
 Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:
 Depart from me therefore, ye bloodthirsty men.
 For they speak against thee wickedly,
 And thine enemies take *thy name* in vain.
 Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee?
 And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?
 I hate them with perfect hatred:
 I count them mine enemies.
 Search me, O God, and know my heart:
 Try me, and know my thoughts:
 And see if there be any way of wickedness in me,
 And lead me in the way everlasting.

XIX.

PRECEPTS.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father,
 And forsake not the law of thy mother:
 For they shall be a chaplet of grace unto thy head,
 And chains about thy neck.
 My son, if sinners entice thee,
 Consent thou not.
 If they say, Come with us,
 Let us lay wait for blood,
 Let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause;
 Let us swallow them up alive as Sheol,
 And whole, as those that go down into the pit;
 We shall find all precious substance,
 We shall fill our houses with spoil;
 Thou shalt cast thy lot among us;
 We will all have one purse:
 My son, walk not thou in the way with them;
 Refrain thy foot from their path;
 For their feet run to evil.
 And they make haste to shed blood.
 For in vain is the net spread,
 In the eyes of any bird:
 And these lay wait for their own blood,
 They lurk privily for their own lives.
 So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain;
 It taketh away the life of the owners thereof.
 Wisdom crieth aloud in the street;
 She uttereth her voice in the broad places;
 She crieth in the chief place of concourse;
 At the entering in of the gates,
 In the city, she uttereth her words:
 How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?
 And scorners delight them in scorning,
 And fools hate knowledge?
 Turn you at my reproof:
 Behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you,
 I will make known my words unto you.
 Because I have called, and ye refused;
 I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded;
 But ye have set at nought all my counsel,

And would none of my reproof:
 I also will laugh in *the day of* your calamity;
 I will mock when your fear cometh;
 When your fear cometh on as a storm,
 And your calamity cometh on as a whirlwind;
 When distress and anguish come upon you.
 Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer;
 They shall seek me diligently, but they shall not find me:
 For that they hated knowledge,
 And did not choose the fear of the LORD:
 They would none of my counsel;
 They despised all my reproof:
 Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way,
 And be filled with their own devices,
 For the backsliding of the simple shall slay them,
 And the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.
 But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell securely,
 And shall be quiet without fear of evil.
 My son, if thou wilt receive my words,
 And lay up my commandments with thee;
 So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom,
 And apply thine heart to understanding;
 Yea, if thou cry after discernment,
 And lift up thy voice for understanding;
 If thou seek her as silver,
 And search for her as for hid treasures;
 Then shalt thou understand the fear of the LORD,
 And find the knowledge of God.
 For the LORD giveth wisdom;
 Out of his mouth *cometh* knowledge and understanding:
 He layeth up sound wisdom for the upright.
 He *is* a shield to them that walk in integrity;
 That he may guard the paths of judgment,
 And preserve the way of his saints.
 Then shalt thou understand righteousness and judgment,
 And equity, *yea*, every good path.
 For wisdom shall enter into thine heart,
 And knowledge shall be pleasant unto thy soul;
 Discretion shall watch over thee,
 Understanding shall keep thee:
 To deliver thee from the way of evil,
 From the men that speak froward things;

Who forsake the paths of uprightness,
To walk in the way of darkness;
Who rejoice to do evil,
And delight in the frowardness of evil;
Who are crooked in their ways,
And perverse in their paths:
To deliver thee from the strange woman,
Even from the stranger which flattereth with her words;
Which forsaketh the friend of her youth,
And forgetteth the covenant of her God:
For her house inclineth unto death,
And her paths unto the dead:
None that go unto her return again,
Neither do they attain unto the paths of life:
That thou mayest walk in the way of good men,
And keep the paths of the righteous.
For the upright shall dwell in the land,
And the perfect shall remain in it.
But the wicked shall be cut off from the land,
And they that deal treacherously shall be rooted out of it.

My son, forget not my law;
But let thine heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and years of life,
And peace, shall they add to thee.
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
Bind them about thy neck;
Write them upon the table of thine heart:
So shalt thou find favour and good understanding
In the sight of God and man,
Trust in the LORD with all thine heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding:
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.
Be not wise in thine own eyes;
Fear the LORD, and depart from evil:
It shall be health to thy navel,
And marrow to thy bones.
Honour the LORD with thy substance,
And with the firstfruits of all thine increase:
So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,
And thy fats shall overflow with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD;
 Neither be weary of his reproof:
 For whom the LORD loveth he reproveth;
 Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.
 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
 And the man that getteth understanding.
 For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
 And the gain thereof than fine gold.
 She is more precious than rubies:
 And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared
 unto her.
 Length of days is in her right hand;
 In her left hand are riches and honour.
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.
 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:
 And happy is every one that retaineth her.
 The LORD by wisdom founded the earth;
 By understanding he established the heavens.
 By his knowledge the depths were broken up,
 And the skies drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes:
 Keep sound wisdom and discretion;
 So shall they be life unto thy soul,
 And grace to thy neck.
 Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely,
 And thy foot shall not stumble.
 When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:
 Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.
 Be not afraid of sudden fear,
 Neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:
 For the LORD shall be thy confidence,
 And shall keep thy foot from being taken.
 Withhold not good from them to whom it is due,
 When it is in the power of thine hand to do it.
 Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again,
 And to-morrow I will give;
 When thou hast it by thee.
 Devise not evil against thy neighbour,
 Seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.
 Strive not with a man without cause,

If he have done thee no harm.
 Envy thou not the man of violence,
 And choose none of his ways.
 For the perverse is an abomination to the LORD.
 But his secret is with the upright.
 The curse of the LORD is in the house of the wicked;
 But he blesseth the habitation of the righteous.
 Surely he scorneth the scorners,
 But he giveth grace unto the lowly.
 The wise shall inherit glory;
 But shame shall be the promotion of fools.

Hear, *my* sons, the instruction of a father,
 And attend to know understanding:
 For I give you good doctrine;
 Forsake ye not my law.
 For I was a son unto my father,
 Tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.
 And he taught me, and said unto me,
 Let thine heart retain my words;
 Keep my commandments, and live:
 Get wisdom, get understanding;
 Forget *it* not, neither decline from the words of my mouth:
 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee:
 Love her, and she shall keep thee.
 Wisdom *is* the principal thing, *therefore* get wisdom:
 Yea, with all thou hast gotten get understanding.
 Exalt her, and she shall promote thee:
 She shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her.
 She shall give to thine head a chaplet of grace:
 A crown of beauty shall she deliver to thee.
 Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings;
 And the years of thy life shall be many.
 I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
 I have led thee in paths of uprightness.
 When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;
 And if thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.
 Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go:
 Keep her; for she *is* thy life.
 Enter not into the path of the wicked,
 And walk not in the way of evil men.
 Avoid it, pass not by it;

Turn from it and pass on.
 For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
 And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.
 For they eat the bread of wickedness,
 And drink the wine of violence.
 But the path of the righteous is as the shining light,
 That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
 The way of the wicked is as darkness:
 They know not at what they stumble.
 My son, attend to my words;
 Incline thine ear unto my sayings.
 Let them not depart from thine eyes;
 Keep them in the midst of thine heart.
 For they are life unto those that find them,
 And health to all their flesh.
 Keep thy heart with all diligence;
 For out of it are the issues of life.
 Put away from thee a froward mouth,
 And perverse lips put far from thee.
 Let thine eyes look right on,
 And let thine eyelids look straight before thee.
 Make level the path of thy feet,
 And let all thy ways be established.
 Turn not to the right hand nor to the left.
 Remove thy foot from evil.

XX.

THE CALL OF WISDOM.

Doth not wisdom cry,
 And understanding put forth her voice?
 In the top of high places by the way,
 Where the paths meet, she standeth;
 Beside the gates at the entry of the city,
 At the coming in at the doors, she crieth aloud:
 Unto you, O men, I call;
 And my voice is to the sons of men.
 O ye simple, understand subtilty;
 And, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.
 Hear, for I will speak excellent things;
 And the opening of my lips shall be right things.
 For my mouth shall utter truth;

And wickedness is an abomination to my lips.
 All the words of my mouth are in righteousness;
 There is nothing crooked or perverse in them.
 They are all plain to him that understandeth,
 And right to them that find knowledge.
 Receive my instruction, and not silver;
 And knowledge rather than choice gold.
 For wisdom is better than rubies;
 And all the things that may be desired are not to be compared
 unto her.

I wisdom have made subtilty my dwelling,
 And find out knowledge *and* discretion.
 The fear of the LORD is to hate evil:
 Pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way,
 And the froward mouth, do I hate.
 Counsel is mine, and sound knowledge:
 I am understanding; I have might.
 By me kings reign,
 And princes decree justice.
 By me princes rule,
 And nobles, *even* all the judges of the earth.
 I love them that love me;
 And those that seek me diligently shall find me.
 Riches and honour ~~are~~ with me;
Yea, durable riches and righteousness.
 My fruit is better than gold, *yea*, than fine gold;
 And my revenue than choice silver.
 I walk in the way of righteousness,
 In the midst of the paths of judgment:
 That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance,
 And that I may fill their treasures.
 The LORD possessed me in the beginning of his way,
 Before his works of old.
 I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning,
 Or ever the earth was.
 When there were no depths, I was brought forth;
 When there were no fountains abounding with water.
 Before the mountains were settled,
 Before the hills ~~was~~ I brought forth:
 While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields,
 Nor the beginning of the dust of the world.
 When he established the heavens, I was there:

When he set a circle upon the face of the deep :
 When he made firm the skies above :
 When the fountains of the deep became strong :
 When he gave to the sea its bound,
 That the waters should not transgress his commandment :
 When he marked out the foundations of the earth ;
 Then I was by him, *as* a master workman :
 And I was daily *his* delight.
 Rejoicing always before him ;
 Rejoicing in his habitable earth ;
 And my delight was with the sons of men.
 Now therefore, *my* sons, hearken unto me :
 For blessed are they that keep my ways.
 Hear instruction, and be wise,
 And refuse it not.
 Blessed is the man that heareth me,
 Watching daily at my gates,
 Waiting at the posts of my doors.
 For whoso findeth me findeth life.
 And shall obtain favour of the LORD.
 But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul :
 All they that hate me love death.

XXI.

MAN'S LITTLENESS IN PRESENCE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIOUS ENERGY.

Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
 Who is this that darkeneth counsel,
 By words without knowledge ?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man ;
 For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest ?
 Or who stretched the line upon it ?
 Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened ?
 Or who laid the corner stone thereof ;
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy ?
 Or *who* shut up the sea with doors,
 When it brake forth, *as if* it had issued out of the womb ;
 When I made the cloud the garment thereof,

And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
 And prescribed for it my decree,
 And set bars and doors,
 And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
 And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?
 Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days *began*.
 And caused the dayspring to know its place;
 That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
 And the wicked be shaken out of it?
 It is changed as clay under the seal;
 And *all things* stand forth as a garment:
 And from the wicked their light is withholden,
 And the high arm is broken.
 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
 Or hast thou walked in the recesses of the deep?
 Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee?
 Or hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?
 Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth?
 Declare, if thou knowest it all.
 Where is the way to the dwelling of light,
 And as for darkness, where is the place thereof;
 That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,
 And that thou shouldest discern the paths to the house thereof?
Doubtless, thou knowest, for thou wast then born,
 And the number of thy days is great!
 Hast thou entered the treasures of the snow,
 Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
 Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
 Against the day of battle and war?
 By what way is the light parted,
 Or the east wind scattered upon the earth?
 Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
 Or a way for the lightning of the thunder;
 To cause it to rain on a land where no man is;
 On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
 To satisfy the waste and desolate *ground*;
 And to cause the tender grass to spring forth?
 Hath the rain a father?
 Or who hath begotten the drops of dew?
 Out of whose womb came the ice?
 And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?
 The waters are hidden as *with* stone,

And the face of the deep is frozen.
 Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
 Or loose the bands of Orion?
 Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth in their season?
 Or canst thou guide the Bear with her train?
 Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?
 Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?
 Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
 That abundance of waters may cover thee?
 Canst thou send forth lightnings, that they may go,
 And say unto thee, Here we are?
 Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?
 Or who hath given understanding to the mind?
 Who can number the clouds by wisdom?
 Or who can pour out the bottles of heaven,
 When the dust runneth into a mass,
 And the clods cleave fast together?
 Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lioness?
 Or satisfy the appetite of the young lions,
 When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait?
 Who provideth for the raven his food,
 When his young ones cry unto God,
And wander for lack of meat?

Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring
 forth?
 Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?
 Canst thou number the months that they fulfil?
 Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
 They bow themselves, they bring forth their young,
 They cast out their sorrows.
 Their young ones are in good liking, they grow up in the open
 field;
 They go forth, and return not again.
 Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
 Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
 Whose house I have made the wilderness,
 And the salt land his dwelling place.
 He scorneth the tumult of the city,
 Neither heareth he the shoutings of the driver.
 The range of the mountains is his pasture,

And he searcheth after every green thing.
 Will the wild ox be content to serve thee?
 Or will he abide by thy crib?
 Canst thou bind the wild ox with his band in the furrow?
 Or will he harrow the valleys after thee?
 Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great?
 Or wilt thou leave to him thy labour?
 Wilt thou confide in him, that he will bring home thy seed,
 And gather *the corn of* thy threshing-floor?
 The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth;
But are her pinions and feathers kindly?
 For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
 And warmeth them in the dust,
 And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
 Or that the wild beast may trample them.
 She is hardened against her young ones, as if they were not hers:
 Though her labour be in vain, *she is* without fear;
 Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
 Neither hath he imparted to her understanding.
 What time she lifteth up herself on high,
 She scorneth the horse and his rider.
 Hast thou given the horse *his* might?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with the quivering mane?
 Hast thou made him to leap as a locust?
 The glory of his snorting is terrible.
 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength:
 He goeth out to meet the armed men.
 He mocketh at fear, and is not dismayed;
 Neither turneth he back from the sword.
 The quiver rattleth against him,
 The flashing spear and the javelin.
 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
 Neither believeth he that it is the voice of the trumpet.
 As oft as the trumpet *soundeth* he saith, Aha!
 And he smelleth the battle afar off,
 The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.
 Doth the hawk soar by thy wisdom.
And stretch her wings towards the south?
 Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
 And make her nest on high?
 She dwelleth on the rock, and hath her lodging *there*,
 Upon the crag of the rock, and the stronghold.

From thence she spieth out the prey;
 Her eyes behold it afar off.
 Her young ones also suck up blood:
 And where the slain are, there is she.

Moreover the LORD answered Job, and said,
 Shall he that cavilleth contend with the Almighty?
 He that argueth with God, let him answer it.
 Then Job answered the LORD, and said,
 Behold, I am of small account; what shall I answer thee?
 I lay mine hand upon my mouth.
 Once, have I spoken, and I will not answer;
 Yea, twice, but I will proceed no further.
 Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
 Gird up thy loins now like a man:
 I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 Wilt thou disannul my judgment?
 Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be justified?
 Or hast thou an arm like God?
 And canst thou thunder with a voice like him?
 Deck thyself now with excellency and dignity;
 And array thyself with honour and majesty.
 Pour forth the overflowings of thine anger:
 And look upon every one that is proud, and abase him.
 Look on every one that is proud, *and* bring him low;
 And tread down the wicked where they stand.
 Hide them in the dust together;
 Bind their faces in the hidden *place*.
 Then will I also confess of thee
 That thine own right hand can save thee.
 Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee;
 He eateth grass as an ox.
 Lo now, his strength is in his loins,
 And his force is in the muscles of his belly.
 He moveth his tail like a cedar:
 The sinews of his thighs are knit together.
 His bones are *as* tubes of brass;
 His limbs are like bars of iron.
 He is the chief of the ways of God:
 He *only* that made him can make his sword to approach *unto him*.
 Surely the mountains bring him forth food;
 Where all the beasts of the field do play.

He lieth under the lotus trees,
 In the covert of the reed, and the fen.
 The lotus trees cover him with their shadow;
 The willows of the brook compass him about.
 Behold if a river overflow, he trembleth not:
 He is confident, though Jordan swell even to his mouth.
 Shall any take him when he is on the watch,
 Or pierce through his nose with a snare?

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a fish-hook,
 Or press down his tongue with a cord?
 Canst thou put a rope into his nose,
 Or pierce his jaw through with a hook?
 Will he make many supplications unto thee,
 Or will he speak soft words unto thee?
 Will he make a covenant with thee,
 That thou shouldest take him for a servant for ever?
 Wilt thou play with him as with a bird,
 Or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?
 Shall the bands of *fishermen* make traffic of him?
 Shall they part him among the merchants?
 Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons,
 Or his head with fish spears?
 Lay thine hand upon him;
 Remember the battle, and do so no more.
 Behold, the hope of him is in vain:
 Shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him?
 None is so fierce that he dare stir him up:
 Who then is he that can stand before me?
 Who hath first given unto me, that I should repay him?
Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.
 I will not keep silence concerning his limbs,
 Nor his mighty strength, nor his comely proportion.
 Who can strip off his outer garment?
 Who shall come within his double bridle?
 Who can open the doors of his face?
 Round about his teeth is terror.
His strong scales are *his* pride,
 Shut up together *as with* a close seal.
 One is so near to another,
 That no air can come between them.
 They are joined one to another;

They stick together, that they cannot be sundered.
 His neesings flash forth light,
 And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
 Out of his mouth go burning torches,
 And sparks of fire leap forth.
 Out of his nostrils a smoke goeth,
 As of a seething pot and *burning* rushes.
 His breath kindleth coals,
 And a flame goeth forth from his mouth.
 In his neck abideth strength,
 And terror danceth before him.
 The flakes of his flesh are joined together:
 They are firm upon him; they cannot be moved.
 His heart is as firm as a stone;
 Yea, firm as the nether millstone.
 When he raiseth himself up, the mighty are afraid:
 By reason of consternation they are beside themselves.
 If one lay at him with the sword, it cannot avail;
 Nor the spear, the dart, nor the pointed shaft.
 He counteth iron as straw,
And brass as rotten wood.
 The arrow cannot make him flee:
 Slingstones are turned with him into stubble.
 Clubs are counted as stubble:
 He laugheth at the rushing of the javelin.
 His underparts are *like* sharp potsherds:
 He spreadeth *as it were* a threshing wain upon the mire.
 He maketh the deep to boil like a pot:
 He maketh the sea like ointment.
 He maketh a path to shine after him;
 One would think the deep to be hoary.
 Upon earth there is not his like,
 That is made without fear.
 He beholdeth every thing that is high:
 He is king over all the sons of pride.

Then Job answered the LORD, and said,
 I know that thou canst do all things,
 And that no purpose of thine can he restrained;
 Who is this that hideth counsel without knowledge?
 Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not.
 Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak;
 I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
 I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;
 But now mine eye seeth thee.
 Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
 In dust and ashes.

X X I I.

VANITY THE SUM OF ALL.

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; vanity of vanities, all is vanity. What profit hath man of all his labour wherein he labour-eth under the sun? One generation goeth, and another generation cometh; and the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he ariseth. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it turneth about continually in its course, and the wind returneth again to its circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again. All things are full of weariness; man cannot utter *it*; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing whereof men say, See, this is new? it hath been already, in the ages which were before us. There is no remembrance of the former *generations*; neither shall there be any remembrance of the latter *generations* that are to come, among those that shall come after. I the Preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem. And I applied my heart to seek and to search out by wisdom concerning all that is done under heaven: it is a sore travail that God hath given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. I have seen all the works that are done under the sun and, behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind. That which is crooked cannot be made straight: and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I have gotten me great wisdom above all that were before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart hath great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I applied my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also was a striving after wind. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

XXIII.

ALL THINGS UNSURE SAVE PRESENT DUTY. *

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, yea, even unto eight: for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if a tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. As thou knowest not what is the way of the wind, *nor* how the bones *do grow* in the womb of her that is with child; even so thou knowest not the work of God who doeth all. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. Yea, if a man live many years, let him rejoice in them all; but let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for youth and the prime of life are vanity. Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the street; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; yea, they shall be afraid of *that which is* high, and terrors *shall be* in the way; and the almond-tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caper-berry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be^oloosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; and the dust return to the earth as it was,

and the spirit return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And further, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he pondered, and sought out, *and* set in order many proverbs. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written uprightly, *even* words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are *the words of* the masters of assemblies, *which* are given from one shepherd. And furthermore, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole *duty* of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

XXIV.

LAUDATION OF WISDOM.

Wisdom shall praise herself, and shall glory in the midst of her people.

In the congregation of the most High shall she open her mouth, and triumph before his power.

I came out of the mouth of the most High, and covered the earth as a cloud.

I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in a cloudy pillar.

I alone compassed the circuit of heaven, and walked in the bottom of the deep.

In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth, and in every people and nation I got a possession.

With all these I sought rest: and in whose inheritance shall I abide?

So the creator of all things gave me a commandment, and he that made me caused my tabernacle to rest, and said, Let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thine inheritance in Israel.

He created me from the beginning before the world, and I shall never fail.

In the holy tabernacle I served before him; and so was I established in Sion.

Likewise in the beloved city he gave me rest, and in Jerusalem was my power.

And I took root in an honourable people, even in the portion of the LORD's inheritance.

I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and 'as a cypress tree upon the mountains of Hermon.

I was exalted like a palm tree in Engaddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water.

I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aspalathus, and I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh, as galbanum, and onyx, and sweet storax, and as the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.

As the turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace.

As the vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches.

I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope: I therefore, being eternal, am given to all my children which are named of him.

Come unto me, all ye that be desirous of me, and fill yourselves with my fruits.

For my memorial is sweeter than honey, and mine inheritance than the honeycomb.

They that eat me shall yet be hungry, and they that drink me shall yet be thirsty.

He that obeyeth me shall never be confounded, and they that work by me shall not do amiss.

All these things are the book of the covenant of the most High God, even the law which Moses commanded for an heritage unto the congregations of Jacob.

Faint not to be strong in the LORD; that he may confirm you, cleave unto him: for the LORD Almighty is God alone, and beside him there is no other Saviour.

He filleth all things with his wisdom, as Phison and as Tigris in the time of the new fruits.

He maketh the understanding to abound like Euphrates, and as Jordan in the time of the harvest.

He maketh the doctrine of knowledge appear as the light, and as Geon in the time of vintage.

The first man knew her not perfectly: no more shall the last find her out.

For her thoughts are more than the sea, and her counsels profounder than the great deep.

I also came out as a brook from a river, and as a conduit into a garden.

I said, I will water my best garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed: and, lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea.

I will yet make doctrine to shine as the morning, and will send forth her light afar off.

I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, and leave it to all ages for ever.

Behold that I have not laboured for myself only, but for all them that seek wisdom.

XXV.

MAN BORN TO TROUBLE.

Great travail is created for every man, and an heavy yoke is upon the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb, till the day that they return to the mother of all things.

Their imagination of things to come, and the day of death, (trouble) their thoughts, and (cause) fear of heart;

From him that sitteth on a throne of glory, unto him that is humbled in earth and ashes;

From him that weareth purple and a crown, unto him that is clothed with a linen frock.

Wrath and envy, trouble and unquietness, fear of death and anger and strife, and in the time of rest upon his bed, his night sleep, do change his knowledge.

A little or nothing is his rest, and afterward he is in his sleep, as in a day of keeping watch, troubled in the vision of his heart, as if he were escaped out of a battle.

When all is safe, he awaketh, and marvelleth that the fear was nothing.

(Such things happen) unto all flesh, both man and beast, and that is sevenfold more upon sinners.

Death and bloodshed, strife and sword, calamities, famine, tribulation and the scourge;

These things are created for the wicked, and for their sakes came the flood.

All things that are of the earth shall turn to the earth again: and that which is of the waters doth return into the sea.

All bribery and injustice shall be blotted out; but true dealing shall endure for ever.

The goods of the unjust shall be dried up like a river, and shall vanish with noise like a great thunder in rain.

While he openeth his hand he shall rejoice: so shall transgressors come to nought.

The children of the ungodly shall not bring forth many branches; but are as unclean roots upon a hard rock.

The weed growing upon every water and bank of a river, shall be pulled up before all grass.

Bountifulness is as a most fruitful garden, and mercifulness endureth for ever.

To labour and to be content with that a man hath is a sweet life; but he that findeth a treasure is above them both.

Children and the building of a city continue a man's name; but a blameless wife is counted above them both.

Wine and musick rejoice the heart; but the love of wisdom is above them both.

The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody; but a pleasant tongue is above them both.

Thine eye desireth favour and beauty; but, more than both, corn, while it is green.

A friend and companion never meet amiss; but above both is a wife with her husband.

Brethren and help are against time of trouble; but alms shall deliver more than them both.

Gold and silver make the foot stand sure; but counsel is esteemed above them both.

Riches and strength lift up the heart; but the fear of the LORD is above them both: there is no want in the fear of the LORD, and it needeth not to seek help.

The fear of the LORD is a fruitful garden and covereth him above all glory.

XXVI.

LAMENT OF THE UNRIGHTEOUS.

Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours.

When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and

shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for.

And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he, whom we had sometimes in derision, and a proverb of reproach:

We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour:

How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints.

Therefore have we erred from the way of truth, and the light of righteousness hath not shined unto us, and the sun of righteousness rose not upon us.

We wearied ourselves in the way of wickedness and destruction: yea, we have gone through deserts, where there lay no way: but as for the way of the LORD we have not known it.

What good hath pride profited us? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us?

All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted by; *

And as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves;

Or, as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air, being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found;

Or, like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through:

Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to shew; but were consumed in our own wickedness.

For the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind, like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm; like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest and passeth away as the remembrance, of a guest that tarrieth but a day.

But the righteous live for evermore; their reward also is with the LORD, and the care of them is with the most High.

Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the LORD's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them and with his arm shall he protect them.

XXVII.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

Oh God of my fathers, and LORD of mercy, who hast made all things with thy word,

And ordained man through thy wisdom, that he should have dominion over the creatures which thou hast made,

And order the world according to equity and righteousness, and execute judgment with an upright heart:

Give me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children:

For I, thy servant and son of thine handmaid, am a feeble person, and of a short time, and too young for the understanding of judgment and laws.

For though a man be never so perfect among the children of men, yet if thy wisdom be not with him, he shall be nothing regarded.

Thou hast chosen me to be a king of thy people, and a judge of thy sons and daughters:

Thou hast commanded me to build a temple upon thy holy mount and an altar in the city wherein thou dwellest, a resemblance of the holy tabernacle, which thou hast prepared, from the beginning.

And wisdom was with thee: which knoweth thy works, and was present when thou madest the world, and knew what was acceptable in thy sight, and right in thy commandments.

O send her out of thy holy heavens, and from the throne of thy glory, that being present, she may labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee.

For she knoweth and understandeth all things, and she shall lead me soberly in my doings, and preserve me in her power.

So shall my works be acceptable, and then shall I judge thy people righteously, and be worthy to sit in my father's seat.

For what man is he that can know the counsel of God? or who can think what the will of the LORD is?

For the thoughts of mortal men are miserable, and our devices are but uncertain.

For the corruptible body presseth down the^r soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things.

And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon earth,

and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things that are in heaven, who hath searched out?

And thy counsel, who hath known, except thou give wisdom, and send thy Holy Spirit from above?

For so the ways of them which lived on the earth were reformed, and men were taught the things that are pleasing unto thee, and were saved through wisdom.

XXVIII.

APHORISMS FROM THE MISHNA.

Hillel and Shammai were two celebrated Jewish sages who lived during the reign of Herod I., in the last half-century B.C.

The former, whose best known saying is, "Do not unto others what you would not that they should do unto you," is noted for the extreme gentleness and mildness of his nature.

Hillel said, Be of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace and pursuing peace, loving thy fellow-creatures, and drawing them near to religion.

He who does not increase his knowledge, decreases it; he who does not study deserves to die; and he who uses his religious knowledge to aggrandize himself shall be brought low.

If I am not for myself who will be for me? But being *only* for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?

Separate not thyself from the community; trust not in thyself until the day of thy death; judge not thy neighbour until thou hast put thyself in his place; and say not anything which cannot be understood at once, in the hope that it will be understood in the end; neither say, When I have leisure I will study; perchance thou wilt have no leisure. An empty-headed man cannot be a sin-fearing man, nor can an ignorant person be pious, nor can a shame-faced man learn, nor a passionate man teach, nor can one who is engaged overmuch in business grow wise.

In a place where there are no men, strive thou to be a man.

On seeing the skull of a pirate floating on the surface of the water, he said to it, Because thou drownedst others, they have drowned thee, and at the last they that drowned thee shall themselves be drowned.

The more flesh, the more worms; the more property, the more anxiety; the more women, the more witchcraft; the more maid-servants, the more lewdness; the more men-servants, the more robbery; the more Law, the more life; the more schooling, the

more wisdom; the more counsel, the more understanding; the more charity, the more peace.

He who has acquired a good name, has acquired it for himself; he who has acquired religion for himself, has acquired for himself life in the world to come.

Shammai said, Fix a period for religious study; say little and do much; and receive all men with a cheerful countenance.

Rabbi Johanan ben Zaccai, who received the traditional teaching of Judaism from Hillel and Shammai, lived at the time of the destruction of the Second Temple (70 A.D.). Like Socrates, he propounded problems to his disciples, leaving them to discover the solution by independent thought, and submit to him the results they had obtained. Among the following extracts is one illustrating his characteristic method of instruction.

Rabbi Johanan ben Zaccai used to say, If thou hast acquired much religious knowledge, ascribe not any merit to thyself, since for that wast thou created.

As the sin-offering atones for Israel, so mercy and kindness atone for the heathen nations.

The use of iron is forbidden in erecting an altar; Why? Because iron is the symbol of war and dissension; the altar, on the contrary, is the symbol of peace and reconciliation.

The Sage said to his five disciples, Go and see what is the foundation of the good way to which a man should cleave. In reply, R. Eliezer said, A good eye; R. Joshua said, A good friend; R. José said, A good neighbour; R. Simeon said, Foresight, which looks to the consequences of an action; R. Eleazar the son of Arach, said, A good heart.

Thereupon he said unto them, I approve the words of Eleazar the son of Arach, rather than your words, for in his words yours are included.

He said further unto them, Go and see what is the foundation of the evil way that a man should shun. In reply, R. Eliezer said, An evil eye; R. Joshua said, A bad friend; R. José said, A bad neighbour; R. Simeon said, Borrowing and repaying not; it being the same whether one borrows from man or from God; as it is said, "The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again, but the righteous dealeth graciously and giveth!" (Ps. XXXVII. 21); R. Eleazar the son of Arach, said, A bad heart. Thereupon he said to them, I approve the words of Eleazar, the son of Arach, rather than your words, for in his words yours are included.

XXIX.

PRAYERS FROM THE TALMUD.* (BERACHOT, Chap. 2).

Prayer of Rabbi Eleazar. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, that thou give us brotherhood, peace and friendship as our lot, that there be many learned amongst us, that thou cause us to prosper, and that thou give us hope and success and a portion in eternal life. May it please thee, O LORD, our God, that we gain a good companion and a good heart in this life, and rise up and find our hearts eager to reverence thy name; and do thou satisfy the needs of our souls, to our good.

Prayer of R. Johanan. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, to look towards us when we are in disgrace, or when evil befalls us. Clothe thyself in mercy; cover thyself with might; veil thyself with kindness, and gird thyself with graciousness.

Prayer of R. Zeira. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, that we sin no more, and that we be not ashamed, nor have occasion to reproach ourselves when comparing our deeds with those of our ancestors.

Prayer of R. Chiya. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, that the study of thy Law be our occupation, for then our hearts will not be grieved, nor our eyes dimmed.

Prayer of Rab. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, to give us long life, a life of peace, of good deeds, of blessing, of sustenance, of bodily vigour; a life marked by the fear of sin, a life free from shame and reproach, a life of prosperity and honour, a life in which love of the Law and fear of thee shall inspire us, a life in which the desires of our hearts shall be fulfilled for good.

Prayer of R. Judah. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God and the God of our ancestors, to deliver us from arrogance and from arrogant men, from bad men, from every mishap, from the evil inclination, from a bad companion, from a bad neighbour, from all evil influences, from strife, from a cruel litigant, whether he be a son of the covenant or be not a son of the covenant.

Prayer of R. Saphra. May it be thy will, O LORD, our God, that peace be established on Earth as it is in Heaven, and especially among those who study thy Law, whether they do it from a pure motive or not; and as to those who are not studying thy Law from

* The Talmud contains the Records of the Rabbins, extending roughly from the 1st. Cent. B.C. to end of 5th. Cent. A.D.

a pure motive, may it be thy will, O LORD, that henceforth they do it from a pure motive.

Prayer of R. Alexander. O LORD of the Universe, it is well known to thee that we are eager to perform thy will, but what hinders us? the leaven of sin within and oppression from without. May it be thy will to deliver us from both, so that we may again perform the statutes of thy will with a perfect heart.

Prayer of Raba. O my God, before I was formed I was worthless, and now that I am formed I am but as if I had not been formed. Dust am I in my life, how much more so after my death! Lo, I am before thee like a vessel full of shame and reproach. May it be thy will, O LORD, my God, that I sin no more! And as to the sins that I have committed before thee, purge them away in thine abundant mercy, yet not by means of affliction and evil diseases.

Prayer of Mar. O my God, guard my tongue from evil, and my lips from speaking guile, and let my soul be silent to those who curse me, and be to all as the dust. Open my heart to thy Law, and let my soul be eager to fulfil thy commandments. Deliver me from every mishap, from the evil inclination, from a bad woman, and from every evil act that we are tempted to perform; and as to all those who devise evil plans against me, speedily bring their counsel to nought and frustrate their designs. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable to thee, O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.

Prayer of R. Shesheth. Lord of the Universe, it is well known to thee that, while the Temple yet existed, when a man sinned he was pardoned if he brought a sacrifice, the fat and blood of which were offered up. Now that I have fasted, and sacrificed part of my own fat and blood, may it please thee to accept my self-sacrifice as if I had offered my blood and my fat on the altar.

XXX.

ON HUMILITY.

In reply to the question, whether pride and humility can be united in the heart of the faithful, I say, that there are two kinds of pride; the one is the pride a man feels in his bodily attributes and superiority, and the other, that which he feels in his spiritual excellence, his wisdom and his good actions in the service of God. The pride which delights in the body keeps humility from the heart, and it is impossible that both qualities should be found in the same

person, because the one repels the other. For when a man becomes proud through worldly gifts, he is impelled thereto only by a disdain he feels towards the giver, and by a feeling that the gifts are of small value, and by the want of knowledge of how easily he can be deprived of these gifts. He thinks, moreover, that he is the author of his own benefits and that he has produced them by his own power and knowledge, as said Sennacherib (Isaiah X. 13): "By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom." Similarly Scripture relates that Nebuchadnezzar boasted in his pride (Daniel IV. 30.) "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honour of my majesty?" Pharaoh also attributed his honour to his own power when he said (Ezekiel XXIX. 9): "The river is mine and I have made it." It is well known that the pride of these potentates was followed by the overthrow of their kingdoms and the destruction of their rule.

As to pride in spiritual superiority, it may be of two kinds, the one blamable, the other praiseworthy. The former is the pride a wise man feels in his wisdom, the righteous in his actions; and the cause of this pride is that he who feels it is perfectly satisfied with himself, and believes that he has done quite sufficient already. He considers that he has earned sufficient honour from man, so that he despises others, speaks disparagingly of them, esteems lightly those of his contemporaries who are held in great respect, and glories in his fellow-man's shortcomings and folly. Such a person is stigmatised by the Rabbins as finding his own glory in his neighbour's shame, and such an one can never be humble and meek. The praiseworthy pride is that which makes a person proud of his wisdom or good actions, but impels him also to be thankful for God's great goodness in having given him these gifts. Rejoicing in them, he is urged to greater exertions to increase them, and to be humble towards his fellow-men, to share in their joy, to avoid offence by hiding their folly, to speak in their praise, to love and defend them, to give them their due respect; and all his good deeds he will consider as very few and will continually strive to increase them. He will be meek because he recognises his inability to live up to his ideals, and will humble himself towards one who may be likely to increase his wisdom or good deeds; he will thank God for the benefits He has bestowed upon him, and will praise Him for having enabled him to attain these good qualities. Such pride is not injurious to humility nor repels it, for, as Holy Writ saith of Jehoshaphat (II. Chron. XVII. 6.): "He felt pride walking in the ways of the

LORD"; on the contrary, such pride rather assists and strengthens humility.

There are six benefits resulting from humility; three relate to this world and three to the next. As regards the former, the first benefit is satisfaction with the circumstances in which we are placed. For when once pride and arrogance have entered a person's heart, the whole world will not satisfy him. He despises the lot that fate has assigned to him.

But if he is humble, he ascribes no superiority to himself, but finds what he possesses quite sufficient for his needs; and this contentment will give him restfulness and fearlessness of spirit: he will eat what he can, wear what he can, sleep where he can, and will be satisfied with but little of this world's goods. But the proud man is just the opposite of all this; whatever he has is not sufficient for him, and the whole world will not content him; as the wise man said, "The righteous eats and is satisfied, but the wicked is always in want." The second benefit is that the humble man is patient when misfortunes come upon him; but the proud man has great fear and little patience under the same circumstances; and of such a person it is said (Isaiah XIV. 12), "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer son of the morning."

The third benefit is that the humble person will find more grace in the eyes of men; and be beloved by them and understood by them. A certain king when asked why he walked so fast, answered that he was thus prevented from becoming proud, and besides attained his object the sooner. One of the sages when asked why he was the greatest of his contemporaries, is said to have replied, "I have always considered every one I met to have some superiority over me; if he was wiser than I, I thought that his fear of God was greater than mine, because he was wiser than I: if he was not as wise as I, I considered that his final account on the day of judgment would be lighter than mine, because I sinned in spite of my knowledge, whilst he transgressed through lack of knowledge. Were he my senior in age, I thought that his good deeds were therefore more numerous than my own; and were he, on the other hand, my junior, I considered his transgressions fewer than mine; but were he my equal in years and wisdom, I said that he is most likely more God-fearing than I am, because I knew what transgressions I had myself previously committed, but knew nothing concerning him. If he were more wealthy than I, I thought that he had more opportunity of serving God by acts of charity towards the poor; were he poorer, I said that he must be humbler

in spirit, because of his poverty; and never have I ceased to honour men and to be humble towards them."

Thus say our Rabbins: "Judge all mankind favourably, and receive them cheerfully"; and again, "Be exceedingly humble in spirit;" and further, "Be pliant as a reed, not rigid like a cedar; because of its pliancy the reed was chosen to form the pen with which the scrolls of the Law are written."

The fourth benefit, which refers to the future world, is that the humble person is more likely to acquire knowledge in consequence of his associating with and being deferential to the learned, as it is said (Proverbs XIII. 20), "He who goes with the wise will become wise." Our sages also said, "Let thy house be a place of assembly for the wise; sit amidst the dust of their feet and drink their words thirstily." Such an one God will assist in his search for knowledge, as Scripture promiseth (Psalm XXV. 9). "He will lead the humble in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." But the proud-hearted will never attain to true wisdom or pure knowledge, since he disdains to associate with men versed in the Law, as it is said (Ps. X. 4), "The wicked thro' the pride of his countenance will not seek after God; God is not in all his thoughts." The fifth advantage is that he who is humble hastens to serve God with zeal and conscientiousness; but is not proud of doing so, nor despises anything connected therewith; as our wise men have said, "Be as careful in the observance of a trivial commandment as of an important one"; but he who is arrogant delays the performance of his religious duties till he is humbled; as Jeremiah said (XIII. 18), "Say unto the king and to the queen, Humble yourselves, sit down; for your principalities shall come down, even the crown of your glory"; and it is said (Proverbs VI. 16, 17), "These six things doth the LORD hate . . . a proud look." And the sixth benefit is that the actions of the humble are acceptable to God, as it is said (Ps. LI. 17). "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise"; and his iniquity is the sooner forgiven since he repents of it, as it is said (Prov. XXVIII. 13). "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy"; and it is also said (Job XXII. 29), "When men are lowly thou shalt say, They shall be lifted up; and He shall save the humble person."

From these principles of humility you will clearly understand other advantages of this most important spiritual attribute, which I have not mentioned.

Remember what I have told thee; place humility before thine eyes; strive continually to acquire it, implore God's help thereto, and beg

Him to lead thee to it in order to perform his will, peradventure he will set thee in the right path thereto, and make thy way straight, as we pray continually, "O my God! guard my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile; and to such as curse me, let my soul be dumb, yea, let my soul be unto all as the dust." Beware of the thoughts of thy heart and the temptation of evil inclinations which pride and arrogance and ambition may lead thee to. God has shewn us the proper path in which to go. (Prov. XXX. 7). "Two things have I required of thee; . . . Remove far from me vanity and lies . . . lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the LORD, or lest I steal and take the name of my God in vain."

Awake, my brother, and delay not to cure thyself of the disease of pride and arrogance by means of the remedies which I have shewn thee, nor be prevented therefrom because thou seest others delay to cure themselves, nor say, "Let happen to me what happens to them." For it is not probable that a blind person will delay to avail himself of the remedies which are at hand, and say, "Let happen to me what happens to my companions in blindness." For if one of them were to hear him speak thus, he would scorn him, and think his action foolish. Therefore look to thyself and exert all thy strength, nor reject what may avail thee both in this world and in the world to come, lest thou die without having attained the precious benefits within thy reach; as the wise man said (Prov. XXI. 25) "The desire of the slothful killeth him"; further, he said (ibid XXIV, 30 seq.), "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man." May God, in his mercy and goodness, shew thee and me the straight path to serve him! Amen.

XXXI.

ON THE SOUL'S INFIRMITIES.

Good actions are those which are equidistant from two extremes, both of which are bad. Virtues are those natural and acquired dispositions of the soul which occupy a position midway between

shortcomings lying in two opposite directions, between too much and too little. From these dispositions our actions naturally spring. Take, *e.g.*, continence: A man who is continent is midway between unduly longing after enjoyments and being insensible to pleasure; continence is therefore a virtue. Intense desire is the one extreme, and indifference to pleasure is the other; both are absolutely bad. Of the two states of the soul the one, the source of intense desire, is faulty through excess of force, the other, the indifference to enjoyments, is faulty through deficiency of force.

In the same way liberality lies midway between niggardliness and prodigality; bravery, between recklessness and cowardice; propriety, between affectation and coarseness; patience, between impatience and apathy. Apathetic is he who is wanting in energy to speak or to act; impatient is he whose words and acts show his impetuous and excitable temperament. Contentment is the mean between greed of gain and indolence; good nature, between benevolence and malevolence; meekness, between pride and abasement; forbearance, between passion and indifference to insult and contempt; modesty, between impudence and bashfulness. Bashful is he who is too timid to act, and modesty is the golden mean; as our Sages said (Aboth II.), "The bashful cannot learn"; but they did not say it of the modest; moreover, they said, "He who is modest will win Paradise"; not so the overtimid.

In using these and other ethical terms we must keep strictly to the definition given, so as to obviate misconception.

Often men are mistaken, and take one of the extremes as a virtue; at one time the one extreme and another time the opposite. Thus sometimes people call rashness a virtue and regard those as heroes who expose themselves to danger; the man who courts danger and death, though he only escapes death by chance, becomes a hero in their eyes. At other times they regard the other extreme worth praising, *e.g.*, they like to say of a phlegmatic man that he is forbearing, of a lazy man that he is contented, or of one who, in consequence of his imperfect constitution, is insensible to pleasure, that he is temperate, and fears sin. The same kind of error leads them to the erroneous idea that prodigality is better than liberality. All this is wrong, and truly only the middle way is the right one; to this man should aspire, and weigh his actions constantly to see that they are exactly the mean.

But know that these virtues and vices will not take root in our souls, unless the actions resulting from these dispositions of the soul are frequently repeated, and unless we have long exercised

ourselves in performing them, and made them habitual. Now, if these actions are good their result will be a virtue, if they are bad, a vice is produced. At the beginning of his existence, a man is neither virtuous nor vicious; there is no doubt, that from his earliest childhood he becomes used to certain actions, being influenced by the conduct of his relatives and by the customs of his countrymen. His actions may either be exactly the mean, or deviate from it by excess or deficiency, in which latter case his soul is ill and has to be cured. We examine the body that has lost its balance, and see to which side it inclines, in order to turn it towards the opposite extreme till it returns to its normal condition; but when this is attained, we discontinue the treatment and take means to make that condition permanent. In just the same way we have to act as regards man's moral state. We see, for instance, a man in whose soul an inclination has been formed to submit to privations out of niggardliness; he has a moral defect, and actions resulting therefrom are bad, and when we want to cure this illness, we should not prescribe liberality; for this would be as if one would try to cure a patient who is suffering from heat, by applying the mean which is between heat and cold; that would not cure the patient. On the contrary, it is necessary to induce the miser to constantly spend more than is necessary, till that bad disposition of his soul has vanished, which bred stinginess, so that he comes very near the condition of a spendthrift. Then we shall forbid him to be extravagant any more, and prescribe habitual liberality, which neither exceeds nor falls short of the right standard. And, *vice versa*, we exhort the prodigal to acts of niggardliness, but not so often as we incite the parsimonious to acts of profusion. This is of the essence of true medicine. For it is easier for man to turn from prodigality to liberality than from stinginess to liberality. He also who is indifferent to pleasure, can easier be brought to continence than the licentious; therefore we should not prescribe indulgence to the former as often as we may insist upon total abstinence for the latter. Thus the coward ought to be incited to rashness more than the reckless man to cowardice; the miser, more to prodigality than the spendthrift to niggardliness.

This is the rule for curing moral infirmities, and in view of this rule, virtuous men do not keep themselves just at the mean, but at a point nearer one extreme or the other, in order to guard themselves from sin. Thus they move somewhat away from continence in the direction of passionlessness, from liberality toward prodigality, from meekness toward abjectness, and so on. This our

Sages meant when they advised us to overstep the strict line of justice.

It has occurred that pious men have sometimes gone to the extreme in fasting, rising during the night, abstaining from meat and wine, separating themselves from women, wearing garments of wool and hair, living among the mountains or retiring into the wilderness: they did this only as a remedy, or because they were afraid of the immorality of the inhabitants of larger towns, fearing that by social intercourse with these people, and by constantly seeing their evil actions, they themselves might be corrupted. Therefore they fled into the wilderness or to similar places, where evil men were not to be found; as the prophet says (Jer. 9, 1): "(O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men; that I might leave, and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men." When fools saw pious men doing such things, the object of which they did not understand, they believed that these things were in themselves good; they imitated those people, in the desire to be like them, and afflicted therefore their bodies in every possible way, thinking that they could thus attain to a virtuous and good life, that it was right to do so, and that they approached the LORD in this way; as if God hated the body and wanted to destroy it. They did not know that by such actions, which are wrong in themselves, the soul becomes disposed for wrong things: they may be compared to men, not acquainted with the science of medicine, who seeing that experienced doctors successfully prescribe colocynth, scammony and aloes for dangerously sick people, conclude that such marvellous drugs must certainly be calculated to preserve health or to improve it. Now, if one were to act on this absurd conclusion, he would doubtlessly become ill after some time. Similarly those will surely contract moral diseases, who apply remedies when they are not required. The Divine Law, perfect in every respect, is to lead us to perfection; as one, who knew it thoroughly testifies: "The Law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul; the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple." (Ps. XIX. 7). But this same Divine Law never recommends self-mortification; on the contrary, it aims at inducing man to live by nature's laws and to keep to the golden mean, so that he may eat, drink and love in moderation, do right and justice, living with his fellow-men; but he is not told to retire to dens, mountains or deserts, to wear hair and wool or to afflict the body. This is even prohibited according to the Talmud; for in reference to the verse (Num. 6, 11): "He shall make atonement for him, the Nazirite, for

that he sinned against his soul," it is said in the Talmud (Nedarim 4a): "Against which soul has he sinned? Against his own, because he abstained from wine." Much more does he need atonement, who abstains from all enjoyment. From the words of our Prophets and our Sages we learn, that they desired to keep to the golden mean, and guard both their body and their soul in accordance with the teaching of the Law. And so the LORD replies through his Prophet to those who ask, whether they shall keep the fast day of the 5th month or not, (Zech. 7: 3) as follows (16: 5): "When ye fasted and mourned in the fifth and seventh month, even those seventy years, did ye at all fast unto me, even to me? And when ye did eat, and when ye did drink, did not ye eat for yourselves and drink for yourselves?" Then he recommends to them only righteousness and virtue, and not fasting: (1: 9): "Thus saith the LORD of hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother: And oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, nor the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart." And again (ibid 8: 19): "Thus saith the LORD of hosts: The fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall be to the house of Judah joy and gladness and cheerful feasts; therefore love the truth and peace." Understand now, that by "truth" intellectual perfection is to be understood; by "peace" is meant moral conduct, by which peace is secured in the world.

I now return to my subject. When some of our brethren—for of some only I am speaking—imitate other nations, and assure us that, in starving their bodies and abstaining from every pleasure, they purpose only to discipline the desires and appetites, and make them turn toward the one extreme, they are mistaken. All the precepts and prohibitions of the Law have the directly opposite aim: to keep us by constant discipline away from the extreme. Thus prohibitions with regard to food and conjugal life, etc., cause us to turn somewhat from the golden mean in the direction of passionlessness, till the quality of continence is firmly established in the soul. There are similarly precepts given in the Holy Law on tithes, on taxes for the poor and other rules, which rather demand an excess of kindness; these are intended as the discipline needed for the acquisition of a good heart.

Considering most of the precepts from this point of view, you will find that all of them are of a disciplinary character; as, *e.g.*, prohibition of revenge and retaliation. "Thou shalt not avenge

nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people" (Lev. 19, 28). "If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help him" (Ex. 28, 5). "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again" (Deut. 22, 4), in order, that is, to keep the angry feelings under control; thus the precept: "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother" (Deut. 22, 1), aims at the uprooting of the tendency towards avarice. Moreover: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man" (Lev. 29, 32), "Honour thy father and thy mother" (Exod. 20, 12), "Thou shalt not decline from the sentence which they shall shew thee, to the right hand nor to the left" (Deut. 17, 22), are precepts whose object is to prevent presumptuous conduct, and to promote good manners. In order to keep us from the opposite extreme, *i. e.*, from excessive shyness, the Law says: "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour" (Lev. 19, 17.); "Thou shalt not be afraid of him (the false prophet)" (Deut. 18, 22). Undue bashfulness will thus disappear, and the mean between it and impudence will remain. To add unnecessary restrictions for the purpose of self-torture, were to do an evil thing. With regard to this, I have never found anything more excellent among the writings of our Sages than the words addressed to those who impose upon themselves unnecessary vows of abstinence: R. Idi said in the name of R. Isaac, "Are you not satisfied with what the Torah forbids you, that you invent for yourselves new prohibitions?" This is exactly what we have explained, neither more nor less.

It appears most clearly from all that has been said, that we have to seek after the golden mean and avoid both extremes, save when extremes are necessary as a prevention against the diseases of the soul or the body. Again, the physician, on noticing symptoms of disease in the patient, does not remain passive until the disorder takes root, and powerful remedies are required. Similarly, if a limb is out of order, he takes the utmost care to protect it from injury, and adopts every means of strengthening it, so as to restore it to a sound state, or at least to prevent it from becoming worse. In the same way, man, if he desires to be perfect, ought to keep a constant watch on his morals, examine daily his actions and the tendencies of his soul; and if he observes an inclination towards one extreme, he must at once seek a remedy in order

that the bad tendency may not be strengthened by repeated indulgence. If he has vices, he must constantly endeavour to eradicate them. For no man is perfect; and philosophers have observed that it is difficult, nay, hardly possible to find a man, who by nature is gifted with all the moral and intellectual faculties in full development. In the books of the Prophets the same idea has been expressed frequently: "Behold, he put no trust in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly" (Job 4, 18). "How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman?" (Ibid 25, 4).

And King Solomon says (Eccl. 7, 20). "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not."

And you know, of course, what the Almighty said to Moses, the greatest of all the prophets, (Num. 20, 12): "Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land, which I have given them"; (Ibid 24) "He (Aaron) shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah". Moses' sin was that he turned away somewhat from the golden mean towards one of the extremes, namely, from forbearance towards passion; in anger he said: "Hear now, ye rebels." God reproved him, seeing that a man of such high position ought not to have exhibited anger before the whole congregation of Israel. His action may be regarded as a profanation of the name of God; for his words and his actions were watched by all Israel, and by imitating him Israel hoped to attain happiness, both in this world and in the world to come; it was therefore wrong of Moses to give evidence of a wrathful disposition, which leads to evil deeds. The Divine Words, "Ye rebelled against me", have to be explained in the following way: Moses did not speak to a people devoid of reason, but to a people the least of whom is compared to Ezekiel the son of Buzi, according to our Sages. They therefore marked both the words and the acts of Moses; and when they saw his anger, they might have thought that there was nothing derogatory in it, and that Moses would not have been angry, had he not known that God's wrath had been kindled by their conduct. But we do not read anywhere, that the LORD was wroth on this occasion; He simply said (Ibid 8): "Take the rod and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron, thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth its water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock: so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts to drink."

But I have digressed from my subject; nevertheless I have explained one of the difficult passages in the Pentateuch, in reference to which much has been said already; nevertheless the question arose again and again: In what did Moses sin? Compare now what has been said by others and how we have discussed it: The truth will find its way.

And now I will return to my subject. If man weighs his actions constantly and aims at the golden mean, he will attain to the highest degree among men and thus come nearer to God, blessed be He, and participate in eternal happiness. This is the most perfect way of serving God. Our Sages alluded to this when they said: He who carefully chooses his way, and watches it continually, is certain to win the divine blessing.

XXXII.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MAN.

1. There is a subject which surprises and perplexes the pious man.

Thus he reflects: When I see violence and strife in the city I despise myself; when I meditate on the vicissitudes of life my soul is grieved. I say to myself: How grand are man's opportunities! Placed in the world as a member of the heavenly host from on high, his mind broader than the sea, he could spread his wings to the south and reveal its secrets, or go eastward and learn the deepest wisdom. He might make the Heaven the subject of his knowledge or disclose the mysteries of the mighty deep. From his low estate he might mount in thought to the highest Heaven, and by applying the knowledge there acquired to his own world, make his life's path clear: till by the frequent exercise of his intelligence, he might become acquainted with the most remote parts of creation.

By constant and careful study of things far and near, things great and small, his mind would include within its grasp the boundaries of the earth and the mighty Heaven, his knowledge comprehend the construction and nature of all beings, his intellect distinguish and classify all creatures according to their kind.

He might proclaim the wonders of Almighty God, and discourse concerning the Most High."

2. It is on man, who has within him the germ of such development, that I meditate; but I am filled with indignation and wrath at the sight which meets my gaze.

Is it credible, is it right, that this priceless gem should be exposed to the whims of fate, should be made the butt of circumstance, the mark for the arrow?

Should man be exposed to shame and calumny like one of no account? Must he bear the burden of wickedness and reproach in both youth and old age?

Alas! that he should sit solitary who might occupy the seat of learning, that one little lower than the angels, should remain for ever silent! Alas! that the faithful teacher should teach but vanities, that he who sowed the seeds of knowledge and instruction, should succumb to his infirmities!

Alas! that his wisdom should have failed him, who depended on his discernment; that his hand should wax feeble, who relied on his moral strength.

Again, if man be master of his circumstances, why should he die and vanish like the beasts of the field and the forest?

Why should the stones of the sanctuary lie in obscurity, side by side with the clods of the earth? Alas! that God should condemn the body formed by His Divine Hands to dwell in the darkness of the tomb.

It is to me a grievous matter, inexpressibly sad, that God's work should return to Him in so contemptible a form, that the axe should be lifted against the cedars planted by the finger of God.

I have considered man, reflected on his form and found in him but one imperfection—and that imperfection—Death!

3. But God, the source of life has, in the wisdom of His creative power, placed in our nature the blessed hope of immortality, by which we may console ourselves for the vanity of life and the dread of death. We look forward to eternal salvation in the house of the King, why then should we mortals complain that our bodies must be laid in the tomb?

Why do we mourn that we have to lay down our arms, who have hope of peaceful and trustful dwelling in the Divine habitation?

If thou art in truth of the higher sphere, why should the thought of leaving this low and miserable region trouble thee?

Especially since the very pleasures which thou seekest on earth, are in reality but briars and thorns—pleasures which have been the enemies and foes of man ever since God visited the world, and bound a living soul in the bonds of matter and called it Man. The pleasures of man and his desires but lead him, as by the hand of a destroying demon, to darkness and annihilation.

Such things wouldst thou seek?

Nay, seek them not.

What, then, should'st thou do?

Use thy time as thou wouldst a doubtful companion; extract the good and avoid the evil. Avail thyself of the few opportunities of improvement in his company, and use thy discretion so that thou mayest suffer no injury from thy association with him.

And remember that the companionship of time is but of short duration. It flies more quickly than the shades of evening. We are like a child that grasps in his hand a sunbeam. He opens his hand soon again, but, to his amazement, finds it empty and the brightness gone!

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

I.

LOVE ALL-EXCELLING.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have *the gift of* prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth; but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall be done away; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

II.

GLORY OF THE NEW EVANGEL.

Are we beginning again to commend ourselves? or need we, as do some, epistles of commendation to you or from you? Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men; being made manifest that ye are an epistle of Christ, ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in tables *that are* hearts of flesh. And such confidence have we through Christ to God-ward: not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God; who also made us sufficient as ministers of a new covenant; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. But if the ministration of death, written, *and* engraven on stones, came with glory, so that the children of Israel could not look stedfastly upon the face of Moses for the glory of his face; which *glory* was passing away: how shall not rather *the* ministration of the spirit be with glory? For if the ministration of condemnation is glory, much rather doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For verily that which hath been made glorious hath not been made glorious in this respect, by reason of the glory that surpasseth. For if that which passeth away *was* with glory, much more that which remaineth *is* in glory.

Having therefore such a hope, we use great boldness of speech, and *are* not as Moses, *who* put a veil upon his face, that the children of Israel should not look stedfastly on the end of that which was passing away: but their minds were hardened: for until this very day at the reading of the old covenant the same veil remaineth unlifted; which *veil* is done away in Christ. But unto this day, whensoever Moses is read, a veil lieth upon their heart. But whensoever it shall turn to the LORD, the veil is taken away. Now the LORD is the Spirit: and where the Spirit of the LORD is, *there* is liberty. But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the LORD, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the LORD the Spirit.

Therefore seeing we have this ministry, even as we obtained mercy, we faint not: but *ye* have renounced the hidden things of shame, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by the manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. But and if our gospel is

veiled, it is veiled in them that are perishing: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn *upon them*. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as LORD, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake. Seeing it is God that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, and not from ourselves; *we are* pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you. But having the same spirit of faith, according to that which is written, I believed, and therefore did I speak; we also believe, and therefore also we speak; knowing that he which raised up the LORD Jesus shall raise up us also with Jesus, and shall present us with you. For all things *are* for your sakes, that the grace, being multiplied through the many, may cause the thanksgiving to abound unto the glory of God.

Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

III.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM, AND THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

With freedom did Christ set us free: stand fast therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage.

Behold, I, Paul, say unto you, that, if ye receive circumcision, Christ will profit you nothing. Yea, I testify again to every man that receiveth circumcision, that he is a debtor to *do* the whole law. Ye are severed from Christ, ye who would be justified by the law; ye are fallen away from grace. For we through the Spirit by faith wait for the hope of righteousness, For in Christ Jesus neither circum-

cision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision: but faith working through love. Ye were running well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth? This persuasion *came* not of him that calleth you. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. I have confidence to you-ward in the LORD, that ye will be none otherwise minded: but he that troubleth you shall bear his judgment, whosoever he be. But I, brethren, if I still preach circumcision, why am I still persecuted? then hath the stumbling-block of the cross been done away. I would that they which unsettle you would even cut themselves off.

For ye, brethren, were called for freedom; only *use* not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but through love be servants one to another. For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, *even* in this; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.

But I say, Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would. But if ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are *these*, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they which practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof. If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.

IV.

IMPERATIVES OF THE SPIRITUALLY-ILLUMINED CONSCIENCE.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, *which is* your reasonable service. And be not fashioned according to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought

to think; but so to think as to think soberly according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith. For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office; so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another. And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, *let us prophesy* according to the proportion of our faith; or ministry, *let us give ourselves* to our ministry; or he that teacheth, to his teaching; or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting; he that giveth, *let him do it* with liberality;] he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without hypocrisy. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honour preferring one another: in diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the LORD; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality. Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits. Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honourable in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men. Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the LORD. But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

V.

DIVINE CHASTISEMENT THE SUFFERER'S GAIN.

Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witness, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of *our* faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves, that ye wax not weary, fainting in your souls. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin:

and ye have forgotten the exhortation, which reasoneth with you as sons.

My son, regard not lightly the chastening of the LORD,
Nor faint when thou art reprov'd of him;
For whom the LORD loveth he chasteneth,
And scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

It is for chastening that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is there whom *his* father chasteneth not? But if ye are without chastening, whereof all have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore we had the fathers of our flesh to chasten us and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened *us* as seemed good to them; but he for *our* profit, that *we* may be partakers of his holiness. All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, *even the fruit* of righteousness. Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees; and make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed.

Follow after peace with all men, and the sanctification without which no man shall see the LORD.

VI.

THE HEAVENLY CITY.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God, and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he saith, Write: for these words are faithful and true. And he said unto me, They are come to pass. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve *manner of* fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name *shall be* on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the LORD God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

VII.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations; knowing that the proof of your faith worketh patience. And let patience have *its* perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing.

But if any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting: for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the LORD; a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways.

But let the brother of low degree glory in his high estate: and the rich, in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun ariseth with the scorching wind, and withereth the grass; and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his goings.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which *the Lord* promised to them that love him. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted] of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, and he himself tempteth no man: but each man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed. Then the lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and the sin, when it is full-grown bringeth forth death. Be not deceived, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation,

neither shadow that is cast by turning. Of his own will he brought us forth by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures.

Ye know *this*, my beloved brethren. But let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Wherefore putting away all filthiness and overflowing of wickedness, receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves. For if any one is a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh into the perfect law, the *law* of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing. If any man thinketh himself to be religious, while he bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, *and* to keep himself unspotted from the world.

VIII.

THE GALILEAN SERMON.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when *men* shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do *men* light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed *the righteousness* of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the last farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell. And if thy right hand causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body go into hell. It was said also,

Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, that every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the LORD thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea: Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil *one*.

Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil; but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you: Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you: that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others*? do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven.

When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

And when ye pray, ye shall not be as the hypocrites: for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter

into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee. And in praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil *one*. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover, when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall recompense thee.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also. The lamp of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness! No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other: or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon

in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying: What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet, and turn and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone; or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do *men* gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the

fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, LORD, LORD, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, LORD, LORD, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock. And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof.

And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching; for he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as their scribes. “

IX.

SALVATION BY WORKS.

Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should lay his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.

And behold, one came to him and said, Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good: but if thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments. He saith unto him, Which? And Jesus said, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honour thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I observed: what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But when the young man heard the saying, he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions.

X.

JUDGMENT DAY.

But when the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all the nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.—Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, LORD, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer, saying, LORD, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life.

XI.

DEED BETTER THAN CREED.

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thy heart,

and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind: and thy neighbour as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour? Jesus made answer, and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on *them* oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbour unto him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

XII.

TRUE REPENTANCE EVER TO BE WELCOMED.

And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of *thy* substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country: and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But

while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, *and* kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come: and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and intreated him. But he answered and said to his father, I, o, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and *yet* thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive *again*; and *was* lost, and is found.

XIII.

THE EVER-LIVING CREATOR AND PRESERVER.

Now while Paul waited for them at Athens, his spirit was provoked within him, as he beheld the city full of idols. So he reasoned in the synagogue with the Jews and the devout persons, and in the market-place every day with them that met with him. And certain also of the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers encountered him. And some said, What would this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter-forth of strange gods; because he preached Jesus and the resurrection. And they took hold of him and brought him unto the Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new teaching is, which is spoken by thee? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. (Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.) And Paul stood in the midst of the Areopagus, and said:

"Ye men of Athens, In all things I perceive that ye are somewhat "superstitious. For as I passed along and observed the objects of "your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, TO AN "UNKNOWN GOD. What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I "forth unto you. The God that made the world and all things "therein, he being LORD of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples "made with hands; neither is he served by men's hands, as though "he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath, "and all things; and he made of one every nation of men for to "dwell on all the face of the earth, having determined *their* appointed "seasons, and the bounds of their habitation: that they should seek "God, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he is "not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and "have our being; as certain even of your own poets have said. *For "we are also his offspring.* Being then the offspring of God, we ought "not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, "graven by art and device of man. The times of ignorance therefore "God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all "everywhere repent: inasmuch as he hath appointed a day, in the "which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom "he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, "in that he hath raised him from the dead."

XIV.

CHRISTIAN PRECEPTS.

Children, obey your parents in the LORD: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother (which is the first commandment with promise), that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the LORD.

Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with goodwill doing service, as unto the LORD, and not unto men: knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the LORD, whether *he be bond* or free. And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening: knowing that both their Master and yours is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with him.

Finally, be strong in the LORD, and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual *hosts* of wickedness in the heavenly *places*. Wherefore take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil *one*. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints, and on my behalf, that utterance may be given unto me in opening my mouth to make known with boldness the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

XV.

THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF GOD.

Beloved, no new commandment write I unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning: the old commandment is the word which ye heard. Again, a new commandment write I unto you, which thing is true in him and in you; because the darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth. He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in the darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in the darkness, and walketh in the darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes.

I write unto you, *my* little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. I write unto you, fathers, because ye know him which is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the evil one. I have written unto you, little children, because ye know the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye know him which is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the evil one.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

XVI.

THE SOURCE AND TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son *to be* the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us: hereby know we that we abide in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And we have beheld and bear witness that the Father hath sent the Son *to be* the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God abideth in him, and he in God. And we know and have believed the love which God hath in us. God is love: and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. Herein is love made perfect with us, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, even so are we in this world. There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love, because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

XVII.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.

When therefore the LORD knew how that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus was making and baptizing more disciples than John

(although Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples), he left Judæa, and departed again into Galilee. And he must needs pass through Samaria. So he cometh to a city of Samaria, called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph: and Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus by the well. It was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy food. The Samaritan woman therefore saith unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a Samaritan woman? (For Jews have no dealings with Samaritans.) Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his sons, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life. The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw. Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither. The woman answered and said unto him, I have no husband. Jesus saith unto her, Thou saidst well, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: this hast thou said truly. The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. Ye worship that which ye know not; we worship that which we know: for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

XVIII.

A SAINT'S PRAYER.

I knew a certain holy man who prayed thus. He used to say nothing before these words, but simply thus: We give Thee thanks for all thy benefits shown forth upon us the unworthy, from the first day until the present; for what we know and what we know not; for the seen, for the unseen; for those in deed, those in word; those with our wills, those against our wills; for all that have been bestowed upon the unworthy, even us; for tribulations, for refreshments, for hell, for punishments, for the kingdom of heaven. We beseech thee to keep our soul holy, having a pure conscience: an end worthy of Thy loving-kindness. Thou that lovedst us so as to give thy Only-Begotten for us, grant us to become worthy of Thy love; give us wisdom in Thy word and in Thy fear, O Only-Begotten Christ! Inspire the strength that is from Thee, Thou that gavest thy Only-Begotten for us, and has sent Thy Holy Spirit for the remission of our sins. If in aught we have wilfully or unwillingly transgressed, pardon, and impute it not. Remember all that call upon Thy name in truth; remember all that wish us well or the contrary, for we are all men. Then having added the prayer of the Faithful, he there ended; having made that prayer as a kind of summing up, and a binding together for all. For God bestows many benefits upon us, even against our wills; many also, and these greater, without our knowledge even. For when we pray for one thing and He does the reverse it is plain that He does us good, even when we know it not.

XIX.

BEAUTY, OF THE SOUL, NOT OF THE BODY.

It is not the body that is beautiful, but the expression of its features, and the bloom which is shed over its substance by the soul. Love thou then her that gives the body its appearance. And why speak of death? For even in life itself, I would have thee mark how all is hers that is beautiful. For if she is pleased, she showers roses over the cheeks; and if she is pained, she takes that beauty, and involves it all in a dark robe. And if she be constantly in mirth, the body becomes insensible of suffering; if in grief, she renders the same thinner and weaker than a spider's web; if in wrath, she

makes it again repulsive and ill-favoured; if she show the eye calm, great is the beauty that she bestows; if she express envy, very pale and livid is the hue she sheds over us; if love, abundant the gracefulness she at once confers. Thus, in fact, many women, who are not beautiful in feature, have derived much grace from the soul; others again of brilliant bloom, by having an ungracious soul, have marred their beauty. Consider how the soul reddens a face that is pale, and by the variation of colours exerts a wonderful charm, when the occasion calls for shame and blushing. As, on the other hand, if she be shameless, she makes the countenance more displeasing than any monster.

For nothing is fairer, nothing is sweeter, than a beautiful soul. For while, as to bodies, the longing is attended with pain; in the case of souls, the pleasure is pure and calm. Why, then, let go the King, and be wild about the herald? Why leave the philosopher, and gaze after his interpreter? Hast thou seen a beautiful eye? acquaint thyself with the person which is within; and if that be not beautiful, despise this likewise. For surely, didst thou see an ill-favoured woman wearing a beautiful mask, she would make no impression on thee: just as, on the other hand, neither wouldst thou suffer one fair and beautiful to be disguised by the mask, but wouldst take it away, as choosing to see her beauty unveiled.

This, then, I bid thee do in regard of the soul also, and acquaint thyself with it first; for this is invested with the body, instead of a mask: wherefore also that remains such as it is: but the other, though it be misshapen, may quickly become beautiful. Though it have an eye that is unsightly, and harsh and fierce, it may become beautiful, mild, calm, sweet-tempered, gentle.

XX.

HEAVEN HERE, NOW, AND UNCHANGEABLE.

Let us no longer continue on the earth; for even now it is possible for him that wishes it, not to be on the earth. For to be on the earth, and not to be there, is the effect of moral disposition and choice. For instance: God is said so be in heaven. Why? not because He is confined in place, God forbid, nor as having left the earth destitute of His presence. . . . If, then, we also are near to God, we are in heaven. For what care I about heaven, when I see the LORD of heaven; when I myself am become a heaven? For, He says, We will come, I and the Father, and will make our

abode with him. Let us then make our own soul a heaven. The heaven is naturally bright; for not even in a storm does it become black, for it does not itself change its appearance, but the clouds, run together and cover it. Heaven has the sun; we also have the Sun of Righteousness. I said, it is possible for us to become a heaven; and I see that it is possible for us to become even better than heaven. How? When we have the LORD of the Sun. Heaven is throughout pure and without spot; it changes not, either in a storm or in the night. Neither, then, let us be so influenced, either by tribulations, or by the wiles of the devil, but let us continue spotless and pure. Heaven is high, and far distant from the earth. Let us also accomplish this for ourselves; let us withdraw ourselves from the earth, and exalt ourselves to that height, and remove ourselves far from the earth. Heaven is above the rains and the storms, and is reached by none of them. This we also shall be able to attain to, if we will. Though it appear to suffer change, it is not so affected. Neither, then, let us be affected by change, even if we appear to be so. For just as in a storm people in general know not the beauty of the heaven, but suppose that it is changed, while wise men know that it is not altered at all, so it is as regards ourselves in our afflictions; the many think that we are changed with changing circumstances, and that our affliction has touched our very heart, but philosophers know that it has not touched us.

XXI.

CONFESSIONS OF AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS.

1. *He seeketh rest in God, and forgiveness of his sins.*

O! that I might find rest in Thee! Oh! that Thou wouldst enter into my heart, and saturate it, that I may forget my own ills, and embrace Thee, my only good! What art Thou to me? In Thy pity, teach me to utter it. Or what am I to Thee that Thou demandest love from me, and, if I comply not, art wroth with me, and dost menace me with grievous woes? Is it then but a slight woe to love Thee not? Ah me! by Thy compassions tell me, O LORD my God, what Thou art to me. Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation (Ps. XXXV. 3). So say it, that I may hear. Behold, LORD, the ears of my heart are before thee; open Thou them and say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. After this word let me hasten and lay

hold on Thee. Hide not Thy face from me. Let me die (that I die not) that I may see Thy face.

Narrow is the dwelling-place within my soul; enlarge Thou it, that thou mayest enter in. It is ruinous; do Thou repair it. It has that within which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it. But who shall cleanse it? or to whom should I cry, save Thee? Lord, cleanse me from my secret faults; keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins (Ps. XIX. 12, 13). I believe, and therefore do I speak (Ps. CXVI. 10). LORD Thou knowest. Have I not confessed my sins unto the LORD: and so Thou hast forgiven the wickedness of my sin (Ps. XXXII. 6). I contend not in judgment with Thee (Job IX. 2), who art the truth; I seek not to deceive myself; lest mine iniquity lie unto itself (Ps. XXVI. 12, Vulg.). Therefore I contend not in judgment with Thee; for if Thou, LORD, art extreme to mark what is done amiss, O LORD, who may abide it. (Ps. CXXX. 3).

2. *How his grief yielded to time, and to the consolations of friends.*

Time does not stand still; neither does it roll without effect through our senses; but works wondrous changes in the mind. For, lo, it came and went from day to day, and by coming and going, introduced into my mind other imaginations, and other remembrances; and little by little patched me up again with my old kind of interests, before which my sorrow slowly yielded; and yet there succeeded, not indeed other griefs, yet the causes of other griefs. For whence had that former grief so easily and so deeply pierced me, but that I had poured out my soul upon the sand, in loving one that must die, as if he would never die? But what chiefly restored and refreshed me, were the consolations of other friends, with whom I did love, what, instead of Thee I loved; and this was a great fable, and protracted lie, by whose adulterous stimulus, our soul, which lay itching in our ears, was being defiled. But that fable would not die to me, so oft as any of my friends died. There were other things which in them did more take my mind; to converse together, and to jest together, to do each other kindnesses, to read together agreeable books, to trifle together, or to be earnest together; to differ together at times without heat, as a man might with his own self; and by the extreme rarity of our differences, to season our most usual unanimity; sometimes to teach, and sometimes learn; long for the absent with impatience; and welcome the coming with joy. These and the like expressions, proceeding

out of the hearts of those that loved and were loved again, by the countenance, the tongue, the eyes, and a thousand pleasing gestures, were so much fuel to melt our souls together, and out of many make but one.

3. *Though the power of memory be vast and wonderful, he passeth beyond it in his search after God.*

Great is the power of memory; a fearful thing, O my God; a deep, a boundless manifoldness: and this thing is the rational mind, and this am I myself. What am I then, O my God? What nature am I? A life various and manifold, and vast exceedingly. Behold in the plains, and caves, and caverns of my memory, innumerable and innumerbly full of innumerable kinds of things, either through images, as all bodies; or by actual presence, as the arts; or by certain notions or impressions, as the emotions of the mind, which, even when the mind doth not undergo, the memory retaineth, while yet whatsoever is in the memory, is also in the mind—through all these do I run, and flit hither and thither; I penetrate them as far as I can, and there is no limit. So great is the power of memory, so great the power of life in mortal man. What shall I do then, O Thou my true life, my God? I will pass even beyond it, that I may even attain unto Thee, O sweet Light. What sayest Thou to me? See, I am mounting up through my mind towards Thee who abidest above me: and I now will pass beyond this power of mine which is called memory, desirous to reach unto Thee, where thou mayest be reached; and to cleave unto Thee, whence one may cleave unto Thee. For even beasts and birds have memory; else could they not return to their dens and nests, nor many other things they are used unto: nor indeed could they be used to any thing, but by memory. I will pass then beyond memory also, that I may arrive at Him who hath separated me from the four-footed beasts and made me wiser than the fowls of the air. I will pass beyond memory also, and where shall I find Thee, Thou truly good and certain sweetness. And where shall I find Thee?

4. *That God is not in any place; and who is his best servant.*

Where then did I find Thee, that I might learn Thee? For in my memory Thou wert not, before I learned Thee. Where then did I find Thee, that I might learn Thee, but in Thee above me? Place there is none; we go backward and forward, and there is no place. Everywhere, O truth, dost Thou keep watch over all that consult

Thee concerning divers matters. Clearly dost Thou answer, though all do not clearly hear. All consult Thee on what they will, though they hear not always what they will. He is Thy best servant, who does not so much look to hear from thee what accords with his will, but rather to will what he hath heard from Thee.

5. Absent from God, he is attracted by his beauty.

Too late I loved Thee, Beauty so old and yet so new, too late I loved Thee. And behold, Thou wert within and I without, and there I sought Thee; and in my deformity rushed amidst those beauteous forms which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which unless they had their being in Thee, had not being. Thou didst call, and cry aloud, and break through my deafness. Thou didst blaze forth, and shine, and scatter my blindness. Thou wert fragrant, and I drew in my breath, and panted for Thee. I tasted, and I hungered and thirsted. Thou didst touch me, and I burned for Thy peace.

XXII.

THE TWO CITIES.

Accordingly, two cities have been formed by two loves: the earthly by the love of self, even to the contempt of God; the heavenly by the love of God, even to the contempt of self. The former, in a word, glories in itself, the latter in the Lord. For the one seeks glory from men; but the greatest glory of the other is God, the witness of conscience. The one lifts up its head in its own glory; the other says to its God, "Thou art my glory, and the lifter up of mine head." In the one, the princes and the nations it subdues are ruled by the love of ruling; in the other, the princes and the subjects serve one another in love, the latter obeying, while the former take thought for all. The one delights in its own strength, represented in the persons of its rulers; the other says to its God, "I will love Thee, O LORD, my strength." And therefore the wise men of the one city, living according to man, have sought for profit to their own bodies or souls, or both, and those who have known God glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened; professing themselves to be wise,—that is, glorying in their own wisdom, and being possessed by pride,—they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God

into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things. For they were either leaders or followers of the people in adoring images, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. But in the other city there is no human wisdom, but only godliness, which offers due worship to the true God, and looks for its reward in the society of the saints, of holy angels as well as holy men, that God may be all in all.

XXIII.

MORNING HYMN.

Yet again the light of morning,
 Yet again the day appeareth;
 Gone the wandering shades of darkness,
 Yet again arise, my spirit;
 Rise to God, and sing His praises,
 Who delights the morn with daylight,
 Who the night with stars rejoiceth,
 Stars around the world revolving.
 Darkness lay, obscure and pregnant,
 Hidden in the lap of Æther,
 While on purest fire she rested,
 Where the Moon revolves in glory,
 Driving round the inmost circle.
 And above the eightfold circling
 Of the spheres of stars and planets
 Rolls the stream serene and starless,
 Bearing in its mighty bosom
 All their strange, conflicting courses,
 Round the Mind that governs all things,
 Shrouding in its spotless pinions
 Those far limits of creation.
 And beyond, the blessed Silence
 Parts the realms of Mind and Wisdom,
 Parts, yet ever keeps united.

One the Root and One the Fountain,
 Rising in a threefold splendour.
 Where in depths untold the Father,
 There the glorious Son is with Him,

Offspring of His heart mysterious,
 And the Wisdom of all creative,
 And the Light that binds in oneness
 Of the Holy Spirit shineth.
 One the Root and One the Fountain
 Whence the stream of good outpoureth,
 Whence a race above all substance,
 Issuing eager towards creation,
 Others too, in space abiding,
 Blessed, light-dispensing spirits.
 Thence, within the bounds of Nature,
 All the choir of deathless rulers
 Hymned the glory of the Father,
 Sang the Image first-begotten,
 In a strain of heavenly wisdom.
 Near to them, their kindly parents,
 Comes the host of deathless angels,
 Some, in rapture beatific,
 Gazing on the Form of Beauty.
 Others watching spheres and orbits,
 Ruling all the course of Nature,
 Bearing down to worlds of matter
 Something of the highest order,
 E'en where Nature, downward sinking,
 Brings to life the hosts of demons,
 Many-voiced, in wiles abounding.
 Thence the Heroes, thence proceedeth
 Air that all the world encircles,
 Giving life to all things breathing,
 Strangely diverse forms of creatures.

All the world is by Thy counsel
 Still sustained, Thou Root of all things,
 All that is and all that has been,
 All that shall be, all that can be.
 Thou art Father, Thou art Mother,
 Thou art Male and Thou art Female,
 Thou art Voice and Thou art Silence,
 Thou art Nature's inmost Nature,
 Thou art LORD, the Age of Ages.
 If I dare to call upon Thee,
 I would hail Thee, Root of Order,

Hail of all things Thou the Centre,
 Unity of heavenly numbers,
 Of the lords before creation.
 Glory to Thee, as 'tis fitting
 That a God should ever glory,
 Turn Thine ear to me in pity,
 Listen to my rhythmic measures,
 Beam on me the light of Wisdom,
 Shed the riches of Thy glory.
 Shed on me the grace abundant
 Of a life at peace from tumult.
 Need and hardship come not nigh me,
 Nor the cares of worldly riches.
 O defend my frame from sickness
 And the rush of restless passions.
 Keep away the woe and anguish
 That devours the mind and spirit.
 So no earthly care may hinder
 My blest soul ascending upward;
 Rising then on airy pinion,
 I shall share the secret honours
 Of the Son's most holy service.

XXIV.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest?
 "Come to me"—saith One—"and coming,
 Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide?
 "In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
 And His Side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquish’d, labour ended,
Jordan past!”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
“Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!”

ISLĀM.

I.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Praise belongs to God, the LORD of the worlds, the merciful, the compassionate, the ruler of the day of judgment! Thee we serve and Thee we ask for aid. Guide us in the right path, the path of those Thou art gracious to; not of those Thou art wroth with; nor of those who err.

II.

GOD SELF-SUBSISTENT AND OMNIPRESENT.

God, there is no god but He, the living, the self-subsistent. Slumber takes him not, nor sleep. His is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth. Who is it that intercedes with Him save by His permission? He knows what is before them and what behind them, and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases. His throne extends over the heavens and the earth, and it tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and grand.

III.

THE AUTHOR AND RULER OF ALL.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Praise belongs to God, the originator of the heavens and the earth; who makes the angels His messengers, endued with wings

in pairs, or threes or fours; He adds to creation what He pleases; verily, God is mighty over all!

What God opens to men of His mercy there is none to withhold; and what He withholds, there is none can send it forth after Him; for He is the mighty, the wise.

O ye folk! remember the favours of God towards you; is there a creator beside God, who provides you from the heavens and from the earth? There is no God but He; how then can ye lie?

And if they call thee liar, apostles were called liars before thee, and unto God affairs return.

O ye folk! verily, God's promise is true; then let not the life of this world beguile you, and let not the beguiler beguile you concerning God. Verily, the devil is to you a foe, so take him as a foe; he only calls his crew to be the fellows of the blaze.

Those who misbelieve, for them is keen torment.

But those who believe and do right, for them is forgiveness and a great hire.

What! is he whose evil act is made seemly for him, so that he looks upon it as good, - ? Verily, God leads astray whom He pleases and guides whom He pleases: let not thy soul then be wasted in sighing for them; verily, God knows what they do!

It is God who sends the winds, and they stir up a cloud, and we irrigate therewith a dead country, and we quicken therewith the earth after its death; so shall the resurrection be!

Whosoever desires honour -honour belongs wholly to God; to Him good words ascend, and a righteous deed He takes up; and those who plot evil deeds, for them is keen torment, and their plotting is in vain.

God created you from earth, then from a clot, then He made you pairs; and no female bears or is delivered, except by His knowledge; nor does he who is aged reach old age, or is aught diminished from his life without it is in the Book; verily, that is easy unto God.

The two seas are not equal: one is sweet and fresh and pleasant to drink, and the other is salt and pungent; but from each do ye eat fresh flesh, and bring forth ornaments which ye wear; and thou mayest see the ships cleave through it, that ye may search after His grace, and haply ye may give thanks.

He turns the night into day, and He turns the day into night; and He subjects the sun and the moon--each of them runs on to an appointed goal; that is God, your LORD! His is the kingdom; but those ye call on beside Him possess not a straw.

If you call upon them they cannot hear your call, and if they hear they cannot answer you; and on the resurrection day they will deny your associating them with God; but none can inform thee like the One who is aware.

O ye folk! ye are in need of God; but God, He is independent, praiseworthy.

If He please He will take you off, and will bring a fresh creation; for this is no hard matter unto God.

And no burdened soul shall bear the burden of another; and if a heavily laden one shall call for its load (to be carried) it shall not be carried for it at all, even though it be a kinsman!—thou canst only warn those who fear their LORD in the unseen and who are steadfast in prayer; and he who is pure is only pure for himself; and unto God the journey is.

The blind is not equal with him who sees, nor the darkness with the light, nor the shade with the hot blast; nor are the living equal with the dead; verily, God causes whom He pleases to hear, and thou canst not make those who are in their graves hear; thou art but a warner!

Verily, we have sent thee in truth a herald of glad tidings and a warner; and there is no nation but its warner has passed away with it.

And if they called thee liar, those before thee called their apostles liars too, who came to them with manifest signs, and the Scriptures, and the illuminating Book.

Then I seized those who misbelieved, and what a change it was!

Dost thou not see that God has sent down from the heaven water, and has brought forth therewith fruits varied in hue, and on the mountains dykes, white and red, various in hue, and some intensely black, and men and beasts and cattle, various in hue? thus! none fear God but the wise among His servants; but, verily, God is mighty, forgiving.

Verily, those who recite the Book of God, and are steadfast in prayer, and give alms of what we have bestowed in secret and in public, hope for the merchandise that shall not come to naught; that He may pay them their hire, and give them increase of His grace; verily, He is forgiving, grateful.

What we have inspired thee with of the Book is true, verifying what was before it; verily, God of His servants is well aware and sees.

Then we gave the book for an inheritance to those whom we chose of our servants, and of them are some who wrong themselves,

and of them are some who take a middle course, and of them are some who vie in good works by the permission of their LORD; that is great grace.

Gardens of Eden shall they enter, adorned therein with bracelets of gold and pearls; and their garments therein shall be silk; and they shall say, "Praise belongs to God, who has removed from us our grief; verily, our LORD is forgiving, grateful, who has made us alight in an enduring abode of His grace, wherein no toil shall touch us, and there shall touch us no fatigue."

But those who misbelieve, for them is the fire of hell; it shall not be decreed for them to die, nor shall aught of the torment be lightened from them; thus do we reward every misbeliever; and they shall shriek therein, "O our LORD! bring us forth, and we will do right, not what we used to do!" "Did we not let you grow old enough for every one who would be mindful to be mindful? and there came to you a warner! - So taste it, for the unjust shall have none to help!" Verily, God knows the unseen things of the heavens and of the earth; verily, he knows the nature of men's breasts. He it is who made you vicegerents in the earth, and he who misbelieves, his misbelief is against himself; but their misbelief shall only increase the misbelievers in hatred with their LORD; and their misbelief shall only increase the misbelievers in loss.

Say, "Have ye considered your associates whom ye call on beside God?" show me what they created of the earth; have they a share in the heavens, or have we given them a book that they rest on a manifest sign? nay, the unjust promise each other naught but guile.

Verily, God holds back the heavens and the earth lest they should decline; and if they should decline there is none to hold them back after Him; verily, He is clement, forgiving.

They swore by God with their most strenuous oath, verily, if there come to them a warner they would be more guided than any one of the nations; but when a warner comes to them, it only increases them in aversion, and in being big with pride in the earth, and in plotting evil; but the plotting of evil only entangles those who practise it; can they then expect aught but the course of those of yore? but thou shalt not find any alteration in the course of God; and they shall not find any change in the course of God.

Have they not journeyed on in the land and seen what was the end of those before them who were stronger than they? but God, nothing can ever make Him helpless in the heavens or in the earth; verily, He is knowing, powerful.

Were God to catch men up for what they earn, He would not leave upon the back of it a beast; but He respites them until an appointed time. When their appointed time comes, verily, God looks upon His servants.

IV.

EXHORTATION TO EMBRACE ISLAM

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Whatever is in the heavens and the earth celebrates the praises of God, for he is the mighty, the wise!

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth. He quickens and He kills, and He is mighty over all!

He is the first and the last; and the outer and the inner; and He all things doth know!

He it is who created the heavens and the earth in six days, then He made for the throne; and He knows what goes into the earth and what goes forth therefrom, and what comes down from the sky and what goes up therein, and He is with you wheresoc'er ye be: for God on what ye do doth look!

His is the kingdom of the heavens and the earth, and unto God affairs return. He makes the night succeed the day, and makes the day succeed the night; and He knows the nature of men's breasts.

Believe in God and His Apostle, and give alms of what He has made you successors of. For those amongst you who believe and give alms—for them is mighty hire.

What ails you that ye do not believe in God and His Apostle? He calls on you to believe in your LORD; and He has taken a compact from you, if ye be believers.

He it is who sends down upon His servants manifest signs, to bring you forth from the darkness into light; for, verily, God to you is kind, compassionate!

What ails you that ye give not alms in God's cause? for God's is the inheritance of the heavens and the earth. Not alike amongst you is he who gives alms before the victory and fights,—they are grander in rank than those who give alms afterwards and fight. But to all does God promise Good; and God of what ye do is well aware!

Who is there who will lend a good loan to God? for He will double it for him, and for him is a generous reward.

On the day when thou shall see believers, men and women, with

their light running on before them and on their right hand,—“Glad tidings for you to day.—Gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for aye; that is the grand bliss!”

On the day when the hypocrites, men and women, shall say to those who believe, “Wait for us that we may kindle at your light.” It will be said, “Get ye back, and beg a light.” And there shall be struck out between them a wall with a door; within it shall be mercy, and outside, before it, torment. They shall cry out to them: “We were not with you!” they shall say, “Yea, but ye did tempt yourselves, and did wait, and did doubt; and your vain hopes beguiled you; and the beguiler beguiled you about God.

“Wherefore to-day there shall not be taken from you a ransom, nor from those who misbelieved. Your resort is the fire; it is your sovereign, and an ill journey will it be?”

Is the time come to those who believe, for their hearts to be humbled at the remembrance of God, and of what He has sent down in truth? and for them not to be like those who were given the scriptures before, and over whom time was prolonged, but their hearts grew hard, and many of them were workers of abomination?

Know that God quickens the earth after its death!—we have manifested to you the signs; haply ye may have some sense!

Verily, those who give in charity, men and women, who have lent to God a goodly loan,—it shall be doubled for them, and for them is a generous hire.

And those who believe in God and His Apostle, they are the confessors and the martyrs with their LORD; for them is their hire and their light! But those who misbelieve and call our signs lies, they are the fellows of hell!

Know that the life of this world is but a sport, and a play, and an adornment, and something to boast of amongst yourselves; and the multiplying of children is like a rain-growth, its vegetation pleases the misbelievers; then they wither away, and thou mayest see them become yellow; then they become but grit.

But in the hereafter is a severe woe, and forgiveness from God and His goodwill; but the life of this world is but a chattel of guile.

Race towards forgiveness from your LORD and Paradise, whose breadth is as the breadth of the heavens and the earth, prepared for those who believe in God and His apostles! and God's grace. He gives it to whom He pleases, for God is LORD of mighty grace!

No accident befalls in the earth, or in yourselves, but it was in the Book, before we created them; verily, that is easy unto God.

That ye may not vex yourselves for what ye miss, nor be overjoyed at what He gives you, for God loves no arrogant boaster, who are niggardly and bid men be niggardly: but whoso turns his back; verily, God is rich, praiseworthy.

We did send our apostles with manifest signs; and we did send down among you the Book and the balance, that men might stand by justice; and we sent down iron in which is both keen violence and advantages to men; and that God might know who helps Him and His apostles in secret; verily, God is strong and mighty!

And we sent Noah and Abraham; and placed in their seed prophecy and the Book; and some of them are guided, though many of them are workers of abomination!

Then we followed up their footsteps with our apostles; and we followed them up with Jesus, the son of Mary; and we gave him the gospel; and we placed in the hearts of those who followed him kindness and compassion. But monkery, they invented it; we only prescribed to them the craving after the goodwill of God, and they observed it not with due observance. But we gave to those who believe amongst them their hire; though many amongst them were workers of abomination!

O ye who believe! fear God, and believe in His Apostle: He will give you two portions of His mercy, and will make for you a light for you to walk in, and will forgive you; for God is forgiving, compassionate.

That the people of the Book may know that they cannot control aught of God's grace; and that grace is in God's hands, He gives it to whom He will; for God is LORD of mighty grace!

V.

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

In the name of Allah, the merciful, the clement! This is an epistle from Allah the most powerful, magnificent, and victorious sovereign, to His servant and prophet, Mûsa, the son of E'mrân. May he praise and glorify Me!

There is no God besides Me, therefore worship Me and do not associate with Me anything [in the shape of idols]. Thank Me and thy parents, and I shall cause thee to live. [long]. Thou shalt not kill the soul which Allah has forbidden except justly; or else the heavens with all their extent, and the earth with all its surface, will become too narrow for thee. Do not swear falsely by My name,

for I shall neither purify nor justify anyone who does not magnify My name. Do not bear testimony about things which thy ear has not heard, thy eye has not seen, or thy heart has not perceived, for I shall hold all witnesses responsible for their testimonies on the day of resurrection, and I shall examine them on this account. Envy not thy fellow-men for any blessings or bounties I may have vouchsafed to them, because an envious person is a foe to the receiver of My benefits, and provokes My vengeance. Do not commit adultery, and do not steal, because My favour will become veiled, and the portals of heaven will be shut to thy prayers. Sacrifice not to anyone besides Me, because a sacrifice will not be accepted unless My name be pronounced over it. Do not covet thy neighbour's wife, for it is as hateful to Me as incest. People love that which thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest. Peace be on thee, with My commiseration and blessing.

The above is the text of the ten commandments, as Tha'lebi has related in the 'A'râis ulqasas.' The Lord--whose name he praised--revealed the contents of these words in the verses of the glorious Forqân, as follows: Say, come, I shall rehearse to you what your Lord has prohibited: You shall not associate anything with Him; you shall honour your parents, you shall not kill your infants for fear of want, [Allah says]: We shall nourish you and them; avoid open and mental lasciviousness; do not kill the soul which Allah has prohibited, except justly. This is a command to you, perhaps you will understand it. Do not touch the property of orphans, except righteously, until they attain maturity. Observe justice in your measures and weights, and do not injure anyone but you repair it. Keep your promises also to your relatives, and satisfy the covenant with Allah, perhaps you will remember it; for this is the straight path, follow it, and do not follow other roads, because they will mislead you; this is your command, and perhaps you will fear [Allah].

VI.

GOD FIRST, THEN WORLDLY GOOD.

This world is a veil over the next and the next is a veil over the head of both worlds. Every creature is a veil over the Creator; whatever arrests the attention is a veil between thee and Him.

Turn not therefore to the creation nor to this world, nor to aught besides the Truth; that thou mayest come to the gate of the

True on the feet of thy mind, by the soundness of thy abstinence from all besides Him, destitute of all, intent on Him, needing His aid and help, gazing on His supremacy and His wisdom. When thou knowest for certain that thy heart and mind have arrived and entered before Him, that He has brought thee near to Him and saluted thee, and given thee charge of hearts, and made thee their steward and physician; then turn thy gaze to the creatures of the world, and that gaze will be a favour done them. And thy taking the world out of their hands and restoring it to the poor, and claiming thy own share thereof, will be an act of piety and devotion, and well-doing. He that takes the world after this fashion is not harmed by it, but is safe from it, and his share of its filth becomes pure for him.

The saint has a mark upon his face known to the physiognomist, told by signs rather than by speech. If a man would prosper let him devote himself and his goods to the True, and withdraw his heart from this world, as a hair is drawn out of dough or milk, and from the next world also, and from all that is besides God; and then when each claimant is given his right before God, thou shalt enjoy thy share of this world and the next at God's gate, while the world stand and minister to thee; not enjoying thy share of this world, thyself standing without while the world sits; but thou shalt be at the King's gate, and thou shalt sit, while she stands with a dish upon her head, serving those that are stationed there, and abasing those that are stationed at her gate—Enjoy her then in comfort and power given by God!—But as they are content with bankruptcy in this world and seek from the next world only that it should bring them near to Him, they seek of God nothing besides Himself. They know that they had a portion in this world, but resigned it; and that they had a portion in the stages of the next world and the delights of Paradise, but resigned it likewise, and cared not to earn it; they wanted nothing but the presence of God. Entering Paradise they deign not to open their eyes till they behold the light of God's countenance.

Ensue solitude and abstraction. He whose heart is not abstracted from mankind and human cares, cannot walk the path of the Prophets, the Righteous and the Saints. First he must learn to be content with a small portion of this world's goods, leaving all besides to destiny. Expose not thyself by seeking after much, lest thou perish; if it come unto thee from the hand of God without thy choice, thou wilt be secure.

El Hasan el Basri used to say: Preach unto mankind by thy acts and thy words. O thou that preachest, preach by the purity of thy

inner man and the piety of thy heart; not by fair outward show, while thy inner man is foul.

God wrote in the hearts of the faithful their faith before he created them. This is a privilege indeed, but they must not be satisfied with the privilege or rely thereon; but must fight and strive and struggle to acquire faith and assurance; must seek for the gifts of God, and stand constantly at His gate.

VII.

THE WAY OF TRUE REPENTANCE AND ITS FRUITS.

Dhu 'l Nūn El Misri said: There are servants of God who have planted trees of sin in front of their hearts' eyes, which they have watered with repentance till they produced the fruit of penitence and grief. They became frenzied without madness, and enraptured without swooning or loss of spirit; nay, rather, they are the eloquent orators who know God and his Apostle. Then they drink out of the cup of purity, and are dowered with patience under lengthy tribulation. Then their minds are lost in the kingdom of heaven, and their thoughts wander at large over the mysteries hidden behind the veil of the Almighty power; sheltered beneath the dome of repentance they read the record of their sins, and teach themselves despair, till they have climbed to the pinnacle of asceticism on the ladder of chastity; the bitterness of resignation becomes sweet to them and the hard bed soft, till they have scaled the mountain of salvation. Then their souls wander at large among the heights, till they find rest in the garden of Delight, and plunge into the ocean of life. They mount up the slough of despond and cross the bridge of passion till they reach the court of knowledge, and draw water from the lake of wisdom. They embark on the ship of intelligence, and sail, sped by the wind of deliverance, on the sea of salvation, till they reach the garden of rest and the mines of glory and honour.

VIII.

PRAYER NOT VAIN.

A certain man invited a party of friends, and giving his slave four dirhems bade him buy dainties for the feast. The slave passed by the lecture-room of Mansur ben Ammar, who was asking for something for a poor man, and saying, "For any one who gives him

four dirhems I shall offer four prayers." The slave gave the four dirhems to Mansur, who asked him what prayers he should offer for him. He answered: I have a master, and should like to be freed from him. Mansur prayed that he might be, and called for the next request. He said: Pray that God may restore me my dirhems. Mansur did so. The third request was that God might accept his master's repentance; and the fourth, that God might forgive him, his master, Mansur and his audience. Mansur offered up these prayers, and the slave went home. Questioned by his master why he had delayed, he told him the story. The master asked, And for what did Mansur pray? He said, For my liberty. The master manumitted him at once, and asked what was the second prayer? He said, That God might restore me the four dirhems. The master said: Here, take four thousand dirhems; and what was the third prayer? He said, That God might accept your repentance. The master said, I repent this day; and the fourth? The slave replied: That God might forgive me, you, the preacher and the audience. That, replied the master, is not mine to give. But in the night he dreamed that some one said to him: Thou hast done thy part; thinkest thou that I shall not do mine? Verily I have forgiven thee, thy slave, Mansur ben Ammar, and all that were present.

X.

THE INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS WORLD'S GOOD.

Among the sages, whose hearts are disciplined by revelations and manifestations, he who abandons this world for the next is said to be like a man who being hindered from entering the King's door by a dog, throws him a morsel of bread, and while the dog is intent thereon, enters at the door, and gaining access to the King, becomes ruler of all his Kingdom. Think you that such a man will count the morsel of bread he has thrown the king's dog as a great favour that he has done the King?

Now Satan is a dog lying at God's door, and keeping men from entering, albeit the door is open, and the curtain raised. And the world is like a morsel of bread, of which the pleasure, if it be eaten, lasts but for the moment of mastication, and ceases with the act of swallowing. And how can he who abandons it in order to obtain royal honours, look longingly back to it, when the portion of the world that falls to the lot of any individual, though he live a

hundred years, bears to the delight of the next world a less proportion than a crust of bread to the whole world? ,

For the finite bears no proportion to the infinite.

X.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF GOD ALL-SUFFICING.

Among the legends of King David it is recorded that God revealed himself to him, saying: How long wilt thou make mention of Paradise, and not ask of me the desire after Me? He said: O LORD, who are they that desire Thee? He answered: They that desire me are those whose hearts I have purified from every stain, whom I have roused to vigilance, and from whose hearts I have torn portions for Myself. They gaze upon me while I hold their hearts in my hand, and set them in my heaven. Then I summon the captains of my angels, who, when they come together, prostrate themselves before me, But I say unto them: I have not called you to prostrate yourselves before me, but to set before you the hearts of those that desire me, and to glory in you, O ye that desire me; for their hearts shine in the heaven before my angels as the sun shines before the people of the earth. O David, verily I have created the hearts of them that desire me out of my favour, and have endowed them with the light of my countenance, and I have taken them for my councillors, and have made their bodies the resting-place for my gaze on earth.

Out of their hearts I have cut a path where through gazing towards me, they grow in desire each day.—David said: O LORD, show me the people of Thy love.—He said: Go to Mount Lebanon, for there are fourteen souls, lads, old men, and men in the prime of life; and when thou comest to them, greet them from me, and say: Your LORD greets you, saying; Will you not ask a favour of me? For ye are my beloved, my dear ones and my friends. I rejoice with your joy and hasten to your love.—David went thither and found them by a well of water, meditating on the majesty of God. When they beheld David, they ran, to separate themselves from him. But he said: I am the messenger of God unto you, and am come to bring you a message from your LORD. Then they ran towards him, and turned their ears to his words, casting their eyes down to the ground. He said: I am God's messenger, greeting you from Him and saying to you: Will ye not ask a favour? Will ye not speak to me that I may hear the sound of your words? Ye are my

beloved, my dear ones and my friends. I rejoice with your joy and hasten to your love. I gaze on you each hour with a fond mother's loving gaze.—The tears ran down their cheeks: then the eldest of them said: Praise be unto Thee! We are Thy servants and Thy servants' sons, forgive us for any moment of our lives wherein our hearts thought not of Thee!—Another said: Praise be unto Thee! And grant us a fair vision of each other!—Another said: Praise be unto Thee! And how could we dare to pray, when Thou knowest that we need nothing for ourselves? Grant only that we may abide in the path that leads to Thee, and fulfil thereby Thy favour towards us.—Another said: We come short in seeking for Thy favour; aid us therein by Thy bounty!—Another said: Thou hast created us of flesh, and vouchsafed to us to contemplate Thy majesty; how should he dare to speak whose mind is filled with Thy majesty and his thoughts with Thy glory? Our desire is only to approach Thy light.—Another said: Our tongues are too feeble to pray to Thee, so mighty art Thou and so near to Thy saints, and so copious are Thy favours to the people of Thy love!—Another said: Thou hast guided our hearts to think of Thee, and hast emptied them that they might be filled with Thee; so forgive us our unworthy gratitude!—Another said: Thou knowest our need; it is to look upon Thy countenance!—Another said: How can the slave venture before his Master? Since thou hast commanded us to ask of Thy bounty, give us light to guide us in the darkness of the storeyed heaven.—Another said: We pray Thee to come to us and to let Thy light abide with us.—Another said: We beseech Thee to fulfil the message which Thou hast vouchsafed us.—Another said: We need nothing of Thy creation; only vouchsafe to us to look on the beauty of Thy countenance.—Another said: I pray Thee that Thou wilt blind my eyes to this world and its inhabitants and my heart from thinking of the next world.—Another said: I know, blessed LORD, that Thou lovest Thy saints; so grant that our hearts be occupied with Thee to the exclusion of all else.

Then God revealed himself to David, saying: Say unto them: I have heard your words and what ye have answered. Let each one of you leave his friend and take for himself a hole in the earth; and then I shall uplift the veil between us that ye may behold my light and my glory.

And whereby, said David, have they obtained this of Thee, O God?—He said: By good thoughts, and abstinence from the world, and secret converse with me! For this is a stage reached only by him who abandons this world and its folk, and thinks not about

it at all, but keeps his heart free for me, and prefers me above all my creatures. Then I turn to him, and purify his soul, and uplift the veil between us, till he beholds me face to face, and I show him my glory every hour and cause him to approach the light of my countenance. If he be sick, I tend him as a mother tends her child. If he thirst, I give him drink, and make him taste my recollection. And when I do this to him, O David, I blind his soul to the world and its folk, and make him careless of them; and he ceases not to think of me and beg me speed his flight; but I will not let him die, because he is the resting place of my eyes among my creatures. He sees nought but me, and I see nought but him. Couldst thou but see him, O David, his soul wasted and his body pining, and his members shattered, and his heart withdrawn, when he hears my name! Of him I boast before my angels and the dwellers in my heaven. And by my might and my glory, I shall cause him to sit in Paradise, and shall soothe his heart with the vision of me till he be satisfied, yea, more than satisfied!

S U F F I S M.

I.

CREATION.

In solitude, where Being signless dwelt, and all the Universe still
dormant lay
Concealed in selflessness, One Being was unstained by thought of
"I" or "Thou" and free
From all Duality: Beauty supreme, unmanifest, except unto Itself,
By Its own light, with latent power to charm the souls of all; con-
cealed in the Unseen
An Essence pure, unstained by aught of ill. No mirror to reflect
Its loveliness,
Nor comb to touch Its locks: the morning breeze ne'er stirred Its
tresses, nor collyrium
Lent lustre to Its eyes: no rosy cheeks o'ershadowed by dark curls,
like hyacinth,
Nor peach-like down were there: no dusky mole adorned Its face,
no eye had yet beheld
Its image: to Itself It sang of Love in wordless measures: by Itself
It cast
The die of Love. But Beauty cannot brook concealment and the
veil, nor patient rest
Unseen and unadmired, but bursts all bonds; and from Its prison-
casement to the world
Reveals Itself. See where the tulip grows in upland meadows: how
in balmy spring
It decks itself, and how amidst its thorns the wild rose rends its
garments, and displays
Its loveliness. And thou, when some rare thought, or beauteous
image, or deep mystery,

Flashes across thy soul, canst not endure to let it pass, but hold'st
it, that perchance
In speech or writing thou mayst send it forth to charm the world.
Wherever Beauty dwells
Such is Its nature, and Its heritage from everlasting Beauty, which
emerged
From realms of purity to shine upon the worlds, and all the souls
which dwell therein.
One gleam fell from It on the Universe and on the Angels, and
this single ray
Dazzled the Angels, till their senses whirled like the revolving
sky. In diverse forms
Each mirror showed It forth, and everywhere Its praise was chant-
ed in new melodies.
The Cherubim, enraptured, sought for songs of praise: the spirits
who explore the depths
Of boundless seas, wherein the heavens swim like some small boat,
cried with one mighty voice :

Praise to the Lord of all the Universe!

Each speck of matter did He constitute a mirror, causing each one
to reflect
The beauty of His visage. From the rose flashed forth His beauty,
and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire the candle drew the
lustre which beguiles
The moth to immolation. On the sun His beauty shone, and straight-
way from the wave
The lotus reared its head. Each lustrous lock of Leyli's hair
attracted Majnún's heart
Because some ray divine reflected shone in her fair face. 'Twas
He to Shírin's lips
Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal the heart from
Parvís, and from Farhâd life.
His beauty everywhere doth show itself, and through the forms of
earthly beauties shines
Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal His face through Jo-
seph's mantle, and destroyed
Zuleykhâ's peace. Whatever veil thou seest, He hides beneath the
veil: whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love the heart hath life;
longing for Him, the soul

Hath victory. That heart which seems to love the fair ones of the
world, loves Him alone.
Beware! say not **He is All-Beautiful, and we His lovers!** Thou
art but a glass,
And He the face confronting it, which casts its image on the
mirror. He alone
Is manifest, and thou in truth art hid. Pure love, like Beauty, coming
but from Him,
Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly thou canst regard, at length
thou wilt perceive
He is the mirror also. He alike the Treasure and the Casket: "I"
and "Thou"
Have here no place, and are but phantasies vain and unreal.
Silence! for this tale
Is endless, and no eloquence hath power to speak of Him! 'Tis
best for us to love
And suffer silently, being as naught!

II.

THE SPIRIT'S JOURNEY.

From the void of Non-Existence to this dwelling-house of clay
I came, and rose from stone to plant:
But that hath passed away!
Thereafter, through the working of the spirit's toil and strife,
I gained, and soon abandoned, some lowly form of life:
That too hath passed away!
In a human breast, no longer a mere unheeding brute,
This tiny drop of Being to a pearl I did transmute:
That too hath passed away!
At the Holy Temple then did I foregather with the throng
Of angels, compassed it about, and gazed upon it long:
That too hath passed away!
I, even Ibn Yamin, from this too soaring free,
Abandoned all beside Him, so that naught remained but He:
All else hath passed away!

III.

SŪFĪ PRAYER.

O God, deliver us from occupation with trifles, and shew us the realities of things as they actually are. Withdraw the veil of heedlessness from our mental vision, and cause everything to appear to us as it is. Suffer not the Unreal to take the form of the Real in our eyes, neither draw a veil of the Unreal over the Beauty of the Real. Make these imaginary forms mirrors for the effulgences of Thy Beauty, not means to our illusion and withdrawal from Thee; and cause these phantasms of our fancy to become a source of wisdom and insight, not an incentive to ignorance and blindness. Our deprivation and separation is wholly from ourselves; leave us not with ourselves, but grant us deliverance from ourselves, and vouchsafe unto us knowledge of Thyself.

IV.

SŪFĪ WISDOM.

The Seeker is he who, from the time when he first makes God the object of his quest, neither rests in anything nor concerns himself with anyone until he reaches Him.

Magnanimity is this, that after thou hast learnt to know God, the unkindness of men should in no wise affect thee.

Trust in God is this, that, should you know of anyone in the city more in need of food than yourself, you should not eat your food yourself, but should give it to him.

Whoever knows God loves Him, and whoever knows the world hates it.

O God! If I serve Thee for fear of hell, then burn me in hell; and if I serve Thee in hope of heaven, then forbid me heaven; but if I serve Thee for Thine own sake, of Thy Grace withhold not from me Thine Eternal Beauty.

I saw a stone cast on a road, and thereon was written by the Pen of God's Might:—O son of man! Since thou dost not act in accordance with what thou knowest, how seekest thou what thou knowest not?

The sign of love for God is that one should forsake whatever diverts one from God.

No sin is so hurtful to you as the dishonouring or despising of your brother in faith.

Hereafter the dwellers in Paradise will go to visit God. When they return, fair and beautiful forms will be shewn to them. Whoever chooses one of these forms will not again be suffered to approach God's presence.

From streams of running water thou hearest a sound, but, when they reach the sea, it is hushed; neither by their coming or going is the sea increased or diminished.

The least thing which is incumbent on him who seeks the way to God is that he should renounce wealth and possessions, and that if for His love he should forego both worlds, it should be as though he had done nothing.

The Gnostic's reward from God is God.

God Almighty, who knoweth the hearts of His saints, saw that of these hearts some could not bear the burden of His knowledge. These, therefore, He caused to occupy themselves with His worship.

Strive to secure one moment wherein thou beholdest naught in heaven or earth save God, so that through that one moment thou may'st continue in peace all thy life.

The sign of God's love for anyone is His vouchsafing unto him three qualities: generosity like that of the Ocean, beneficence like that of the Sun, and humility like that of the Earth.

God sendeth against whomsoever He electeth an enemy to afflict him.

All this talk, and activity, and noise, and movement, and craving are without the Veil; but within the Veil is silence, and quiet, and rest, and awe.

Conversation with the good is the best of all good deeds, and intercourse with the wicked is the worst of all ill deeds.

When the Seeker raises his voice and cries out, he is as a tank; but when he becomes silent, he is like an Ocean filled with pearls.

Appear as thou art, or be as thou appearest.

Whoever looks to receive reward from God in the hereafter, hath not truly served Him here; for even in the present is every soul recompensed for its strivings.

To trust in God is to confine one's life to the day, and wholly to cast aside all care for the morrow.

Love is this, that thou should'st account thyself very little, and God very great.

Hunger is a cloud which rains down naught but wisdom.

Oblivion of self is remembrance of God.

For a long while I thought that I loved God; but, when I looked more closely, I saw that He first loved me.

Others derive their knowledge from the dead, but we from the Living One who dieth not.

I summoned my soul to God; it responded not. I therefore forsook it, and came to Him alone.

I hold no torment more grievous than heedlessness, for the fire of Hell worketh not on man that which heedlessness worketh.

Many a one who is near us is far off, and many a one who is far off is near.

God Almighty said, "O Báyezíd, what would'st thou of Us?" I answered, "I desire what Thou desirest." He said, "We are thine even as thou art Ours."

O God, it is no marvel that I love Thee, for I am a weak servant, helpless and needy; the wonder is that Thou should'st love me, for Thou art Lord, King, and independent of all.

O God, if I be so happy even while I fear Thee, how happy shall I become when I cease to fear Thee?

None can worship rightly so he be not hungry.

Everything wherein one forgets not God is lawful.

He who fears not God of his own free-will must fear mankind of necessity.

The most excellent of good works is that man should become purified from the contemplation of his own purity.

Were there no affliction, there were no way to God.

The first stage of service is emergence from self.

Men are ruined by two things; the search after wealth, and the fear of poverty.

The devil approacheth not any humble heart.

The supreme thanksgiving to God is that thou should'st see thyself incapable of duly rendering thanks to Him.

God hath created naught more precious than the heart of His believing servant, wherein He hath placed knowledge of Himself.

The heart will never awake to life till the passions die.

Whosoever hath conquered self is King of all, neither can any overcome thee so long as thou overcomest self.

No worship is more excellent than warring with self.

Never will happiness come to him who seeks after supremacy.

I know a way to God Almighty, and it is this: that thou should'st not desire aught from anyone, and should'st not possess aught which another desires of thee.

I would that the sorrow of all men were laid on my heart that men might be free from sorrow.

Sheykh Sirrî said:—For thirty years I have sought forgiveness for the utterance of one thanksgiving.—They asked, How so?

He replied, One day the bazaar of Baghdad caught fire. One came to me and said, Thy shop is burnt. I exclaimed, Thanks be to God! In shame for having thus desired to make myself out better than my brother Mussulmans, I have for thirty years diligently sought forgiveness.

Whosoever obeys Him who is above him, will assuredly be obeyed by those who are below him.

Thy tongue is the interpreter of thine heart, and thy face is the mirror of thine heart; what thou hidest in thine heart appears in thy face.

Goodness of disposition is that thou should'st not of thyself injure anyone, but should'st cheerfully bear the burdens of all without hope of recompense.

I once asked of a devotee how one might find the way to God. Alas for thee! he answered, whithersoever thou turnest thy face, He is there; but so long as thou art in the midst, there is no way. When thou shalt disappear, He will become manifest and apparent to thee.

Keep a watch over your thought, for it is the preface to all else. Whosoever thinketh aright, all the emotions and actions arising in or proceeding from him will be right.

Amongst the characteristics of saints are these three traits: *first*, that they regard the great with the eyes of admonition, not of envy; *second*, that they regard women with the eyes of kindly compassion, not of concupiscence; *thirdly*, that they regard the poor with the eyes of humility, not of scorn.

Whoever loveth God will assuredly hate self.

Three things should be the believer's portion at your hands: *first*, that, should you be unable to benefit him, you should at all events not injure him; *secondly*, that, if you cannot gladden him, you should not grieve him; *thirdly*, that, if you cannot praise him, you should not revile him.

The signs of blessedness are three: to eat little, to sleep little, and to talk little.

O God, Thou lovest me to love Thee, though Thou hast no need of me; how, then, should I not love to love Thee, seeing that I stand in need of Thy Presence and Thy Grace?

The greatest of all things is sincerity, for how much soever I strive to expel hypocrisy from my heart, it springs up in some other form.

Whosoever is helped of wisdom, his thought becomes worship.

Whosoever looketh with complacency on himself is lost.

The ideal state of the dervish will not be realized by anyone till it becomes more pleasant to him to give than to receive.

Whoever gives and does not take, he is a man; and whoever gives and takes, he is half a man; but he who takes and gives not is a reptile, not a human being.

V.

QUATRAINS.

In Allah's name, say, wherefore set the wise
Their hearts upon this house of vanities?
Whene'er they think to rest them from their toils,
Death takes them by the hand, and says, Arise.

Thus spake an idol to his worshipper,
Why dost thou worship this dead stone, fair sir?
'Tis because He who gazeth through thine eyes,
Doth some part of His charms on it confer.

Whate'er thou doest, never grieve thy brother,
Nor kindle fumes of wrath his peace to smother;
Dost thou desire to taste eternal bliss,
Vex thine own heart, but never vex another!

Pagodas, just as mosques, are homes of prayer,
'Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air,
Yea, Church and Ka'ba, Rosary and Cross
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

In synagogue and cloister, mosque and school,
 Hell's terrors and heaven's lures men's bosoms rule,
 But they who master Allah's mysteries,
 Sow not this empty chaff their hearts to fool.

Hearts with the light of love illumined well,
 Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
 Have *their* names written in the book of love,
 Unvexed by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

The *very* wine a myriad forms sustains,
 And to take shapes of plants and creatures deigns ;
 But deem not that its essence ever dies,
 Its forms may perish, but its self remains.

Thy body is a tent, where harbourage
 The Sultan spirit takes for one brief age ;
 When he departs, comes the tent-pitcher, Death,
 Strikes it,* and onward moves, another stage.

The Master did himself these vessels frame,
 Why should he cast them out to scorn and shame ?
 If he has made them well, why should he break them ?
 Yea, though he marred them, *they* are not to blame.

Thy being is the being of Another,
 Thy passion is the passion of Another.
 Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see,
 Thy hand is but the cover of Another.

These fools, by dint of ignorance most crass,
 Think they in wisdom all mankind surpass ;
 And glibly do they damn as infidel,
 Whoever is not, like themselves, an ass.

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell,
 Our Friend will sternly judge, and doom to hell.
 Can aught but good from perfect goodness come ?
 Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.

VI.

ODE OF HÁFIZ.

Where doth Thy love's glad message echo for my rapt soul
To rise?
 This sacred bird from the world's meshes yearns to its goal
To rise.
 I swear, wilt Thou Thy servant name me, by all my love sublime,
 Higher than my desire of lordship o'er space and time
To rise.
 Vouchsafe, LORD, from Thy cloud of guidance to pour on me Thy rain,
 Ere Thou command me as an atom from man's domain
To rise.
 Bring minstrels and the wine-cup with thee, or at my tomb ne'er sit:
 Permit me in thy perfume dancing from the grave's pit
To rise.
 Though I am old, embrace me closely, be it a single night:
 May I, made young by Thy caresses, at morn have might
To rise.
 Arouse thee! show thy lofty stature, idol of winning mien:
 Enable me, as soul-reft Háfiz, from Nature's scene
To rise!

VII.

ODE OF SHAMS-I-TABRÍZ.

I was, ere a name had been named upon earth;
 Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth:
 When the locks of the LOVED ONE streamed forth for a sign,
 And Being was none, save the Presence Divine!
 Named and name were alike emanations from Me,
 Ere aught that was "I" yet existed, or "We";
 Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought,
 To the Godhead I bowed in prostration of thought!
 I measured intently,—I pondered with heed,
 (But, ah, fruitless my labour!) the Cross and its Creed.
 To the Pagod I rushed, and the Magian's shrine;
 But my eye caught no glimpse of a glory divine!
 The reins of research to the Ka'ba I bent,
 Whither, hopefully thronging, the old and young went;

Kandahár and Herát searched I wistfully through;
 Nor above, nor beneath, came the LOVED ONE to view.
 I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless, and lone,
 Of the globe-girding *Káf*;—but the '*Anká* had flown!
 The seventh earth I travers'd—the sev'nth heav'n explor'd,
 But in neither discern'd I the Court of the LORD!
 I question'd the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
 But they whisper'd not where HE pavilions His state:
 My vision I strain'd; but my God-scanning eye
 No trace, that to Godhead belongs, could descry.
 My glance I bent inward: Within my own breast,
 Lo, the vainly sought elsewhere! the Godhead confess'd!
 In the whirl of its transport my spirit was toss'd,
 Till each atom of separate being I lost;
 And the bright Sun of Tauriz—a madder than he,
 Or a wilder, the world hath not seen, nor shall see!

VIII.

FROM JÁMÍ'S SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

O Thou whose Memory quickens Lovers' Souls,
 Whose Fount of Joy renews the Lover's Tongue,
 Thy Shadow falls across the World, and They
 Bow down to it; and of the Rich in Beauty
 Thou art the Riches that make Lovers mad.
 Not till thy Secret Beauty through the Check
 Of LAILA smite does she inflame MAJNÚN,
 And not till Thou hast sugared Shírn's Lip
 The Hearts of those Two Lovers fill with Blood.
 For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,
 Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the Veil
 Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself
 Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a Bride
 That glances past us Veiled—but ever so
 As none the Beauty from the Veil may know.
 How long wilt Thou continue thus the World
 To cozen with the Phantom of a Veil
 From which, Thou only peepest?—Time it is
 To unfold Thy perfect Beauty. I would be
 Thy Lover, and Thine only—I, mine Eyes
 Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all but Thee,

Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself
 Self-Lost, and Conscience-quit of Good and Evil.
 Thou movest under all the Forms of Truth,
 Under the Forms of all Created Things;
 Look where I will, still nothing I discern
 But Thee in all the Universe, in which
 Thyself Thou dost invest, and through the Eyes
 Of MAN, the subtle Censor, scrutinize.
 To Thy Harâm DIVIDUALITY
 No Entrance finds--no Word of THIS and THAT :
 Do Thou my separate and Derived Self
 Make One with thy Essential! Leave me room
 On that Dívân which leaves no room for Two;
 Lest like the simple Kurd of whom they tell,
 I grow perplexed, oh God! 'twixt "I" and "THOU";
 If I--this Dignity and Wisdom whence?
 If THOU--then whence this abject Impotence?

IX.

FROM THE MYSTICAL MASNAVI.

Take back this goblet, boy,—thy boasted wine
 Sparkles less brightly than our sparkling wit.
 Nay! we succumb not to the drink divine,
 'Tis we that steal away the sense of it.
 'We live and die', ye say. It were more fit
 To say that we ourselves are life and death :
 Here is the very rock on which ye split—
 Matter and spirit. But I waste my breath;
 The ears of deaf men hear not what the preacher saith.

Wherefore, blind captives, will ye hug your chain,
 And bless the net that doth your limbs enfold?
 Why will ye live the slaves of loss and gain,
 And barter precious liberty for gold?
 What though your water-jar the ocean hold?
 'Tis but the scanty pittance of a day
 Compared with long Eternity. Behold!
 Fast as ye fill the waters waste away;
 Seek then the fount of Love, for Love flows on for aye.

Even the lowly earth hath dared to rise,
 For that in Love she taketh such delight,
 And sits enthroned above the darkling skies,
 Gazing for ever on this rising light.
 Moses erewhile fell fainting at the sight
 Of that fierce flame descended from above,
 Which thrilled the very mountains with affright,
 And made grey Sinai's firm foundations move; —
 'Twas but a scintillation from the fire of Love.

How shall I hope to make my meaning plain,
 Who sing thus faintly as the rushes moan?
 Ah me! the sweetest singer sings in vain,
 Unless the language of his song be known.
 The garden's beauty hath for ever flown,
 No perfumed odours float upon the air,
 But the sad nightingale who sits alone
 Upon the rose-tree, singeth still how fair
 The tender blossoms and the sweet young flow'rets were.

Nature's great secret let me now rehearse—
 Long have I pondered o'er the wondrous tale,
 How Love immortal fills the universe,
 Tarrying till mortals shall His presence hail;
 But man, alas! hath interposed a veil,
 And Love behind the lover's self doth hide,
 Shall Love's great kindness prove of none avail?
 When will ye cast the veil of sense aside,
 Content in finding Love to lose all else beside?

Love's radiance shineth round about our heads
 As sportive sunbeams on the waters play;
 Alas! we revel in the light He sheds
 Without reflecting back a single ray.
 The human soul, as reverend preachers say,
 Is as a mirror to reflect God's grace;
 Keep, then, its surface bright while yet ye may,
 For on a mirror with a dusty face
 The brightest object sheweth not the faintest trace.

MEDIÆVAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, | Alleluia. |
| 2. To the glory of their king
Shall the ransom'd people sing | Alleluia. |
| 3. And the Choirs that dwell on high,
Shall re-echo through the sky | Alleluia. |
| 4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home | Alleluia. |
| 5. The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join and say | Alleluia. |
| 6. Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your | Alleluia. |
| 7. Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing | Alleluia. |
| 8. First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great CREATOR's praise and say | Alleluia. |
| 9. Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again | Alleluia. |
| 10. Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
There, let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, | Alleluia. |
| 11. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry | Alleluia. |

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| Ve tracts of earth and continents, reply | Alleluia. |
| 12. To God; Who all Creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: | Alleluia. |
| 13. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD of all
things loves: | Alleluia. |
| This is the song, the heav'nly song, that CHRIST Him-
self approves: | Alleluia. |
| 14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
'And children's voices echo, answer making | Alleluia. |
| 15. Now from all men be outpour'd
Alleluia to the LORD;
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore. | Alleluia. |
| 16. Praise be done to the THREE in ONE.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! | |

II.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And solemn unction from above!

The sacred sevenfold grace is thine
Dread Finger of the hand divine!
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far back our enemy repel,
And let thy peace within us dwell,
So may we having Thee for guide
Turn from each hateful thing aside.

O may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And evermore to hold confess'd
Thyself of Each the Spirit blest,

To God the Father praise be paid,
Praise to the Son who from the dead
Arose, and perfect praise to thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

III.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

The world is very evil;
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the Just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more

The Kingdom to the FATHER
 Whose own it was before,—
 Then glory yet unheard of
 Shall shed abroad its ray,
 Resolving all enigmas,
 An endless Sabbath-day.
 Then, then from his oppressors
 The Hebrew shall go free,
 And celebrate in triumph
 The Year of Jubilee;
 And the sunlit land that recks not
 Of tempest or of fight,
 Shall fold within its bosom
 Each happy Israelite:
 The land of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as denizens,
 Who here as exiles mourn.
 *Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom free from bound,
 The Beatific Vision
 Shall glad the Saints around:
 The peace of all the faithful,
 The peace of all the blest,
 Inviolable, unvaried,
 Divinest, sweetest, best.
 Yes! peace, for war is needless, —
 And calm, for storm is past,
 And goal from finished labour,
 And anchorage at last.
 That peace—but who may claim it?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the thing they say:
 The peace that is for heaven,
 And shall be for the earth:
 The palace that re-echoes
 With festal song and mirth;
 The garden, breathing spices,
 / The paradise on high;
 Grace beautified to glory,
 Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know:
O happy, holy portion,
Reflection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
'Tis JESUS gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
In neither is there labour--
One love, one rest around,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A citizen art found:
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate;
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,

And now shall reap the harvest
 In blissfulness and mirth:
 The glorious holy people,
 Who evermore relied
 Upon their Chief and Father,
 The King, the Crucified:
 The sacred ransomed nation
 Now bright with endless sheen,
 Who made the Cross their watchword
 Of Jesus Nazarene:
 Who fed with heavenly nectar,
 Where soul-like odours play,
 Draw out the endless leisure
 Of that long vernal day:
 And through the sacred lilies,
 And flowers on every side,
 The happy dear-bought people
 Go wandering far and wide.
 Their breasts are filled with gladness,
 Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
 What time, now safe for ever,
 On former sins they gaze:
 The fouler was the error,
 The sadder was the fall,
 The ampler be the praises
 Of Him who pardons all.
 Their one and only anthem,
 The fulness of His love,
 Who gives, instead of torment,
 Eternal joys above:
 Instead of torment, glory;
 Instead of death, that life
 Wherewith your happy country,
 True Israelites! is rife.
 Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *there*.
 O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest!

That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one celestial place:
And martyrdom hath roses
On that celestial ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls are found:
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,

And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow :
 The light that hath no evening,
 The health that hath no sore,
 The life that hath no ending,
 But lasteth evermore.
 There JESUS shall embrace us,
 There JESUS be embraced,—
 That spirit's food and sunshine
 Whence earthly love is chas'd.
 Amidst the happy chorus.
 A place, however low,
 Shall shew Him us, and shewing,
 Shall satiate evermo'.
 By hope we struggle onward,
 While here we must be fed
 By milk as tender infants,
 But there by Living Bread.
 When the night was full of terror,
 But the morn is bright with gladness :
 When the Cross becomes our harbour,
 And we triumph after sadness :
 And JESUS to His true ones
 Brings trophies fair to see :
 And JESUS shall be loved, and
 Beheld in Galilee.
 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 And every ear shall hear it :
 Behold thy King at last,
 Behold thy God in beauty,
 The Law is gone and past !
 Yes ! God my King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face :
 Then 'Jacob into Israel,
 From earthlier self estranged,
 And Leah into Rachel
 For ever shall be changed :

Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And, in' the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O onely mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside the living waters,
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court;
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!

Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear 'fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower:
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
 Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
 O Bride that know'st no guile,
 The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile;
 Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl thine own;
 The LAMB is ever near thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone:
 The Crown is He to Guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.
 The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot:
 The only joy thou seekest,
 The life where Death is not;
 And all thine endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit, --
 The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the Golden,
 With milk and honey blest:
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare;
 They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an Angel,
 And all the martyr throng;
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene,

The pastures of the blessed
Arc decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And who beneath their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!
O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
The peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions,
For many a glorious name:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
Ther'st star than that is brighter,
And so it is on high. •
Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:

O none can tell thy capitals
 Of beautiful device:
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart:
 And none, O peace, O Syon,
 Can sing thee as thou art.
 New mansion of new people,
 Whom God's own love and light
 Promote, increase, make holy,
 Identify, unite.
 Thou City of the Angels!
 Thou City of the LORD!
 Whose everlasting music
 Is the glorious decachord!
 And there the band of Prophets,
 United praise ascribes,
 And there the twelffold chorus
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
 The lily-beds of virgins,
 The roses' purple glow,
 The cohort of the Fathers
 Who kept the faith below.
 And there the Sole-Begotten
 Is LORD in regal state;
 He, Judah's mystic Lion,
 He, Lamb Immaculate.
 O fields that know no sorrow!
 O state that fears no strife!
 O princely bow'rs! O land of flowers!
 O realm and home of life!
 Jerusalem, exulting
 On that securest shore,
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
 And love thee evermore!
 I ask not for my merit:
 I seek not to deny
 That my merit is destruction,
 And a child of wrath am I:
 But yet with Faith I venture
 And Hope upon my way;
 For those perennial guerdons
 I labour night and day.

The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who created and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
For every joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold!
With the laurel-girt battalions,
And the victorious fold!
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The LORD shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

I V.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of his own nation,
Saw him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! Fount of Love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord;
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my LORD,

HOLY Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me.
All the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins best!
 Listen to my fond request:
 Let me share thy grief divine
 Let me, to my latest breath,
 In my body bear the death
 Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with his every wound,
 Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd.
 In His very blood away;
 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
 Lest in flames I burn and die,
 In His awful Judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
 Be Thy Mother my defence
 Be Thy Cross my victory;
 While my body here decays,
 May my soul Thy goodness praise,
 Safe in Paradise with Thee.

V.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

O HOLY GHOST! Thou fire divine!
 From highest heaven on us down shine;
 Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
 Come with Thy gifts of precious worth;
 Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
 The heart where Thou art constant guest,
 Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
 Our shadow in the noon-day heat,
 Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parchéd souls Thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;
O melt the frozen with Thy rays;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, LORD, who cry to Thee,
And hold the Faith in unity!
Thy precious gifts of charity.

That we may live in holiness;
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

VI.

DIES IRÆ.

Day of vengeance! day of sorrow!
Fiery morn that knows no morrow
Seer and Sybil's word to borrow.

Lo! the Judge His court assembling,
Thousands at the Judgment trembling,
Judge with Whom is no dissembling.

Hear the unearthly clarion knelling
Through dim vault and charnel-dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling.

Death aghast, and nature dying
Start and swoon, while all things lying
Rise, unto the Judge replying.

Forth they bring the Book—whose writing,
By its terrible inditing,
All the world with dread is smiting,

When the Judge His seat ascendeth,
Open lies whate'er offendeth,
Doomed to wrath that never endeth.

Sinner—in that hour appalling—
Whom, on whom shall I be calling—
When the Just scarce 'scape from falling'?

King of Awe, all power possessing,
Saving those at heaven's gate pressing,
Save, O save me, Fount of Blessing!

Day of dread in wrath awaking,
When the dead from prison breaking,
To the throne, their path are taking.

In Thine heart, kind Jesu, bearing
Me, the cause of Thine hard-faring,
Leave me not, that day, despairing.

Wearily for me Thou wendedst,
Mournfully the Cross ascendedst;
Lost be not the life Thou spendest.

Judge, from Whom is no appealing,
Give the gift my pardon sealing,
Ere the day all doom revealing.

Shame and sorrow mantle o'er me.
For my sins are all before me;
To Thy love, O LORD, restore me.

Thou the Magdalen hast shriven,
Thou the robber's chain hast riven;
Thou sweet hope to me hast given.

Though my prayers can nothing earn me,
Wilt Thou from Thy foot-stool spurn me?
Wilt Thou leave the fire to burn me?

Set me with Thy sheep for ever
From the goats me save and sever,
From Thy right hand parted never.

When the accurst are speechless stricken,
While the red fires round them thicken,
Call me with Thy saints and quicken.

Low in dust and ashes bending,
Hear me, grief my heart's core rending,
And have mercy on mine ending.

O! that day of tears and sorrow,
Fiery day without a morrow;
When for Judgment man shall waken,
Jesu! leave him not forsaken:

Leave not sinners, but to them
Grant a gracious requiem.

VII.

THE VISION OF THE INEFFABLE GLORY.

"Thou, Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace,
After such wise this flower has germinated.
Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain-head of hope.
Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.
Not only thy benignity gives succour
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,

In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature,
Now doth this man, who from the lowest depth
Of the universe as far as here has seen
One after one the spiritual lives,
Supplicate thee through grace for so much power,
That with his eyes he may uplift himself
Higher towards the uttermost salvation.
And I, who never burned for my own seeing
More than I do for his, all of my prayers
Proffer to thee, and pray they come not short,
That thou wouldst scatter from him every cloud
Of his mortality so with thy prayers,
That the chief pleasure be to him displayed.
Still further do I pray thee, Queen, who canst
Whate'er thou wilt, that sound thou mayst preserve
After so great a vision his affections.
Let thy protection conquer human movements;
See Beatrice and all the blessed ones
My prayers to second clasp their hands to thee."
The eyes beloved and revered of God,
Fastened upon the speaker, showed to us
How grateful unto her are prayers devout;
Then unto the eternal Light they turned,
On which it is not credible could be
By any creature bent an eye so clear.
And I, who to the end of all desires
Was now approaching, even as I ought
The ardour of desire within me ended.
Bernard was beckoning unto me, and smiling,
That I should upward look; but I already
Was of my own accord such as he wished;
Because my sight becoming purified,
Was entering more and more into the ray
Of the High Light which of itself is true.
From that time forward what I saw was greater
Than our discourse, that to such vision yields,
And yields the memory unto such excess.
Even as he is who seeth in a dream,
And after dreaming, the imprinted passion
Remains, and to his mind the rest returns not.
Even such am I, for almost utterly

Ceases my vision, and distilleth yet
 Within my heart the sweetness born of it;
 Even thus the snow is in the sun unsealed,
 Even thus upon the mind in the light leaves
 Were the soothsayings of the Sibyl lost.
 O Light Supreme, that dost so far uplift thee
 From the conceits of mortals, to my mind
 . Of what thou didst appear relend a little,
 And make my tongue of so great puissance,
 That but a single sparkle of thy glory
 It may bequeath unto the future people;
 For by returning to my memory somewhat,
 And by a little sounding in these verses,
 More of thy victory shall be conceived!
 I think the keenness of the living ray
 Which I endured would have bewildered me,
 If but mine eyes had been averted from it;
 And I remember that I was more bold
 On this account to bear, so that I joined
 My aspect with the Glory Infinite.
 O grace abundant, by which I presumed
 To fix my sight upon the Light Eternal,
 So that the seeing I consumed therein!
 I saw that in its depth far down is lying
 Bound up with love together in one volume,
 What through the universe in leaves is scattered:
 Substance, and accident, and their operations,
 All interfused together in such wise
 That what I speak of is one simple light.
 The universal fashion of this knot
 Methinks I saw, since more abundantly
 In saying this I feel that I rejoice.
 One moment is more lethargy to me,
 Than five and twenty centuries to the emprise
 That startled Neptune with the shade of Argo!
 My mind in this wise wholly in suspense,
 Steadfast, immovable, attentive gazed,
 And evermore with gazing grew enkindled.
 In presence of that light one such becomes,
 That to withdraw therefrom for other prospect
 It is impossible he e'er consent;
 Because the good, which object is of will,

Is gathered all in this, and out of it
That is defective which is perfect there.
Shorter henceforward will my language fall
Of what I yet remember, than an infant's
Who still his tongue doth moisten at the breast.
Not because more than one unmingled semblance
Was in the living light on which I looked,
For it is always what it was before;
But through the sight, that fortified itself
In me by looking, one appearance only
To me was ever changing as I changed.
Within the deep and luminous subsistence
Of the High Light appeared to me three circles,
Of threefold colour and of one dimension,
And by the second seemed the first reflected
As Iris is by Iris, and the third
Seemed fire that equally from both is breathed.
O how all speech is feeble and falls short
Of my conceit, and this to what I saw
Is such, 'tis not enough to call it little!
O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and known unto thyself,
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!
That circulation, which, being thus conceived,
Appeared in thee as a reflected light,
When somewhat contemplated by mine eyes,
Within itself, of its own very colour
Seemed to me painted with our effigy,
Wherefore my sight was all absorbed therein.
As the geometrician, who endeavours
To square the circle, and discovers not,
By taking thought, the principle he wants,
Even such was I at that new apparition;
I wished to see how the image to the circle
Conformed itself, and how it there finds place;
But my own wings were not enough for this,
Had it not been that then my mind there smote
A flash of lightning, wherein came its wish.
Here vigour failed the lofty fantasy:
But now was turning my desire and will,
Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
The love which moves the sun and the other stars.

VIII.

HE WHO IS OF GOD HEARETH THE WORDS OF GOD.

Dear children, ye ought not to cease from hearing or declaring the word of God because you do not always live according to it, nor keep it in mind. For inasmuch as you love it and crave after it, it will assuredly be given unto you; and you shall enjoy it for ever with God, according to the measure of your desire after it. There are some people who, when they speak of high things which they do not understand, and moreover see that they have no share in them, turn away from these things with such aversion, that they do not even like to hear them treated of, or that others should think about them and seek after them. Yea, they hear of high things, and say: "That is not my way of thinking; I had better not try to put it into practice, for I should not keep it, and then I should be just where I was before." And thus they turn away themselves and others from the truth, just as if it in no wise concerned them, and sit down quite contented with their own ways, while yet they know in the bottom of their hearts that their ways are not the best that might be. This is an infallible token that these persons will never reach the highest point of which they are capable; nor will they become partakers of the highest, pure absolute goodness, unless indeed they come to go through a painful and agonizing struggle after it.

St. Bernard has said: "Man, if thou desirest a noble and holy life, and unceasingly prayest to God for it, if thou continue constant in this thy desire, it will be granted unto thee without fail, even if only in the day or hour of thy death; and if God should not give it thee then, thou shalt find it in Him in eternity: of this be assured." Therefore do not relinquish your desire, though it be not fulfilled immediately, or though ye may swerve from your aspirations, or even forget them for a time. It were a hard case if this were to cut you off for ever from the end of your being. But when ye hear the word of God, surrender yourselves wholly to it, as if for eternity, with a full purpose of will to retain it in your mind and to order your life according to it; and let it sink down right deep into your heart as into an eternity. If afterwards it should come to pass that you let it slip, and never think of it again, yet the love and aspiration which once really existed live for ever before God, and in Him ye shall find the fruit thereof; that is, to all eternity it shall be better for you than if you had never felt them.

What we can *do* is a small thing; but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can yet be good in will; and what he, with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring to pass; but our will and desire may be large. Nay, they may grow till they lose themselves in the infinite abyss of God. Not that we ought to think within ourselves that we wish to be this or that, like such a saint or angel, for we ought to be much more than we can conceive or fathom: wherefore our part is to give ourselves over to God and leave ourselves utterly in His hands, being wholly His. And if ye cannot be as entirely His as ye fain would be, be His as much as ye may attain unto; but whatever ye are, be that truly and entirely; and what ye cannot be, that be contented not to be, in a sincere spirit of resignation, for God's sake and in Him. So shall you peradventure possess more of God in lacking than in having. Therefore be God's; yield to His hand, suffer Him to do in thee, and to thee, and with thee, what He will; and then nothing here or hereafter shall be able to confound you.

Think not that God will be always caressing His children, or shine upon their heads, or kindle their hearts, as He does at the first. He does so only to lure us to Himself, as the falconer lures the falcon with its gay hood. Our LORD works with His children so as to teach them afterwards to work themselves; as He bade Moses to make the tables of stone after the pattern of the first which He had made Himself. Thus, after a time, God allows a man to depend upon himself, and no longer enlightens, and stimulates, and rouses him. We must stir up and rouse ourselves, and be content to leave off learning, and no more enjoy feeling and fire, and must now serve the LORD with strenuous industry and at our own cost. Our LORD acts like a prudent father, who, while his children are young, lets them live at His cost, and manages everything for them. What is needful for them, he provides, and lets them go and play; and so long as this lasts they are at leisure, free from care, happy, and generous at their father's expense. Afterwards he gives a portion of his estate into their own hands, because he will have them to take care of themselves, and earn their own living, to leave off childish play, and thus learn how to grow rich. So it is with us. In the beginning of a holy life, there is nothing but brightness, enjoyment, and feeling, and God draws us after Him with His gifts, that we may praise Him in the influencing of our wills, and we do all with a good will, and we know and recognise therein God's will. But now it is very different; now God will have us to give up

ourselves and our own will, and to accept Him with readiness in His acts of severity, and in all kinds of suffering, and in darkness of mind, whatever He may do, and however contrary it may be to all our natural wishes. As the LORD said to Peter: "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hand, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." Thus did the LORD in our early days go beside us, drawing us onwards by His benefits; then we went whither we would, for our will was sweetly girded with the pleasantness of divine things. But now it must be otherwise: another shall gird us, and lead us whither we would not.

The LORD will draw us and securely lead us to Himself, in a way contrary to all our natural will, until He have divested us thereof, and consumed it and made it thoroughly subject unto the Divine will. For this is His will: that we should cease to regard our own wishes or dislikes; that it should become a light matter to us whether He give or take away, whether we have abundance or suffer want, and let all things go, if only we may receive and apprehend God Himself: that whether things please or displease us, we may leave all things to take their course and cleave to Him alone. Then first do we attain to the fulness of God's love as His children, when it is no longer happiness or misery, prosperity or adversity, that draws us to Him, or keeps us back from Him. What we should then experience none can utter; but we would be something far better than when we were burning with the first flame of love, and had great emotion, but less true submission: for here, though there may be less show of zeal, and less vehemence of feeling, there is more true faithfulness to God. That we may attain thereunto, may God help us with His grace. Amen!

IX.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. (Pre-Reformation Preaching).

How a righteous Man in this present Time is brought into Hell, and there cannot be comforted; and how he is taken out of Hell and carried into Heaven, and there cannot be troubled.

Christ's soul must needs descend into hell, before it ascended into heaven. So must the soul of man. But mark ye in what manner this cometh to pass. When a man truly perceiveth and considereth himself, who and what he is, and findeth himself utterly

vile and wicked, and unworthy of all the comfort and kindness that he has ever received from God, or from the creatures, he falleth into such a deep abasement and despising of himself, that he thinketh himself unworthy that the earth should bear him, and it seemeth to him reasonable that all creatures in heaven and earth should rise up against him and avenge their Creator on him, and should punish and torment him; and that he were unworthy even of that. And it seemeth to him that he shall be eternally lost and damned, and a foot-stool to all the devils in hell, and that this is right and just, (and all too little, compared to his sins which he so often and in so many ways hath committed against God his Creator). And therefore also he will not and dare not desire any consolation or release, either from God or from any creature that is in heaven or on earth; but he is willing to be unconsolated and unreleased, and he doth not grieve over his condemnation and sufferings; for they are right and just, and not contrary to God, but according to the will of God. Therefore they are right in his eyes, and he hath nothing to say against them. Nothing grieveth him but his own guilt and wickedness; for that is not right and is contrary to God, and for that cause he is grieved and troubled in spirit.

This is what is meant by true repentance for sin. And he who in this present time entereth into this hell, entereth afterwards into the Kingdom of Heaven, and obtaineth a foretaste thereof which excelleth all the delight and joy which he ever hath had, or could have, in this present time from temporal things. But whilst a man is thus in hell, none may console him, neither God nor the creature, as it is written: "In hell there is no redemption." Of this state hath one said, "Let me perish, let me die! I live without hope; from within and from without I am condemned, let no one pray that I may be released."

Now God hath not forsaken a man in this hell, but He is laying His hand upon him, that the man may not desire nor regard anything but the Eternal Good only, and may come to know that that is so noble and passing good, that none can search out or express its bliss, consolation and joy, peace, rest and satisfaction. And then, when the man neither careth for, nor seeketh, nor desireth, anything but the Eternal Good alone, and seeketh not himself, nor his own things, but the honour of God only, he is made a partaker of all manner of joy, bliss, peace, rest and consolation, and so the man is henceforth in the Kingdom of Heaven.

This hell and this heaven are two good, safe ways for a man in

this present time, and happy is he who truly findeth them. For this hell passeth away, and the Kingdom of Heaven endureth.

Also let a man mark, when he is in this hell, nothing may console him; and he cannot believe that he shall ever be released or comforted. But when he is in heaven, nothing can trouble him; he believeth also that none will ever be able to offend or trouble him, albeit it is indeed true, that after this hell he may be comforted and released, and after this heaven he may be troubled and left without consolation.

Again: this hell and this heaven come about a man in such sort, that he knoweth not whence they come; and whether they come to him, or depart from him, he can of himself do nothing towards it. Of these things he can neither give nor take away from himself, bring them nor banish them, but as it is written, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof," that is to say, at this time present, "but thou knowest not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." And when a man is in one of these two states, all is right with him, and he is as safe in hell as in heaven, and so long as a man is on earth, it is possible for him to pass oftentimes from the one into the other; nay, even within the space of a day and night, and all without his own doing. But when the man is in neither of these two states he holdeth converse with the creature, and wavereth hither and thither, and knoweth not what manner of man he is. Therefore he shall never forget either of them, but lay up the remembrance of them in his heart.

How we are to put on the Life of Christ from Love, and not for the sake of Reward; and how we must never grow careless concerning it, or cast it off.

Now, whenever a man hath been made a partaker of the divine nature, in him is fulfilled the best and noblest life, and the worthiest in God's eyes, that hath been or can be. And of that eternal love which loveth Goodness as Goodness and for the sake of Goodness, a true, noble, Christ-like life is so greatly beloved, that it will never be forsaken or cast off. Where a man hath tasted this life, it is impossible for him ever to part with it, were he to live until the Judgment Day. And though he must die a thousand deaths, and though all the sufferings that ever befell all creatures could be heaped upon him, he would rather undergo them all, than fall away from this excellent life; and if he could exchange it for an angel's life, he would not.

This is our answer to the question, "If a man by putting on

Christ's life, can get nothing more than he hath already, and serve no end, what good will it do him?" This life is not chosen in order to serve any end, or to get anything by it, but for love of its nobleness, and because God loveth and esteemeth it so greatly. And whoever saith that he hath had enough of it, and may now lay it aside, hath never tasted nor known it; for he who hath truly felt or tasted it, can never give it up again. And he who hath put on the life of Christ with the intent to win or deserve ought thereby, hath taken it up as an hireling and not for love, and is altogether without it. For he who doth not take it up for love, hath none of it at all; he may dream indeed that he hath put it on, but he is deceived. Christ did not lead such a life as his for the sake of reward, but out of love; and love maketh such a life light, and taketh away all its hardships, so that it becometh sweet and is gladly endured. But to him who hath not put it on from love, but hath done so, as he dreameth, for the sake of reward, it is utterly bitter and a weariness, and he would fain be quit of it. And it is a sure token of an hireling that he wisheth his work were at an end. But he who truly loveth it, is not offended at its toil nor suffering, nor the length of time it lasteth. Therefore it is written, "To serve God and live to Him, is easy to him who doeth it." Truly it is so to him who doeth it for love, but it is hard and wearisome to him who doeth it for hire. It is the same with all virtue and good works, and likewise with order, laws, obedience to precepts, and the like. But God rejoiceth more over one man who truly loveth, than over a thousand hirelings.

How this present Time is a Paradise and outer Court of Heaven; and how therein there is only one Tree forbidden, that is, Self-will.

What is Paradise? All things that are; for all are goodly and pleasant, and therefore may fitly be called a Paradise. It is said also, that Paradise is an outer Court of Heaven. Even so this world is verily an outer court of the Eternal, or of Eternity, and specially whatever in Time, or any temporal things or creatures, manifesteth or remindeth us of God or Eternity; for the creatures are a guide and a path unto God and Eternity. Thus this world is an outer court of Eternity, and therefore it may well be called a Paradise, for it is such in truth. And in this Paradise, all things are lawful, save one tree and the fruits thereof. That is to say: of all things that are, nothing is forbidden and nothing is contrary to God but one thing only: that is, Self-will, or to will otherwise than as the Eternal Will would have it. Remember this. For God

saith to Adam, that is, to every man, "Whatever thou art, or doest, or leavest undone, or whatever cometh to pass, is all lawful and not forbidden if it be not done from or according to thy will, but for the sake of and according to My will. But all that is done from thine own will is contrary to the Eternal Will.

It is not that every work which is thus wrought is in itself contrary to the Eternal Will, but in so far as it is wrought from a different will, or otherwise than from the Eternal and Divine Will.

X.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

My son, heed carefully the ways of man's life, and of life when touched by God;

They are quite contrary; they move so stealthily,
Their working scarce perceived,
Save by a spiritual man whose lantern shines within.
All seek the good:

In all they say, in all they do, men aim at something good;
And by what seems the good many are cheated.

The life of man is cunning: it lures, it snares, it cheats;
Itself is its own end.

Life touched by God walks always on the simple path,
Turns from things that wear an evil face,
Makes for no false mark,
Does all for God in purity,
In whom, as in an end, it rests.

The life of man shuns death, shuns pressure, shuns defeat,
Would not be second,
Would not pass beneath a yoke.

Life touched by God aims at the humbling of self even to death,
Fights with self-indulgence,
Asks for subjection,
Wishes for defeat,
Cares not for its own liberty,
Loves to be bound by rule,
Likes not to domineer,
But ever under God
To live, to stand, to be;
And for His sake is ready humbly to bow down

To any human creature.

The life of man works for its own end,

And thinks, "What can I gain from some one else?"

Life touched by God gives honestly to Him all glory and all honour.

The life of man fears scorn and dreads a blush;

Life touched by God smiles at an insult for the name of Jesus.

The life of man loves rest and quiet for the body;

Life touched by God cannot be wasting time,

But hugs toil joyfully.

The life of man runs after fair and curious things,

Shudders at the sordid and the gross;

Life touched by God is pleased with what is plain and simple,

Looks not roughly on the rough,

And does not mind wearing old rags.

The life of man is always looking on the things of time,

Pleased with the pelf of earth,

Gloomy at loss,

Pricked by the least injurious word;

Life touched by God looks on the eternal,--

With it no cleaving unto time,

No frown when property is lost,

No sneer when words are harsh,

Because it puts its treasure and its joy in heaven,

Where nothing fades.

The life of man is covetous, and gladly gets more than it gives,

Loving its own, its private store;

Life touched by God is good, ready to share,

Shuns "property," and is content with little,

Thinking it more blessed to give than to receive.

The life of man turns to creation and to the flesh it loves,

To empty vanity and runnings here and there;

Life touched by God leads man to Him and to the virtues,

Gives up creation, shuns the world,

Hates the body's lusts,

Puts a bit on wandering fancies,

Blushes to appear abroad.

The life of man is glad to get at comfort from without, to get a pleasure it can *feel*.

Life touched by God looks only unto Him for consolation,

For pleasure in the highest good, far above all that it can see.

The life of man does all for gain, for its own good,

Never does anything for nothing,

But longs to get an equal boon, perhaps a greater one,
Or praise and kindness for the good it does,
It wants its own deeds, gifts, and words to be thought much of in
the scale.

Life touched by God seeks nothing temporal,
And asks, for pay, no other boon save God alone,
And wants no more of what is needful on the earth
Save just as much as leads the soul to follow the eternal aim.

The life of man is glad of friends and kinsfolk,
Boasts of long ancestry and noble standing,
Smiles on the proud,
Fawns on the rich,
Claps those that do as it does.

Life touched by God loves—yes—its enemies;
No crowd of friends raises its pride;
Pride of place and birth are naught with it, save when greater
worth goes with them.

It looks with kindlier eye upon the poor than on the rich;
Shows sympathy, not with the powerful, but with the harmless;
Smiles with the truth-lover, not with the liar;
Ever cheers on the good to try to get the better gifts,
And by their virtues to be like the Son of God.

The life of man soon grumbles over trouble and defeat;
Life touched by God bears want with constancy.

The life of man turns all things back to self,
And for itself it strives and quarrels;

Life touched by God brings all things back to Him from whom at
first they flow.

Giving no good unto itself, nor arrogantly presuming,
It quarrels not, and does not put its own opinions first,
But in all that has to do with sense and understanding
Bows to the eternal wisdom of the test of God.

The life of man would know all secrets and would hear all news,
Likes to be seen abroad and try what many things are like,
Longs for recognition and to do what brings it praise and admir-
ation;

Life touched by God cares not to look on what is new and strange.
All that is new has sprung from old decay;
Nothing is new upon the earth; nothing can last.
Therefore it teaches man to rein the senses in,
To shun complacency and show,
To hide in humbleness what should be praised and wondered at,

In everything, in every branch of knowledge, to look for useful fruit,
 And what brings praise and honour unto God;
 Wishes no trumpeting of self or its own deeds;
 God must be blessed in all His gifts, it says,
 Who gives us all out of pure charity.

This life is as a lamp passing the light of earth, a special gift of God,
 And really a small sign to His elect, a pledge of their eternal safety.
 It lifts man up from things of earth
 To love the things of heaven,
 Takes him from flesh and leads him to the soul.
 The more, then, that the life of man is crushed and conquered,
 The more the touch of God comes down on us;
 And daily, as God's visits come, the inner man grows in his beauty
 once again like to the image of God.

XI.

THE INTERIOR CASTLE.

The Saint speaks of the beauty and dignity of our souls, and mentions that the gate of this castle is prayer.

When I was once requesting our LORD to speak for me, because I knew not what to say, nor how to commence obeying [my Superior], what I shall now relate occurred to me. But in order that I may begin on some foundation, let us consider our soul as a castle composed entirely of diamonds, or very clear crystal, in which there are many rooms, just as in Heaven there are many mansions.

If we consider the subject properly, sisters, we shall see that the soul of a just man is nothing else but a Paradise, wherein the LORD thereof takes His recreation, what a [beautiful] room then ought *that* to be, think you, in which a King so powerful, so wise, so pure, so full of every perfection, delights Himself? I know of nothing to which I can compare the great beauty of a soul, and its wonderful capacity. Truly, however enlarged our understanding may be, it is unable to comprehend the beauty of a soul, just as it cannot comprehend who God is; for He saith Himself, that He created us to His own image and likeness.

If this, then, be the truth, as it certainly is, we need not weary ourselves in endeavouring to understand the beauty of this castle; for though between it and God there is the same difference that exists between the Creator and the creature, yet in order to under-

stand the great dignity and beauty of the soul, it is sufficient that His Majesty has said, He made it after His own image. It is a great source of misery and confusion to us that we do not know ourselves. Would it not be gross ignorance, my daughters, for some one, on being asked who he was, not to know who was his father or mother, or what country he was born in? If this, then, would be great stupidity, how much greater without comparison is *that* which is found in us, when we do not strive to know what we are, but fix all our thoughts on these bodies of ours! and thus only generally and superficially do we know that we have souls, because we have heard so, and because our faith tells us; but seldom do we consider what great things are contained in this soul, or who lives within it, or how immense is its value: hence it is that we take such little care to preserve its beauty; all our attention is fixed on the roughness of the case, or the walls of this castle, which are our bodies.

Let us imagine, that this castle (as I have said) has several mansions, or rooms; some above, some below, and others on the sides, and that in the centre of all these is the *principal* room, in which subjects of the greatest secrecy are discussed between God and the soul.

XII.

LOVE OF NEIGHBOUR EVIDENCE OF LOVE OF GOD.

What do you think, daughters, is His will? That we endeavour to be entirely perfect, so as to become one with Him and the Father, as His Majesty prayed. Observe what is wanting to us, in order to arrive at perfection. I tell you I am now writing with great grief, because I see I am so much behind, and all through my own fault; for this object it is not necessary our LORD should caress us with new consolations, because it is sufficient that He has given us His Son to teach us the way. Think not, that if my father or brother should die, the matter consists in conforming myself to God's, in such a way as *not* to feel their death; or if sickness and troubles come, that I must bear them cheerfully. This disposition is good, and sometimes it arises from a certain discretion, because as we cannot remedy the matter we make a virtue of necessity. How many such like things, did the philosophers (of old), by means of their great wisdom. Here there are only two duties which our LORD requires of us, viz., the love of God, and the love of our neighbour; these are the objects we must labour for; by observing

these laws perfectly, we do His will, and consequently we shall be united with Him. But, as I have said, how far are we from observing these two duties as we ought to do to so great a God! May His Majesty grant us grace, in order that we may deserve to arrive at this state; and this is in our power if we wish.

In my opinion, the *surest* sign for discovering whether we observe these two duties, is the love of our neighbour; since we cannot know whether we love God, though we may have strong proof of it; but they can be more easily discovered respecting the love of our neighbour. And be assured, that the further you advance in that love, the more will you advance in the love of God likewise; for the affection which His Majesty has for us is so great, that as a return for the love we show our neighbour, He will make that love go on *increasing* which we have for Himself; of this I have no doubt.

XIII.

THE HEROIC ENTHUSIAST.

The mind, then, which aspires high, leaves, for the first thing, caring about the crowd, considering that the divine light despises striving and is only to be found where there is intelligence, and yet not every intelligence, but that which is amongst the few, the chief, the first among the first, the principal one.

How do you mean that the mind aspires high? For example, by looking at the stars? At the empyreal heaven above the ether?

Certainly not! but by plunging into the depths of the mind, for which there is no great need to open the eyes to the sky, to raise the hands, to direct the steps to the temple, nor sing to the ears of statues in order to be better heard; but to come into the inner self believing that God is near, present and within, more fully than man himself, being soul of souls, life of lives, essence of essences: for that which you see above or below, or round about, or however you please to say it, of the stars, are bodies, are created things, similar to this globe on which we are, and in which the divinity is neither more nor less than he is in this globe of ours or in ourselves. This is how, then, one must begin to withdraw oneself from the multitude into oneself. One ought to arrive at such a point to despise and not to over-estimate every labour, so that, the more the desires and the vices contend with each other inwardly, and the vicious enemies dispute outwardly, so much the more should

one breathe and rise, and with spirit, if possible, surmount this steep hill. Here there is no need for other arms and shield than the majesty of an unconquered soul and a tolerant spirit, which maintains the quality and meaning of that life which proceeds from science and is regulated by the art of considering attentively things low and high, divine and human, in the which consists the highest good; and in reference to this, a moral philosopher wrote to Lucillus that one must not linger between Scylla and Charybdis, penetrate the wilds of Candavia and the Apennines, or lose oneself in the sandy plains, because the road is as sure and as blythe as Nature herself could make it. "It is not," says he, "gold and silver that makes one like God, because these are not treasure to Him; nor vestments, for God is naked; nor ostentation and fame, for He shows Himself to few, and perhaps not one knows Him, and certainly many, and more than many, have a bad opinion of Him. Not all the various conditions of things of which we desire to have copies, make one rich, but the contempt for those things."

Well. But tell me in what manner will this fellow tranquillize the senses, assuage the woes of the spirit, compensate the heart and give it just debts to the mind, so that with this aspiration of his he come not to say: "Nitimur incassum"?

He will be present in the body in such wise that the best part of himself will be absent from it, and will join himself by an indissoluble sacrament to divine things, in such a way that he will not feel either love or hatred of things mortal. Considering himself as master, and that he ought not to be servant and slave to his body, which he would regard only as the prison which holds his liberty in confinement, the glue which smears his wings, chains which bind fast his hands, stocks which fix his feet, veil which hides his view. Let him not be servant, captive, ensnared, chained, idle, stolid and blind, for the body which he himself abandons cannot tyrannize over him, so that thus, the spirit in a certain degree comes before him as the corporeal world, and matter is subject to the divinity and to nature. Thus will he become strong against fortune, magnanimous towards injuries, intrepid towards poverty, disease and persecution.

Well is the heroic enthusiast instructed!

GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.

I.

PLEA FOR CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

I cry aloud on behalf of liberty and conscience, and I proclaim with confidence that no kind of law can with any justice be imposed on Christians, whether by men or by angels, except so far as they themselves will; for we are free from all. If such laws are imposed on us, we ought so to endure them as still to preserve the consciousness of our liberty. We ought to know and steadfastly protest that a wrong is being done to that liberty, though we may bear and even glory in that wrong; taking care neither to justify the tyrant nor to murmur against the tyranny. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" (1 Peter III. 13).

All things work together for good to the elect of God. Since, however, there are but few who understand the glory of baptism and the happiness of Christian liberty, or who can understand them for the tyranny of the Pope—I for my part will set free my own mind and deliver my conscience, by declaring aloud to the Pope and to all papists, that unless they shall throw aside all their laws and traditions, and restore liberty to the churches of Christ, and cause that liberty to be taught, they are guilty of the death of all the souls which are perishing in this wretched bondage, and that the papacy is in truth nothing else than the Kingdom of Babylon and of very Antichrist. For who is the man of sin and the son of perdition, but he who by his teaching and his ordinances increases the sin and the perdition of souls in the Church; while he yet sits in the Church as if he were God? All these conditions have now for many ages been fulfilled by the papal tyranny. It has extinguished faith, darkened the sacraments, crushed the Gospel; while it has enjoined and multiplied without end its own laws, which are not only wicked and sacrilegious, but also most unlearned and barbarous.

II.

GENUINE RELICS.

The theologian of the Cross—he, that is, who speaks of a crucified and hidden God—teaches that punishments, crosses, and death are the most precious of all treasures, and the most sacred of all relics, which the LORD Himself of this theology consecrated and blessed, not only by the touch of His most holy flesh, but also by the embrace of His supremely holy and divine will, and left them here to be truly kissed, sought, and embraced. Happy, indeed, and blessed is he whom God may deem worthy to have bestowed on him these treasures of the relics of Christ—or, rather, who understands that they are bestowed on him. For to whom are they not offered? As St. James says, “My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;” for it is not for every one to have the grace and glory to accept these treasures, but only for the most elect of the sons of God.

Many make pilgrimages to Rome and other holy places, to see the coat of Christ, the bones of the martyrs, the homes and the footsteps of the saints. I do not condemn them. But I grieve that we should be so ignorant of the true relics—namely, the passions and crosses which have sanctified the bones and relics of the martyrs, and have made them worthy of such veneration. Not only do we fail to accept them when offered to us at home, but we repulse them with all our might, and chase them away from place to place; whereas we ought to demand of God, with the utmost thirst, and with perennial tears, that He would give us such precious relics of Christ, the most sacred of all, as being the gift of the elect sons of God. So sacred are these relics, so precious are such treasures, that whereas others can be preserved in earth, or when most honoured, in gold, silver, jewels, silk, these can only be preserved in heavenly, living, reasonable, immortal, pure, holy receptacles, that is, in the hearts of the faithful, inestimably more precious than all the gold and jewels in the world.

III.

LUTHER'S PSALM.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of Craft and Power
He weareth in this hour,
On Earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The LORD Zebaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth.

IV.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Dear Christian people, all rejoice,
 Each soul with joy upspringing;
 Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
 With love and gladness singing.
 Give thanks to God, our LORD above,
 Thanks for His miracle of love!
 Dearly He hath redeemed us!

The devil's captive, bound I lay.
 Lay in death's chains forlorn;
 My sins distress'd me night and day,
 The sin within me born:
 I could not do the thing I would,
 In all my life was nothing good,
 •Sin had possessed me wholly.

My good works could no comfort shed,
 Worthless must they be rated;
 My freewill to all good was dead,
 And God's just judgments hated.
 Me of all hope my sins bereft;
 Nothing but death to me was left,
 And death was hell's dark portal.

Then God saw, with deep pity moved,
 My grief that knew no measure;
 Pitying He saw, and freely loved,—
 To save me was His pleasure.
 The Father's heart to me was stirr'd,
 He saved me with no sovereign word,—
 His very best it cost Him.

He spoke to His beloved Son,
 With infinite compassion:
 "Go hence, my heart's most precious crown,
 Be to the lost salvation.
 Death, his relentless tyrant, slay,
 And bear him from his sins away
 With Thee to live for ever!"

Willing the Son took that behest :
Born of a maiden mother,
To His own earth He came a guest,
And made Himself my brother.
All secretly He went His way,
Veiled in my mortal flesh He lay,
And thus the Foe He vanquish'd.

He said to me, "Cling close to Me,
Thy sorrows now are ending ;
Freely I give Myself for thee,
Thy life with Mine defending.
For I am thine and thou art Mine,
And where I am, there thou shalt shine ;
The Foe shall never reach us.

"True, he will shed my heart's life-blood,
And torture me to death ;
All this I suffer for thy good,
This hold with firmest faith.
Death dieth through My life divine,
I, sinless, bear those sins of thine
And so shalt thou be rescued.

"I rise again to heaven from hence
High to My Father soaring,
Thy Master there to be, and thence
My spirit on thee pouring ;
In every grief to comfort thee,
And teach thee more and more of Me,
Into all truth still guiding.

"What I have done and taught on earth,
Do thou, and teach, none dreading ;
That so God's Kingdom may go forth,
And His high praise be spreading ;
And guard thee from the words of men,
Lest the great joy be lost again :
This my last charge I leave thee."

V.

THE FINAL JOY.

Awake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing;
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessed one,
God's own Beloved Son,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

VI.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

How lovely shines the Morning Star!
The nations see and hail afar
The light in Judah shining.
Thou David's Son of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom and my King of Grace,
For Thee my heart is pining!
Lowly, holy,
Great and glorious, Thou victorious
Prince of graces,
Filling all the heavenly places!

O highest joy by mortals won!
Of Mary and of God, the Son!
Thou high-born King of ages,
Thou art my heart's best, sweetest flower,
And Thy blest gospel's saving power,
My raptured soul engages.
Thou mine, I Thine
Sing Hosanna! Heavenly manna
Tasting, eating
Whilst Thy love in songs repeating.

Now richly to my waiting heart,
O Thou, my God, deign to impart
The grace of love undying.
In Thy blest Body let me be,
E'en as the branch is in the tree;
Thy life my life supplying,
Sighing, crying
For the savour of Thy favour;
Resting never,
Till I rest in Thee for ever.

Token of peace from God I see,
When Thy pure eyes are turned to me
With heavenly enlivening;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy word,
Thy body and Thy blood afford

My soul the best reviving,
 Take me kindly,
 To Thy favour, O my Saviour!
 Thou wilt cheer me,
 Since Thy word invites me near Thee.

My Father God, in mercy's plan,
 Before creation's work began,
 Thy love in Christ foresaw me
 Thy Son has called me to His side;
 He is my Friend, I am His bride,
 From Him no power can draw me.
 Praise be to Thee!
 Thou hast given life of heaven!
 I shall never
 Die, but praise Thy love for ever.

Wake, wake, your harps to sweetest songs!
 In praise of Him, to whom belongs
 All praise, join hearts and voices.
 For evermore, O Christ! in Thee,
 Thee all in all of love to me,
 My grateful heart rejoices.
 With joy, employ
 Hymns victorious, glad and glorious:
 E'er be given
 Honour to the King of heaven.

O joy! to know that Thou, my Friend,
 Art Lord, Beginning without end,
 The First and Last,—Eternal!
 And Thou at length—O glorious grace!—
 Wilt take me to that holy place,
 The home of joys supernal.
 Amen, Amen!
 Come and meet me, quickly greet me;
 Draw me ever
 Nearer to Thyself for ever!

VII.

PRAISE.

Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

• VIII.

PASSIONTIDE HYMN.

O Sacred head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine?
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest!
 In other days the world
 All feared when Thou appearedst;
 What shame on Thee is hurled!
 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn;
 How does that image languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!

The blushes late residing
 Upon that holy cheek,
 The roses once abiding
 Upon those lips so meek,
 Alas! they have departed;
 Wan Death has rifled all!
 For weak and broken-hearted,
 I see Thy body fall.

What thou, my LORD, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 So! here I fall, my Saviour;
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer;
 My Shepherd, make me Thine;
 Of every good the fountain,
 Thou art the spring of mine.
 Thy lips with love distilling,
 And milk of truth sincere,
 With heaven's bliss are filling
 The soul that trembles here.

Beside Thee, LORD, I've taken
 My place—forbid me not!
 Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
 Though Thou to death be brought.

If pain's last paleness hold Thee,
In agony opprest,
Then, then, will I infold Thee
Within this arm and breast!

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My LORD of Life desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
LORD, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, LORD, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe.

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh! show Thy cross to me;
And for my succour flying,
Come, LORD, and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

IX.

ADVENT HYMN.

Ah! LORD, how shall I meet thee,
How welcome Thee aright?
All nations long to greet Thee,
My hope, my soul's delight!
Brighten the lamp that burneth
But dimly in my breast;
And teach my soul, that yearneth
To honour such high guest.

Thy Zion strews before Thee
Her fairest buds and palms,
And I, too, will adore Thee
With sweetest songs and psalms;
My soul breaks forth in flowers
Rejoicing in Thy fame,
And summons all her powers
To honour Jesus' name.

Nought, nought, dear LORD, could move Thee
To leave Thy rightful place
Save love, for which I love Thee;
A love that could embrace
A world where sorrow dwelleth,
Which sin and suffering fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth:—
Yet Thou could'st love it still!

O ye sad hearts that sicken,
With hope deferred and see,
The gloom around you thicken,
The joys ye hoped for flee,—
Despair not, He is near you,
Yea, at the very door,
Who best can help and cheer you,
He will not linger more.

Nor sin shall make you fearful,
Ashamed to see His face,
The contrite heart and tearful,
He covers with His grace;
He comes to heal the spirit
That mourneth sin-oppressed,
And raise us to inherit,
With Him our proper rest.

He comes to judge the nations,
A terror to His foes,
A light of consolations
And blessed hope to those
Who love the LORD's appearing:
O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams of cheering
And guide us safely home!

X.

EVENING HYMN.

Now rest the woods again,
Man, cattle, town and plain,
The world all sleeping lies.
But sleep not yet, my soul,
For He who made this Whole,
Loves that thy prayers to Him arise.

O Sun, where is thy glow?
Thou'rt fled before thy foe,
Thou yieldest to the night.
Farewell, a better Sun,
My Jesus hath begun
To fill my heart with joy and light.

The long bright day is past,
The golden stars at last
Bestud the dark-blue heaven:
And like a star shall I
For ever shine on high,
When my release from earth is given,

My body hastes to rest,
My weary limbs undrest,
I put away their signs
Of our mortality;
Once Christ shall give to me,
That spotless robe that ever shines.

My heart and hands and feet
Their rest with gladness greet,
And know their work is o'er;
My heart, thou too shalt be
From sinful works set free,
Nor pine in weary sorrow more.

Ye limbs with toil oppress'd
Go now and take your rest,
For quiet sleep ye crave.
Ere many a day is fled,
Ye'll find a narrower bed
And longer slumber in the grave,

My heavy eyes must close,
Seal'd up in deep repose,
Where is my safety then?
Do Thou Thy mercy send,
My helpless hours defend,
Thou sleepless Eye, that watchest over men.

Jesus, my joy, now spread
Thy wings above my head,
To shield Thy little one.
Would Satan work me wrong,
Oh! be Thy angels' song,
"To him no evil shall be done."

My loved ones all, good-night!
No grief or danger light
On your defenceless heads.
God send you happy sleep,
And let his angels keep
Watch golden-arm'd around your beds!

XI.

THANKSGIVING.

Praise to the LORD! the Almighty, the King of Creation!
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
 All ye who hear,
 Now to His temple draw near,
 Join me in glad adoration!

Praise to the LORD! who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth;
 Hast thou not seen
 How thy desires have been
 Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the LORD! who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
 Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If with His love He befriend thee!

Praise to the LORD! Oh, let all that is in me adore Him!
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
 Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again,
 Gladly for aye we adore Him!

XII.

TRADITIONAL RELIGION.

Nathan. In hoar antiquity there lived a man
 Within the East, who from a loved hand
 A ring received, of priceless worth; the stone,
 An opal, shimmering hundred lovely tints,
 And having secret power, in sight of God
 And man, to make him pleasant, who in this
 Assurance wore it. Can we wonder, then,
 That for this cause the man in the East would ne'er
 Take it from off his finger, and ordained
 That it should stay for ever in his house?

Thus he accomplished it: he left the ring
 To him of all his sons he loved the best;
 And laid it down, this son again should leave it
 To him whom of his sons he dearest loved;
 And that the dearest still, without respect
 Of age, in virtue of the ring alone,
 Should be the house's head, the house's prince.—
 I take thee with me, Sultan?

Saladin. Yes; proceed.

Nathan. And so this ring came down from son to son
 At last unto a father of three sons;
 The which all three obeyed him equally,
 The which all three he therefore equally
 Could not but love. Only from time to time,
 Appeared first one, and then again the other,
 And then the third—just as each chanced to be
 Alone with him, and the two others shared not
 His overflowing heart—best to deserve
 The ring: till at the last he promised it,
 With loving weakness, severally to each.
 So it went on some time. But now at last
 His death drew near, and the good father finds
 Himself embarrassed. He is sorely grieved,
 Two of his sons to mortify, who thus
 Had trusted to his word. What should he do?
 He sends in secret to a jeweller,
 And bids him by the pattern of the ring
 Make him two others, sparing neither cost
 Nor pains in making them exactly like.
 The jeweller succeeds; and when the rings
 Are brought, the father cannot tell himself
 Which is his pattern ring. With joy and gladness
 He calls his sons, each severally, to him;
 Gives to each severally his blessing,—and
 His ring,—and dies. Thou hear'st the story, Sultan?

Saladin (*who has turned his face away in some emotion*).

I hear, I hear. Come only with thy tale
 Soon to a finish, wilt thou?

Nathan. I have finished,
 For what remains is clear without the telling.
 Scarce was the father dead, when come the sons,
 Each with his ring, and each will be the prince.

Then comes examination, quarrel, suit:

In vain; the right ring was not to be proved;

(After a pause, during which he waits for the Sultan to speak;)

Scarce more than to us now,—the right belief.

Saladin. What! Shall that be the answer to my question?

Nathan. It shall but serve as my excuse, if I

Those rings presume not to distinguish, which

The father with the very view had made,

That they by none should be distinguishable.

Saladin. The rings! Play not with me! I should have thought
That the very religions which I named to thee
Were very easy distinguishéd;

Even to clothing, e'en to food and drink!

Nathan. And in their bases only are not so.

For are they not all based on history,

Written or handed down? And history

Must surely be accepted on the faith

Of some one's word? And whose word is it then

Which one least tends to doubt of? Surely that

Of one's own people, those whose blood we are?

Those who have given us from our childhood up

Proofs of their love; who ne'er deceived us,

But where 'twas for our good to be deceived?

How can I give less credence to my fathers,

Than thou to thine? Or just the other way.

Can I of thee demand that thou should'st give

Thine ancestors the lie, to make them say,

The same as mine? Or just the other way.

The same holds good of the Christians. Is't not so?

Saladin. (By the living God! The man is right! I am
Reduced to silence)

Nathan. Let us come once more,

Back to our rings. As I have said, the sons

Appealed to justice. Each swore to the judge,

He had the ring directly from the hand

Of his father—as was true—and long had had

From him the promise one day to enjoy

The privileges of the ring—which too

Was no less true. His father, each declared,

Could not have played him false, though, but for that,

His heart would prompt to think no ill of them;

And he would soon know how to find them out,

The traitors; soon revenge himself upon them.

Saladin. And now the judge! I long to hear what thou
Wilt make him say! Speak on!

Nathan. The judge spake thus:
Bring me your father straight before the court,
Or I dismiss the case. Do ye suppose
I sit here to solve riddles? Or perchance
Wait ye to hear the right ring ope its mouth?
Yet stay, I hear the right ring doth possess
The magic force to make beloved, to make
Pleasant in sight of God and man. 'Tis that
Which must decide! For sure the false rings ne'er
Can have the power.—Now, which of you is loved
Best by the other two?—Make haste, speak on!
All dumb? The rings work only back upon
The owner, not on others?—Each one loves
Himself the best? Oh, then, all three of you,
Are cozened cozeners! None of your three rings
Is genuine! The true one probably
Was lost; to hide and to repair the loss,
Your father had the three rings made, for one.

Saladin. Oh splendid, splendid!

Nathan. Therefore,—so the judge
Continued,—if you do not wish to have
My counsel, in the place of judgment,—go!
My counsel is, however, this: you take
The facts exactly as they stand. If each
Received his ring from his father, then let each
Firmly believe his ring to be the true.
'Tis possible, your father would no more
Bear in his house the one ring's tyranny;
And certain 'tis, that he all three of you
Loved, and loved equally well: since he declined
Two out of you with harshness to oppress,
So as to favour one. Well, then! Let each
Emulate this his love, so uncorrupt
And so impartial. Let each one of you
Strive still with all his force to bring to light
The power within his ring! Let each of you
Come to this power's help, with gentleness,
With hearty peacefulness, with charity,
With deeply-felt devotedness to God!

And if the power of these rings comes out
 In the children of your children's children;—then
 I cite them after thousand thousand years
 Once more to come before this judgment-seat
 Then will there sit a wiser man than I
 Upon this seat, and speak. Go, then!

XIII.

MORAL LAW—HOW FOUND.

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them: *the starry heavens above and the moral law within*. I have not to search for them and conjecture them as though they were veiled in darkness or were in the transcendent region beyond my horizon; I see them before me and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense, and enlarges my connexion therein to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds and systems of systems, and, moreover, into limitless times of their periodic motion, its beginning and continuance. The second begins from my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by the understanding, and with which I discern that I am not in a merely contingent, but in a universal and necessary, connexion, as I am also thereby with all those visible worlds. The former view of a countless multitude of worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an *animal creature*, which after it has been for a short time provided with vital power, one knows not how, must again give back the matter of which it was formed to the planet it inhabits (a mere speck in the universe). The second, on the contrary, infinitely elevates my worth as an *intelligence*, by my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animality and even of the whole sensible world, at least so far as may be inferred from the destination assigned to my existence by this law, a destination not restricted to conditions and limits of this life, but reaching into the infinite.

But though admiration and respect may excite to inquiry, they cannot supply the want of it. What then is to be done in order to enter on this in a useful manner and one adapted to the loftiness of the subject? Examples may serve in this as a warning, and also for imitation. The contemplation of the world began from the noblest spectacle that the human senses present to us, and that our under-

standing can bear to follow in their vast reach; and it ended—in astrology. Morality began with the noblest attribute of human nature, the development and cultivation of which give a prospect of infinite utility; and ended—in fanaticism or superstition. So it is with all crude attempts where the principal part of the business depends on the use of reason, a use which does not come of itself, like the use of the feet, by frequent exercise, especially when attributes are in question which cannot be directly exhibited in common experience. But after the maxim had come into vogue, though late, to examine carefully beforehand all the steps that reason purposes to take, and not to let it proceed otherwise than in the track of a previously well-considered method, then the study of the structure of the universe took quite a different direction, and thereby attained an incomparably happier result. The fall of a stone, the motion of a sling, resolved into their elements, and the forces that are manifested in them, and treated mathematically, produced at last that clear and henceforward unchangeable insight into the system of the world, which as observation is continued may hope always to extend itself, but need never fear to be compelled to retreat.

This example may suggest to us to enter on the same path in treating of the moral capacities of our nature, and may give us hope of a like good result. We have at hand the instances of the moral judgment of reason. By analysing these into their elementary conceptions, and in default, of *mathematics*, adopting a process similar to that of *chemistry*, the *separation* of the empirical from the rational elements that may be found in them, by repeated experiments on common sense, we may exhibit both *pure*, and learn with certainty what each part can accomplish of itself, so as to prevent on the one hand the errors of a still *crude* untrained judgment, and on the other hand (what is far more necessary) the *extravagancies of genius*, by which, as by the adepts of the philosopher's stone, without any methodical study or knowledge of nature, visionary treasures are promised and the true are thrown away. In one word, science (critically undertaken and methodically directed) is the narrow gate that leads to the true *doctrine of practical wisdom*, if we understand by this not merely what one ought to *do*, but what ought to serve *teachers* as a guide to construct well and clearly the road to wisdom which every one should travel and to secure others from going astray. Philosophy must always continue to be the guardian of this science, and although the public does not take any interest in its subtle investigations, it must take an interest in the resulting *doctrines*, which such an examination first puts in a clear light.

XIV.

NATURE.

No one, of a surety, wanders farther from the mark than he who fancies to himself that he already understands this marvellous Kingdom, and can, in few words, fathom its constitution, and everywhere find the right path. To no one, who has broken off, and made himself an Island, will insight rise of itself, nor even without toilsome effort. Only to children, or childlike men, who know not what they do, can this happen. Long, unwearied intercourse, free and wise contemplation, attention to faint tokens and indications; an inward poet-life, practised senses, a simple and devout spirit: these are the essential requisites of a true Friend of Nature; without these no one can attain his wish. Not wise does it seem to attempt comprehending and understanding a Human World without full perfected Humanity. No talent must sleep; and if all are not alike active, all must be alert, and not oppressed and enervated. As we see a future Painter in the boy who fills every wall with sketches and variedly adds colour to figure; so we see a future Philosopher in him who restlessly traces and questions all natural things, pays heed to all, brings together whatever is remarkable, and rejoices when he has become master and possessor of a new phenomenon, of a new power and piece of knowledge.

Now to some it appears not at all worth^{while} to follow out the endless divisions of Nature; and moreover a dangerous undertaking, without fruit and issue. As we can never reach, say they, the absolutely smallest grain of material bodies, never find their simplest compartments, since all magnitude loses itself, forwards and backwards in infinitude; so likewise is it with the species of bodies and powers; here too one comes on new species, new combinations, new appearances, even to infinitude. Those seem only to stop, continue they, when our diligence tires, and so it is spending precious time with contemplations and tedious enumerations; and this becomes at last a true delirium, a real vertigo over the horrid Deep. For Nature too remains, so far as we have yet come, ever a frightful Machine of Death: everywhere monstrous revolution, inexplicable vortices of movement; a Kingdom of Devouring, of the maddest tyranny; a baleful Immense: the few light-points disclose but a so much the more appalling Night, and terrors of all sorts must palsy every observer. Like a saviour does Death stand by the hapless race of mankind; for without Death, the maddest were the happiest.

And precisely this striving to fathom that gigantic Mechanism is already a draught towards the Deep, a commencing giddiness; for every excitement is an increasing whirl, which soon gains full mastery over its victim, and hurls him forward with it into the fearful Night. Here, say those lamenters, lies the crafty snare for man's understanding which Nature seeks everywhere to annihilate as her greatest foe. Hail to that childlike ignorance and innocence of men, which kept them blind to the horrible perils that everywhere, like grim thunder-clouds, lay round their peaceful dwelling, and each moment were ready to rush down on them. Only inward disunion among the powers of Nature has preserved men hitherto; nevertheless, that great epoch cannot fail to arrive, when the whole family of mankind, by a grand universal Resolve, will snatch themselves from this sorrowful condition, from this frightful imprisonment; and by a voluntary Abdication of their terrestrial abode, redeem their race from this anguish, and seek refuge in a happier world, with their ancient Father. Thus might they end worthily; and prevent a necessary violent destruction; or a still more horrible degenerating into Beasts, by gradual dissolution of their thinking organs through Insanity. Intercourse with the powers of Nature, with animals, plants, rocks, storms and waves, must necessarily assimilate men to these objects; and this Assimilation, this Metamorphosis and dissolution of the Divine and the Human, into ungovernable Forces, is even the Spirit of Nature, that frightfully voracious power; and is not all that we see even now a prey from Heaven, a great Ruin of former Glories, the Remains of a terrific Repast?

Be it so, cry a more courageous Class; let our species maintain a stubborn, well-planned war of destruction with this same Nature, then. By slow poisons must we endeavour to subdue her. The Inquirer into Nature is a noble hero, who rushes into the open abyss for the deliverance of his fellow-citizens. Artists have already played her many a trick: do but continue in this course; get hold of the secret threads, and bring them to act against each other. Profit by these discords, that so in the end you may lead her, like that fire-breathing Bull, according to your pleasure. To you she must become obedient. Patience and Faith besecm the children of men. Distant Brothers are united with us for one object; the wheel of the Stars must become the cistern-wheel of our life, and then, by our slaves, we can build us a new Fairyland. With heartfelt triumph let us look at her devastations, her tumults; she is selling herself to us, and every Violence she will pay by a heavy penalty. In the inspiring feeling of our Freedom, let us live and die; here gushes

forth the stream, which will one day overflow and subdue her; in it let us bathe, and refresh ourselves for new exploits. Hither the rage of the Monster does not reach; one drop of Freedom is sufficient to cripple her for ever, and for ever set limits to her havoc.

They are right, say Several; here or nowhere, lies the talisman. By the well of Freedom we sit and look; it is the grand magic Mirror, where the whole Creation images itself, pure and clear; in it do the tender Spirits and Forms of all Nature bathe; all chambers we here behold unlocked. What need have we toilsomely to wander over the troublous world of visible things? The purer World lies even in us, in this Well. Here discloses itself the true meaning of the great, many-coloured, complected Scene; and if full of these sights we return into Nature, all is well known to us, with certainty we distinguish every shape. We need not to enquire long; a light comparison, a few strokes in the sand, are enough to inform us. Thus for us, is the whole a great Writing, to which we have the key; and nothing comes to us unexpected, for the course of the great Horologe is known to us beforehand. It is only we that enjoy Nature with full senses, because she does not frighten us from our senses; because no fever-dreams oppress us, and serene consciousness makes us calm and confiding.

They are *not* right, says an earnest Man to these latter. Can they not recognise in Nature the true impress of their own Selves? it is even they that consume themselves in wild hostility to Thought. They know not that this so-called Nature of theirs is a sport of the Mind, a waste Fantasy of their Dream. Of a surety, it is for them a horrible Monster, a strange grotesque shadow of their own Passions. The waking man looks without fear at this offspring of his lawless Imagination; for he knows that they are but vain spectres of his weakness. He feels himself lord of the world: his *Me* hovers victorious over the Abyss; and will through Eternities hover aloft above that endless Vicissitude. Harmony is what his spirit strives to promulgate, to extend. He will even to infinitude grow more and more harmonious with himself and with his Creation; and at every step behold the all-efficiency of a high moral Order in the Universe, and what is purest of his *Me* will come forth into brighter and brighter clearness. The significance of the world is Reason; for his sake is the World here; and when it is grown to be the arena of a childlike, expanding Reason, it will one day become the divine Image of her Activity, the scene of a genuine Church. Till then let man honour Nature as the Emblem of his own Spirit; the Emblem ennobling itself, along with him, to unlimited degrees. Let him, therefore, who

would arrive at knowledge of Nature, train his moral sense; let him act and conceive in accordance with the noble Essence of his soul, and as if of herself Nature will become open to him. Moral action is that great and only Experiment, in which all riddles of the most manifold appearances explain themselves. Whoso understands it, and in rigid sequence of Thought can lay it open, is for ever Master of Nature.

XV.

ESSENTIAL LIFE AND BEING.

Now that my heart is closed against all desire for earthly things, now that I have no longer any sense for the transitory and perishable, the universe appears before my eyes clothed in a more glorious form. The dead inert mass, which only filled up space, has vanished; and in its place there flows onward, with the rushing music of mighty waves, an endless stream of life and power and action which issues from the original Source of all life—from Thy Life, O Infinite One! for all life is Thy Life, and only the religious eye penetrates to the realm of True Beauty.

I am related to Thee, and all that I behold around me is related to me; all is life and soul, and regards me with bright spirit-eyes, and speaks with spirit-voices to my heart. In all the forms that surround me, I behold the reflection of my own being broken up into countless diversified shapes, as the morning sun, broken in a thousand dew-drops, throws back its splendours to itself.

Thy Life, as alone the finite mind can conceive it, is self-forming, self-manifesting Will:—this Life, clothed to the eyes of the mortal with manifold sensible forms, flows forth through me, and throughout the immeasurable universe of Nature. Here it streams as self-creating and self-forming matter through my veins and muscles, and pours out its abundance into the tree, the plant, the grass. Creature life flows forth in one continuous stream, drop on drop, through all forms and into all places where my eye can follow it; it reveals itself to me, in a different shape in each various corner of the universe, as the same power by which in secret darkness my own frame was formed. There, in free play, it leaps and dances as spontaneous activity in the animal, and manifests itself in each new form as a new, peculiar, self-subsisting world! the same power which, invisibly to me, moves and animates my own frame. Everything that lives and moves follows this universal impulse, this one principle of all motion, which, from one end of the universe to the

other, guides the harmonious movement; in the animal *without freedom*; in me, from whom in the visible world the motion proceeds, although it has not its source in me, *with freedom*.

But pure and holy, and as near to Thine own nature as aught can be to mortal eye, does this Thy Life flow forth as the bond which unites spirit with spirit, as the breath and atmosphere of a rational world, unimaginable and incomprehensible, and yet there, clearly visible to the spiritual eye. Borne onward in this stream of light, thought floats from soul to soul without pause or variation, and returns purer and brighter from each kindred mind. Through this mysterious union does each individual perceive, understand, and love himself only in another; each soul unfolds itself only through its fellows, and there are no longer individual men, but only one humanity; no individual thought or love or hate, but only thought, love and hate in and through each other. Through this wondrous influence the affinity of spirits in the invisible world permeates even their physical nature;—manifests itself in two sexes, which, even if that spiritual bond could be torn asunder, would, simply as creatures of nature, be compelled to love each other;—flows forth in the tenderness of parents and children, brothers and sisters, as if the souls were of one blood like the bodies, and their minds were branches and blossoms of one stem;—and from these embraces, in narrower or wider circles, the whole sentient world. Even at the root of their hate, there lies a secret thirst after love; and no enemy springs up but from friendship denied.

Through that which to others seems a mere dead mass, my eye beholds this eternal life and movement in every vein of sensible and spiritual Nature, and sees this life rising in ever-increasing growth, and ever-purifying itself to a more spiritual expression. The universe is to me no longer what it was before—the ever-recurring circle, the eternally-repeated play, the monster swallowing itself up only to bring itself forth again;—it has become transfigured before me, and now bears the one stamp of spiritual life—a constant progress towards higher perfection in a line that runs out into the Infinite.

The sun rises and sets, the stars sink and reappear, the spheres hold their circle-dance, but they never return again as they disappeared, and even in the bright fountain of life itself there is life and progress. Every hour which they lead on, every morning and every evening, sinks with new increase upon the world; new life and new love descend from the spheres like dew-drops from the clouds, and encircle Nature as the cool night the earth.

All death in Nature is Birth, and in Death itself appears visibly the exaltation of Life. There is no destructive principle in Nature, for Nature throughout is pure, unclouded Life; it is not Death that kills, but the more living Life, which, concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and Birth are but the struggle of Life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form. And *my* death,—how can it be aught else, since I am not a mere 'show and semblance of life, but bear within me the one original, true, and essential Life? It is impossible to conceive that Nature should annihilate a life which does not proceed from her;—the Nature which exists for me and not I for her.

Yet even my natural life, even this mere outward manifestation to mortal sight of the inward invisible Life, she cannot destroy without destroying herself;—she who only exists for me, and on account of me, and exists not if I am not. Even because she destroys me must she animate me anew; it is only my Higher Life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present life can disappear; and what mortals call Death is the visible appearance of this second Life. Did no reasonable being who had once beheld the light of this world die, there would be no ground to look with 'faith for a new heaven and a new earth; the only possible purpose of Nature, to manifest and maintain Reason, would be fulfilled here below, and her circle would be completed. But the very act by which she consigns a free and independent being to death, is her own solemn entrance, intelligible to all Reason, into a region beyond this act itself, and beyond the whole sphere of existence which is thereby closed. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision rises to a new Life and a new Nature.

Every one of my fellow-creatures who leaves this earthly brotherhood and whom, because he is my brother, my spirit cannot regard as annihilated, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave;—he is still, and to him there belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below,—as in the dim realms of unconsciousness there might be mourning when a man bursts from them into the light of this world's sun,—above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

The world on which but now I gazed with wonder passes away from before me and is withdrawn from my sight. With all the fulness of life, order, and increase which I beheld in it, it is yet but the curtain by which a world infinitely more perfect is concealed

from me, and the germ from which that other world shall develop itself. My FAITH looks behind this veil, and cherishes and animates this germ. It sees nothing definite, but it awaits more than it can conceive here below, more than it will ever be able to conceive in all time.

Thus do I live, thus am I, and thus am I unchangeable, firm, and completed for all Eternity;—for this is no existence assumed from without,—it is my own, true, essential Life and Being.

XVI.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

Edward thereupon began to speak as follows: It has already been remarked on an occasion like this by one better than I, that the last are in the worst position when any subject is discoursed about in this way. This is not only so from the earlier speakers taking up what might have otherwise remained to be said, as indeed you two have given yourselves little concern in this respect about me, by leaving over some points in detail which I might take up. But the difficulty for me mainly lies in this, that certain echoes of every speech remain in the minds of the hearers, and that these beget an always increasing resistance which the last speaker has the greatest difficulty in overcoming. Hence I must look round for some assistance, and attach what I am about to say to something that is known and dear to you, so that it may the more easily find entrance into your thoughts. Now, as Leonard has had the more external biographers of Christ very often before his mind in trying to discover what was historical in them, I shall turn to the mystical one among the four evangelists who presents but little in the way of individual events. Indeed we do not find in him anything of Christmas as an external fact; but in his soul there rules an eternal childlike Christmas joy. And what he gives us, is the spiritual and higher view of our festival. As you know, he commences thus: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.... In him was life; and the life was the light of men.... And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

And it is thus that I prefer to regard the object of this festival, not as a mere child fashioned and appearing so and so, and born

from this woman or that, or here or there, but as the Word made flesh, the Word which was of God, and was with God. The flesh, however, as we know, is nothing else than our finite, limited, sensible nature. The Word, on the other hand, is the thought or consciousness; and its becoming incarnate is therefore the appearing of this original and divine thing in that form. Accordingly, what we celebrate is just what we are in ourselves as a whole; in other words, it is human nature, or whatever you may call it, contemplated and known from the divine principle. But why we must set up One in whom human nature alone can thus exhibit itself, and why we must recognise this very One and, in this case, refer this oneness of the divine and the earthly specially to His birth, and not regard it as a later fruit of His life: all this will be clear from what is to follow. What is man-in-himself but the terrestrial spirit itself, or the earthly life knowing itself in its eternal being, and in its ever changing process of becoming? So far there is no corruption in man, and no fall, and no need of a redemption. When the individual, however, attaches himself to the other formations of the earth, and seeks the knowledge of himself in them (for, in fact, conscious knowledge of them dwells only in him), he is only in a condition of becoming, and is in a state of fall and corruption, or of discord and corruption; and he finds his redemption only in Man as such, Man-in-himself. Therein he finds, in fact, that very oneness of the Eternal being and becoming, of the spirit which can manifest itself upon this planet, and arise in every one only by every one contemplating and loving all that becomes, including himself, in the eternal Being alone. And in so far as he appears as in the process of becoming, he wills to be nothing else than a thought of the eternal Being; nor will he be grounded in any other eternal Being than in that which is one and the same with the ever changing and returning process. Hence the oneness of being and becoming thus indicated, is found eternally in humanity, because humanity is and becomes eternally as the essential Man, as Man-in-himself.

But in the individual, this oneness, so far as it is in him, must consciously arise as his thought, and as the thought of a common doing and living in which that knowledge which is proper to our planet not only is, but also becomes.

And it is only when the individual contemplates and cultivates humanity as a living fellowship of individuals, and carries his spirit and consciousness in himself, and loses and finds again his separate existence in it, that he has the higher life and the peace of God in himself. Now this fellowship by which the true essential man-in-

himself is thus exhibited or restored, constitutes the Church. The Church is therefore related to all else that becomes human around it and out of it, as the self-consciousness of the humanity in the individuals is related to what is unconscious. Every one, then, in whom this self-consciousness arises, comes into the Church. Hence no one who is not himself really in the Church, can truly and livingly have science in himself; and, on the other hand, such a one can repudiate or deny the Church only outwardly and not inwardly. But there may well be those in the Church who cannot be said to have science in themselves; for they may possess that higher self-consciousness in the form of feeling, although not also in cognition.

This is just the case with women; and it is at the same time the very reason why they attach themselves so much more fervently and exclusively to the Church.

Now this fellowship as a process of becoming, is likewise a thing that has arisen and become by communication of that fellowship.

We must therefore seek a starting-point for this communication, although we know that it must start again self-actively from every individual in order that the man-in-himself, or what is essentially human, may thus be brought forth and take shape in every individual. But the first fellowship of feeling which broke out freely and self-actively on the day of Pentecost may, as it were, be called the birth of the Church, and He who is regarded as the primary point in the beginning of the Church, or as its conception and inception, must be already born as the man-in-himself, or as the God-man; He must carry the self-cognition of humanity in Himself, and be the Light of men from the beginning.

For we, indeed, are born again through the Spirit of the Church. But the Spirit Itself only goes not out from the Son, who requires no new birth, but is born originally from God. Thus He is the Son of Man absolutely. All that was before Him was a pre-figuration of Him, and was related to Him; and only through this relation was it good and divine—yet in Him we celebrate not only ourselves, but all who will yet come, as well as all who have ever been; for they were only anything in so far as He was in them and they in Him. In Christ, then, we see the Spirit according to the kind and manner of our earth, primordially take the form of self-consciousness in the individual.

The Father and the Brethren dwell equally in Him, and are one in Him; devotion and love are His very being. Therefore every mother who feels that she has borne a man, and who knows by a heavenly communication that the Spirit of the Church, the Holy

Ghost, lives in her, forthwith presents her child on that account with all her heart to the Church, and she claims to be allowed to do this as a right; and such a mother sees Christ also in her child, and this is just the inexpressible mother-feeling which compensates for all else. And in like manner, every one of us beholds his own higher birth in the Birth of Christ; and in such a one there thereby lives nothing but devotion and love, and in him too does the eternal Son of God appear.

Hence it is that this festival breaks forth like a heavenly light shining out of the night. Therefore it is that there is a universal pulsating of joy in the whole new-born world, which only those members of the race that have been long sick or maimed do not feel. And this is the very glory of the festival which it was your wish to hear lauded by me.

XVII.

• THE SAVING BIRTH AND DEATH.

In Bethlehem, the Lord of glory,
 Who brought us life, first drew His breath;
 On Golgotha,—oh, bloody story!—
 By suffering broke the power of death.
 From Western Shores, all danger scorning,
 I travelled through the lands of morning;
 And greater spots I nowhere saw,
 Than Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Where are the seven works of wonder
 The ancient world beheld with pride?
 They all have fallen, sinking under
 The splendour of the Crucified!
 I saw them, as I wandered, spying,
 Amid their ruins crumbled, lying;
 None stand in quiet gloria
 Like Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Away, ye pyramids, whose bases
 Lie shrouded in Egyptian gloom!
 Eternal graves! no resting-places,
 Where hope immortal gilds the tomb.

Ye sphinxes, vain was your endeavour
To solve life's riddle, dark for ever,
Until the answer came with awe
From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Fair Paradise, where ever blowing
The roses of Shiraz' expand!
Ye stately palms of India, growing
Along her scented ocean-strand!
I see, amid your loveliest bowers,
Death stalking in the sunniest hours.
Look up! To you life comes from far,
From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Caaba, half the world, benighted,
Is stumbling o'er thee, as of old;
Now, by thy crescent faintly lighted,
The coming day of doom behold;
The moon before the sun decreases,
A sign shall shiver thee to pieces;
The Hero's sign! "Victoria"
Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou who in a manger lying,
Wert willing to be born a child,
And on the Cross, in anguish dying,
The world to God hast reconciled!
To pride, how mean Thy lonely manger!
How infamous Thy Cross! yet stranger!
Humility became the law
At Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Proud kings, to worship One descended
From humble shepherds, thither came;
And nations to the Cross have wended,
As pilgrims to adore His name.
By war's fierce tempest rudely, battered,
The world, but not the Cross, was shattered,
When East and West it struggling, saw
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha!

O let us not with mailed legions,
But with the spirit take the field,
To win again those holy regions,
As Christ compelled the world to yield!
Let rays of light, on all sides streaming,
Dart onward, like apostles gleaming,
Till all mankind their light shall draw
From Bethlehem and Golgotha!

With staff and hat the scallop wearing,
The far-off East I journeyed through;
And homeward, now, a pilgrim bearing
This message, I have come to you:
Go not with hat and staff to wander
Beside God's grave and cradle yonder;
Look inward and behold with awe
His Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O heart! what profit all thy kneeling,
Where once He laid His infant head,
To view with an enraptured feeling
His grave, long empty of its dead?
To have Him born in thee with power
To die to earth and sin each hour,
And live to Him,—this only, ah!
Is Bethlehem and Golgotha.

XVIII.

DUTY AND RELIGION.

I should say, that all moral action arises from the individual's acting in consonance with the idea of kind. To realize this, in the first place, and to bring himself, as an individual, into abiding concord with the idea and the destiny of mankind, is the essence of the duties which man owes to himself. But in the second place, to practically recognise, and promote in all other individuals also, this permanently enduring kind, is the essence of our duties to others; where we must draw a distinction between the negative obligation of abstaining from injuring others in their equal rights, and the positive one of assisting all to the extent of our ability, or between duties of justice and of philanthropy.

According to the narrower or wider circles which humanity draws round us, these duties to our neighbours will be subject to further subdivisions, defined according to the various obligations incumbent upon us in our relation to each of these circles. In the narrowest, but also most intimate of these—the family—we must sustain and transmit what we have received from it: kindly nurture of life, and education to humanity. To the State we owe the firm basis for our existence, the security of life and property; and by means of the school our fitness for living in a human community: it is incumbent on every one of its members to do all which their position in society enables them, to ensure its stability and prosperity. From the nation we have received our language, and the entire culture connected with language and literature; nationality and language form the inmost bond of the State, national habits are also the basis of family life: to the nation we must be ready to consecrate our best energies—if need be, our lives. But we must recognise our own nation to be but one member of the body of humanity, of which we must not wish any other member, any other nation, to be mutilated or stunted; as humanity can only flourish as a whole in the harmonious development of all her members; as again, her stamp is to be recognised and respected in every single individual, to whatever nation he may belong.

On the other hand, the duties of man vary according to the position which he occupies in the human community; besides the universally human, there are also special professional, or class, duties. The individual's class is in many instances determined for him; his profession, on the other hand, being usually a matter of free choice, and this again an object of moral determination. Choose that profession, runs the precept here, by means of which, in the measure of your special endowment, you can render the best services to the commonwealth, and find the greatest satisfaction for yourself.

What is chiefly meant here, is an internal satisfaction, which each living being finds when it develops and acts in consonance with the idea of its kind, of which its individual form is a manifestation; for the moral being, or man, this likewise is the sole truth of what is very rudely described as the reward of virtue or piety. This so-called reward is also usually brought into such a merely external relation with that of which it is to be the recompense, that a deity is necessary to connect the two; nay, this necessity is even made an argument for the existence of God. From our standpoint, moral action is so inseparable from its reflex in feeling, or beatitude, that

this at most may be tinted by external circumstances, but can never have its value as beatitude annulled.

If morality is the relation of man to the idea of his kind, which in part he endeavours to realize in himself, in part recognises and seeks to promote in others, religion, on the other hand, is his relation to the idea of the universe, the ultimate source of all life and being. So far, it may be said that religion is above morality; as it springs from a still profounder source, reaches back into still more primitive ground. Ever remember that thou art human, not merely a natural production; ever remember that all others are human also, and, with all individual differences, the same as thou, having the same needs and claims as thyself: this is the sum and substance of morality.

Ever remember that thou, and everything that thou beholdest within and around thee, all that befalls thee and others, is no disjointed fragment, no wild chaos of atoms or casualties, but that it all springs, according to eternal laws, from the one primal source of all life, all reason, and all good: this is the essence of religion.

XIX.

UNITY OF GOOD, GOOD THINGS, AND LOVE.

From this point our path diverges from that of the popular view, with which hitherto in this hasty recapitulation of familiar points of view, it has coincided. For, as we long since acknowledged, we do not agree with those who seek this higher worth in an Idea of the Good which requires men to strive after some formal relation of wills to one another, or the realization of some particular condition of things as a directly binding duty or as the Supreme Good. No relation, however profound, between conditions and events which merely occur without their harmony being enjoyed by any one, is a good in itself; and no will is good, because, being conscious of the complete unfruitfulness of such relations, it yet devotes itself to establishing them. If any heart postpones its own good to some other good, this other can only be found in the happiness of some one else, and the sacrifice is good only because it is made on this account. *Good* and *good things* do not exist as such independent of the feeling, willing, and knowing mind; they have reality only as living monuments of such a mind. What is good in itself is some felt bliss; what we call good things are means to this good, but are not themselves this good until they have been transformed into en-

joyment; the only thing that is really good is that Living Love that wills the blessedness of others. And it is just *this* that is the *Good-in-itself* for which we are seeking; this, having reality as a movement of the whole living mind which feels, wills, and knows itself, is just on that account not merely a formal general condition the fulfilment of which by any other would entitle the other to the appellation of good, without the condition itself being good; but this it is which alone in the true sense has or *is* this worth, and all else—resolves, sentiments, actions, and special directions of the will—all these share with it only derivatively the one name of good. We finite beings, included in a world the plan of which is not revealed to us, cannot allow benevolent love to act unregulated in the hope that however it may be directed by our defective foresight, it will lead to the good at which it aims; our conscience holds up before us in a number of moral commands the general laws under the guidance of which our action, however viciously caused, is sure of taking the right path—but there is not set before the Divine Being in like manner, a Good-in-itself that takes the form of a command valid even for Him. No kind of unsubstantial, unrealized and yet eternally valid necessity, neither a realm of truth nor a realm of worth is prior as the initial reality; but that reality which is Living Love unfolds itself in one movement, which for finite cognition appears in the three aspects of the good which is its end, the constructive impulse by which this is realized, and the conformity to law with which this impulse keeps in the path that leads towards its end.

In returning for the last time to this thought, which from the beginning of these concluding considerations has been hovering before us, I would recall the confession of its scientific impracticability made at the commencement of this Book. This limitation of our capacity has in a general way been confirmed by numerous attempts which we cannot but respect, and which in individual cases have borne much fair fruit in clearing up and establishing our vague convictions. Christian ethics would be likely to succeed best in exhibiting particular moral Ideas as the various forms which active Love must prescribe to itself. It would be able to show that all the sterner and apparently more exalted forms of morality which distinguished the heathen heroism that "scorned delights," are yet nothing compared to the gentleness of Love, and nothing unless they have their root in it; that all the commands which, in a scientific point of view, particularly attract our attention, by the definiteness of their content and the ease with which they may be drawn

out into a series of sharply defined maxims, are nothing more than a mechanism devised for its own development by the principle of Love, which seems comparatively formless and, as it were, merely potential. On the other hand, the attempts to explain existing reality from the same principle will always be far less convincing. In the first place, not one of them, in trying to express its meaning, has in its description of the tasks and the needs of that Everlasting Love which is regarded as the source of the universe, been able to avoid such an extended use of analogies drawn from the life of the human soul, as must necessarily displease scientific instinct. We cannot otherwise than unwillingly see the core of our conviction, of which in its simplicity we are sure, developed into a system, if this has to illustrate the origin of things by ideas, the meaning of which only becomes clear through references to connections occurring much later in the course of the world which we are explaining, and to reduce the figurative expression of which to its real significance (which in this case is admissible) would be an almost interminable task. This general insecurity is intensified by the frequent endeavour to immediately derive particular forms of reality from particular impulses which are supposed to be discovered in the nature of the Supreme Principle. Whatever the world may be in which Creative Love manifests itself, that world is undoubtedly devised as a whole by that Love; from the whole of the ideal picture which Creative Love sets before itself, Nature and History as wholes have their task as a whole assigned to them, and carry it out by means of a connected system adapted to its realization. The labour of deduction would have to be directed in the first place to developing the existence of an universal mechanism in the procedure of all things from the notion of Supreme Love, and then to developing from the total content of that which this Love designs, that definite form of the mechanism which is adequate to the production of all reality, with steady order and unvarying fidelity. The fulfilment of this task, as we have already noticed, can hardly be carried out in the form of an unbroken deduction, starting from the principle itself—it will be possible only in more modest measure, as an explanation, by reference to the principle, of actually existing facts. For we do not possess either of Nature or of History such complete knowledge as would enable us to guess the whole of the divine plan of the universe; the attempts that have been made to determine this from meagre earthly experience betray only too plainly the unfavourable nature of our standpoint, which, with all the one-sidedness of its limited outlook, wishes to be taken

for that topmost summit, from which the whole world may plainly be seen spread out below. This lack of a commanding view is the reason why those attempts so often err in estimating the reality of their particular objects; they present as the immediate ends of the creative Idea that which even an empirical knowledge of things regards as only a very incidental consequence of general laws, and thus they fall into permanent disagreement with physical science, which in its own less lofty region, rules with an incomparably superior exercise of exact knowledge.

But it is not only the different moral Ideas and the forms of reality that would have to be explained from the same source of Eternal Love—the eternal truths also, the sum of that which, as it seems to us, we must necessarily think, and which could not be otherwise, must be similarly explained. If the scientific solution of this task appeared to me possible, I would employ all my powers in trying to carry it out; for only thus could I furnish a complete justification of my belief that the sphere of mechanism is unbounded, but its significance everywhere subordinate. I should have to show that the fact that truth exists at all cannot be understood by itself, and is only comprehensible in a world of which the whole nature depends upon the principle of Good that we learnt to know in Living Love itself; and no less should I have to point out specially how it is but of the nature of this Love, and, as it were, its primary work, to establish an universal order and regularity, within which various individuals, comparable in kind, could be brought into a connection of reciprocal action. If this eternal sacredness and Supreme worth of Love were not at the foundation of the world, and if in such a case there could be a world of which we could think and speak, this world, it seems to me, would, whatever it were, be left without truth and order.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

I.

TRUTH.

What is *Truth*? said jesting *Pilate*; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be, that delight in Giddinesse; and count it a Bondage, to fix a Belcefe; affecting Freewill in Thinking, as well as in Acting. And though the Sects of Philosophers of that kinde be gone, yet there remaine certaine discoursing Wits, which are of the same veines, though there be not so much Bloud in them, as was in those of the Ancients. But is it not onely the Difficulte, and Labour, which Men take in finding out of *Truth*; Nor againe, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's Thoughts; that doth bring *Lies* in favour: But a naturall, though corrupt Love, of the *Lie* itselfe. One of the later Schoole of the Grecians, examineth the matter, and is at a stand, to thinke what should be in it, that men should love *Lies*; Where neither they make for Pleasure, as with Poets; Nor for Advantage, as with the Merchant; but for the *Lies*' sake. But I cannot tell: This same *Truth*, is a Naked, and open day light, that doth not shew the Masques, and Mummeries and Triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as Candlelights. *Truth* may perhaps come to the price of a Pearle, that sheweth best by day: But it will not rise, to the price of a Diamond, or Carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a *Lie* doth ever adde Pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of Men's Mindes, Vaine opinions, Flattering Hopes, False valuations, Imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the Mindes, of a Number of Men, poore shrunk-en Things; full of Melancholy, and Indisposition, and displeasing to themselves? One of the Fathers, in great Severity, called Poesie, *Vinum Dæmonum*; because it filled the Imagination, and yet it is, but the shadow of a *Lie*. But it is not the *Lie*, that passeth through the Minde, but the *Lie* that sinketh in, and setleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things

are thus, in men's depraved Judgments, and Affections, yet *Truth*, which only doth judge itself, teacheth, that the Inquirie of *Truth*, which is the Love-making, or wooing of it; The Knowledge of *Truth*, which is the Presence of it; and the Beliefe of *Truth*, which is the Enjoying of it; is the Sovereigne Good of humane Nature. The first Creature of God, in the workes of the Dayes, was the Light of the Sense; The last, was the Light of Reason; And his Sabbath Worke, ever since, is the Illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed Light, upon the Face, of the Matter or Chaos; Then he breathed Light, into the Face of Man; and still he breatheth and inspireth Light into the Face of his Chosen. The poet, that beautified the Sect, that was otherwise inferiour to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost up on the Sea: A pleasure to stand in the window of a Castle, and to see a Battaille, and the Adventures thereof, below: But no pleasure is comparable, to the standing, upon the vantage ground of Truth:* (A hill not to be commanded, and where the Ayre is alwaies cleare and serene;) *And to see Errours, and wandrings, and Mists, and Tempests, in the vale below:* So alwaies, that this prospect, be with Pitty, and not with Swelling, or Pride. Certainly it is Heaven upon Earth, to have a Man's Minde Move in Charitic, Rest in Providence, and Turne upon the Poles of *Truth*.

To passe from Theologicall, and Philosophical *Truth*, to the *Truth* of civill Businesse; It will be acknowledged, even by those, that practize it not, that cleare and Round dealing, is the Honour of Man's Nature; And that Mixture of Falsehood, is like Alloy in Coyne of Gold and Silver; which may make the Metall worke the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding, and crooked courses, are the goings of the Serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the Feet. There is no Vice, that doth so cover a Man with shame, as to be found false, and perfidious. And therefore *Mountaigny* saith prettily, when he enquired the reason, why the word of the *Lie*, should be such a Disgrace, and such an Odious charge? Saith he, *If it be well weighed, To say that a man lieth, is as much to say, as that he is brave towards God, and a Coward towards men.* For a *Lie* faces God, and shrinkes from man. Surely the Wickednesse of Falshood, and Breach of Faith, cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last Peale, to call the judgments of God, upon the Generations of men, It being foretold, that when Christ commeth, *He shall not finde Faith upon the Earth.*

II.

ALL-SEEING PROVIDENCE.

O LORD, in me there lieth nought
 But to Thy search revealed lies;
 For when I sit
 Thou makest it;
 No less Thou notest when I rise:
 Yea, closest closet of my thought
 Hath open windows to Thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk;
 When to my bed for rest I go,
 I find Thee there,
 And everywhere:
 Not youngest though in me doth grow,
 No, not one word I cast to talk,
 But, yet unuttered, Thou dost know.

If forth I march, Thou goest before;
 If back I turn, Thou com'st behind:
 So forth nor back
 Thy guard I lack;
 Nay, on me too Thy hand I find.
 Well I Thy wisdom may adore,
 But never reach with earthly mind.

To shun Thy notice, leave Thine eye,
 O whither might I take my way?
 To starry sphere?
 Thy throne is there.
 To dead men's undelightsome stay?
 There is Thy walk, and there to lie
 Unknown, in vain I should assay.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match!
 Suppose thy lightful flightful wings
 Thou lend to me,
 And I could flee
 As far as thee the evening brings:
 Ev'n led to west He would me catch,
 Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me:
 Thy sable veil
 Shall vainly fail:
With day unmasked my night shall be;
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to Thee.

III.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose Passions not his Masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for Death,
Unti'd unto the World by care
Of publick Fame, or private Breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;—
Nor Rules of State, but Rules of good;

Who hath his life from Rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither Flatterers feed
Nor Ruine make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his Grace than Gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a Religious Book, or Friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:—
Lord of himself, though not of Lands
And having nothing, yet hath all.

IV.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day,
 That none doth build a stately habitation
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

For man is ev'ry thing,
 And more: HE is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
 A beast, yet is, or should be more:
 Reason and speech we onely bring.
 Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetric,
 Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
 And all to all the world besides:
 Each part may call the farthest, brother:
 For head with foot hath private amitic,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes dismount the highest starre:
 He is in little all the sphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
 Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow;
 The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow:
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The starres have us to bed;
 Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws:
 Musick and light attend our head.
 All things unto our *flesh* as kinde
 In their *descent* and *being*; to our *minde*
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of dutie :
 Waters united are our navigation ;
 Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
 Both are our cleanness. Hath one such beautie ?
 Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

See then, my God, Thou hast
 So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with Thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit ;
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
 And both Thy servants be.

V.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridall of the earth and skie :
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My musick shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber never gives;
 But though the old world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

VI.

GOOD TRANSIENT AND FINAL.

When God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
 Let us (said He) poure on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at last,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
 May toss him to my breast.

VII.

CONSIDERATION OF THE VANITY AND SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

A man is a "bubble" (said the Greek proverb) which Lucian represents with advantages and its proper circumstances, to this purpose, saying: All the world is a storm, and men rise up in their several generations like bubbles descending "*à Jove pluvio*," from God and the dew of heaven, from a tear and drop of man, from nature and providence: and some of these instantly sink into the

deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world but to be born that they might be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy, and being crushed with a great drop of a cloud, sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness: some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that they made their parents a little 'glad, and very sorrowful: others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humour: 'and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man a "leaf", the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him "the dream of a shadow." Another, "the dream of the shadow of smoke." But St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying our life is but a vapour, viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence, made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun its foster-father. But it is lighter yet. It is

but "appearing"; a fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real; it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but it is like Cassiopeia's chair, or Pelops's shoulder, or the circles of heaven "*φαινόμενα*", for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing. And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: "A vapour", and "fantastical", or a "mere appearance", and this but for a little while neither; the very dream, the phantasm disappears in a small time, "like the shadow that departeth", or "like a tale that is told", or "as a dream when one awaketh. A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off and is forgotten like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all this is: "Thou art a man", than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

VIII.

THE SEARCH FOR DIVINE TRUTH.

To seek our divinity merely in books and writings, is to seek the living among the dead: we do but in vain seek God many times in these, where His truth too often is not so much enshrined as entombed:—no: *intra te quære Deum*. Seek for God within thine own soul; He is best discerned νοερά ἑπαφῇ, as Plotinus phraseth it,—by an intellectual touch of Him—we must "See with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and our hands must handle the words of life," that I may express it in St. John's words, Ἔστι καὶ ψυχῆς αἰσθησίς τις—the soul itself hath its sense, as well as the body: and therefore David, when he could teach us to know what the divine goodness is, calls not for speculation, but sensation: "Taste and see how good the LORD is." That is not the best and truest knowledge of God which is wrought out by the labour and sweat of the brain, but that which is kindled within us by a heavenly warmth in our hearts. As, in the natural body, it is the heart that sends up good blood and warm blood into the head, whereby it is best enabled to perform its several functions; so that which enables us to know and understand aright in the things of God, must be a living principle of holiness within us. When the tree of knowledge is not planted by the tree of life, and sucks not up sap from thence, it may as well be fruitful with evil as with good, and bring forth bitter fruit as

well as sweet. If we would indeed have knowledge thrive and flourish, we must water the tender plants of it with holiness. When Zoroaster's scholars asked him what they should do to get winged souls, such as might soar aloft in the bright beams of divine truth, he bids them bathe themselves in the waters of life: they asking what they were, he tells them, the four cardinal virtues, which are the four rivers of paradise

We must not think we have attained to the right knowledge of truth, when we have broken through the outward shell of words and phrases that house it up; or when, by a logical analysis, we have found out the dependencies and coherencies of them one with another; or when, like stout champions of it, having well guarded it with the invincible strength of our demonstration, we dare stand out in the face of the world, and challenge the field of all those that would pretend to be our rivals.

We have many grave and reverend idolaters that worship truth only in the image of their own wits; that could never adore it so much as they may seem to do, were it anything else but such a form of belief as their own wandering speculations had at last met together in: were it not that they find their own image and superscription upon it.

There is a knowing of the truth as it is in Jesus—as it is in a Christ-like nature, as it is in that sweet, mild, humble, and loving spirit of Jesus, which spreads itself, like a morning sun, upon the souls of good men, full of light and life. It profits little to know Christ Himself after the flesh; but He gives His Spirit to good men, that searcheth the deep things of God. There is an inward beauty, life, and loveliness in divine truth, which cannot be known but then, when it is digested into life and practice. The Greek philosopher could tell those high-soaring Gnostics that thought themselves no less than *Zeus alites*; that could (as he speaks in the comedy) ἀροβαστεῖν καὶ περιφρονεῖν τὸν ἥλιον, and cried out so much, Look upon God! that without virtue and real goodness God is but a name, a dry and empty notion. The profane sort of men, like those old Gentile Greeks, may make many ruptures in the walls of God's temple, and break into the holy ground, but yet may find God no more there than they did.

Divine truth is better understood, as it unfolds itself in the purity of men's hearts and lives, than in all those subtle niceties into which curious wits may lay it forth. And therefore our Saviour, who is the great master of it, would not, while He was here on earth, draw it up into any system or body, nor would His disciples after Him;

He would not lay it out to us in any canons or articles of belief, not being indeed so careful to stock and enrich the world with opinions and notions, as with true piety, and a godlike pattern of purity, as the best way to thrive in all spiritual understanding. His main scope was to promote a holy life, as the best and most commendous way to a right belief. He hangs all true acquaintance with divinity upon the doing God's will: if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God. This is that alone which will make us, as St. Peter tells us, 'that we shall not be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our LORD and Saviour!' There is an inward sweetness and deliciousness in divine truth, which no sensual mind can taste or relish: this is that *ψυχικὸς ἀνὴρ*—that natural man that savours not the things of God. Corrupt passions and terrene affections are apt, of their own nature, to disturb all serene thoughts, to precipitate our judgments, and warp our understandings. It was a good maxim of the old Jewish writers: The Holy Spirit dwells not in terrene and earthly passions. Divinity is not so well perceived by a subtil wit, *ὥσπερ αἰσθύσει κεκαλιμένη*—as by a purified sense, as Plotinus phraseth it.

Neither was the ancient philosophy unacquainted with this way and method of attaining to the knowledge of divine things; and therefore Aristotle himself thought a young man unfit to meddle with the grave precepts of morality, till the heat and violent precipitancy of his youthful affections were cooled and moderated. And it is observed of Pythagoras, that he had several ways to try the capacity of his scholars, and to prove the sedateness and moral temper of their minds, before he would entrust them with the sublimer mysteries of his philosophy. The Platonists were herein so wary and solicitous, that they thought the minds of men could never be purged enough from those earthly dregs of sense and passion, in which they were so much steeped, before they could be capable of their divine metaphysics: and therefore they so much solicit a *χωρισμὸς ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος*, as they are wont to phrase it—a separation from the body in all those that would *καλαρῶς φιλοσοφεῖν*, as Socrates speaks, that is indeed, 'sincerely understand divine truth;' for that was the scope of their philosophy. This was also intimated by them in their defining philosophy to be *μελέτη θανάτου*—'a meditation of death'; aiming herein at only a moral way of dying, by loosening the soul from the body and this sensitive life; which they thought was necessary to a right contemplation of intelligible things: and therefore, besides those *ἀρεταὶ καθαρτικαί* by which the souls of men were to be separated from sensuality, and purged from fleshly filth,

they devised a farther way of separation more accommodated to the condition of philosophers, which was their *mathemata* or mathematical contemplations, whereby the souls of men might farther shake off their dependency upon sense, and learn to go as it were alone, without the crutch of any sensible or material thing to support them; and so be a little inured, being once got up above the body, to converse freely with immaterial natures, without looking down again and falling back into sense. Besides many other ways they had, whereby to rise out of this dark body—*ἀναβάσεις ἐκ τοῦ σπηλαίου*; as they were wont to call them,—several steps and ascents out of this miry cave of mortality, before they could set any sure footing with their intellectual part in the land of light and immortal being.

And thus we should pass from this topic of our discourse, upon which we have dwelt too long already, but that before we quite let it go, I hope we may fairly make this use of it farther (besides what we have openly aimed at all this while), which is, to learn not to devote or give up ourselves to any private opinions or dictates of men in matters of religion, nor too jealously to propugn the dogmas of any sect. As we should not, like rigid censurers, arraign and condemn the creeds of other men which we comply not with, before a full and mature understanding of them, ripened not only by the natural sagacity of our own reason, but by the benign influence of holy and mortified affection; so neither should we over hastily *credere in fidem alienam*—subscribe to the symbols and articles of other men. They are not always the best men that blot most paper: truth is not, I fear, so voluminous, nor swells into such a mighty bulk as our books do. Those minds are not always the most chaste that are most parturient with these learned discourses, which too often bear upon them a foul stain of their unlawful propagation. A bitter juice of corrupt affections may sometimes be strained into the ink of our greatest Scholars; their doctrines may taste too sour of the cask they come through. We are not always happy in meeting with that wholesome food (as some are wont to call the doctrinal part of religion) which hath been dressed out by the cleanest hands. Some men have too bad hearts to have good heads: they cannot be good at theory who have been so bad at the practice, as we may justly fear too many of those, from whom we are apt to take the articles of our belief, have been.

Whilst we plead so much our right to the patrimony of our fathers, we may take too fast a possession of their errors, as well as of their sober opinions. There are *idola speciei*—innate prejudices, and deceitful hypotheses, that may at times wander up and

down in the minds of good men, that may fly out from them with their graver determinations. We can never be well assured what our traditional divinity is; nor can we securely enough addict ourselves to any sect of men. That which was the philosophers' motto, *ελευθερον ειναι δεῖ τῇ γνώμῃ τὸν μέλλοντα φιλοσοφεῖν*, we may a little enlarge, and so fit it for an ingenuous pursuer after divine truth: he that will find truth, must seek it with a free judgment, and a sanctified mind; he that thus seeks shall find; he shall live in truth, and that shall live in him; it shall be like a stream of living waters issuing out of his own soul; he shall drink of the waters of his own cistern, and be satisfied; he shall every morning find this heavenly manna lying upon the top of his own soul, and be fed with it to eternal life; he will find satisfaction within, feeling himself in conjunction with truth, though all the world should dispute against him.

IX.

GENUINE DEVOTION.

Having in the first chapter stated the general nature of devotion, and shown that it implies not any form of prayer, but a certain form of life, that is offered to God, not at any particular times or places, but everywhere and in every thing: I shall now descend to some particulars, and show how we are to devote our labour and employment, our time and fortunes, unto God.

As a good Christian should consider every place as holy, because God is there, so he should look upon every part of his life as a matter of holiness, because it is to be offered unto God.

The profession of a clergyman is an holy profession, because it is a ministration in holy things, an attendance at the altar. But worldly business is to be made holy unto the Lord, by being done as a service to Him, and in conformity to His Divine will.

For as all men, and all things in the world, as truly belong unto God, as any places, things, or persons, that are devoted to Divine Service, so all things are to be used, and all persons are to act in their several states and employments, for the glory of God.

Men of worldly business, therefore, must not look upon themselves as at liberty to live to themselves, to sacrifice to their own humours and tempers, because their employment is of a worldly nature. But they must consider, that, as the world and all worldly professions as truly belong to God, as persons and things that are devoted to the altar, so it is as much the duty of men in worldly business

to live wholly unto God, as it is the duty of those who are devoted to Divine service. As the whole world is God's, so the whole world is to act for God. As all men have the same relation to God, as all men have all their powers and faculties from God, so all men are obliged to act for God, with all their powers and faculties.

As all things are God's, so all things are to be used and regarded as things of God. For men to abuse things on earth, to live to themselves, is the same rebellion against God, as for angels to abuse things in Heaven, because God is just the same LORD of all on earth, as He is the LORD of all in Heaven.

Things may, and must differ in their use, but yet they are all to be used according to the will of God.

Men may, and must differ in their employments, but yet they must all act for the same ends, as dutiful servants of God, in the right and pious performance of their several callings.

Clergymen must live wholly unto God in one particular ways, that is, in the exercise of holy offices, in the ministration of prayers and Sacraments, and a zealous distribution of spiritual goods.

But men of other employments are, in their particular way, as much obliged to act as the servants of God, and live wholly unto Him in their several callings. This is the only difference between clergymen and people of other callings.

When it can be shown that men might be vain, covetous, sensual, worldly-minded, or proud in the exercise of their worldly business, then it will be allowable for clergymen to indulge the same tempers in their sacred profession. For though these tempers are most odious and most criminal in clergymen, who, besides their baptismal vow, have a second time devoted themselves to God, to be His servants, not in the common offices of human life, but in the spiritual service of the most holy sacred things, and who are therefore to keep themselves as separate and different from the common life of other men, as a church or an altar is to be kept separate from houses and tables of common use; yet as all Christians are by their Baptism devoted to God, and made professors of holiness, so are they all in their several callings to live as holy and heavenly persons; doing everything in their common life only in such a manner as it may be received by God, as a service done to Him. For things spiritual and temporal, sacred and common, must, like men and angels, like Heaven and earth, all conspire in the glory of God.

As there is but one God and Father of us all, whose glory gives light and life to everything that lives, whose presence fills all places,

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whose power supports all beings, whose providence ruleth all events, so everything that lives, whether in Heaven or earth, whether they be thrones or principalities, men or angels, they must all, with one spirit, live wholly to the praise and glory of this one God and Father of them all. Angels as angels, in their heavenly ministrations; but men as men, women as women, bishops as bishops, priests as priests, and deacons as deacons; some with things spiritual, and some with things temporal, offering to God the daily sacrifice of a reasonable life, wise actions, purity of heart, and heavenly affections.

X.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

There is but one salvation for all mankind, and that is the Life of God in the soul. God has but one design or intent towards all mankind, and that is to introduce or generate His own Life, Light, and Spirit in them, that all may be as so many images, temples, and habitations of the Holy Trinity. This is God's will to all Christians, Jews, and Heathens. They are all equally the desire of His heart; His Light continually waits for an entrance into all of them; His "wisdom crieth, she putteth forth her voice", not here, or there, but everywhere, in all the streets of all the parts of the world.

Now, there is but one possible way for man to attain this salvation or life of God in the soul. There is not one for the Jew, another for a Christian, and a third for the Heathen. No; God is One, human nature is one, salvation is one, and the way to it is one; and that is, the desire of the soul turned to God. When this desire is alive, and breaks forth in any creature under heaven, then the lost sheep is found, and the Shepherd hath it upon His shoulders. Through this desire the poor prodigal son leaveth his husks and swine, and hasteth to his Father; it is because of this desire that the Father seeth the son while yet afar off, that He runs out to meet him, falleth on his neck, and kisseth him. See here how plainly we are taught that no sooner is this desire arisen and in motion towards God, but the operation of God's Spirit answers to it, cherishes and welcomes its first beginnings, signified by the Father's seeing and having compassion on His son, whilst yet afar off,—that is, in the first beginnings of his desire. Thus does this desire do all: it brings the soul to God, and God into the soul, it unites with God, it co-operates with God, and is one life with God. Suppose this desire not to be alive, not in motion

either in a Jew or a Christian, and then all the sacrifices, the service, the worship, either of the Law or the Gospel, are but dead works, that bring no life into the soul, nor beget any union between God and it. Suppose this desire to be awakened, and fixed upon God, though in souls that never heard either of the Law or Gospel, and then the divine Life, or operation of God, enters into them, and the new birth in Christ is formed in those that never heard of His name. And these are they "That shall come from the east, and from the west and sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the Kingdom of God."

* * * * *

I shall conclude this first part with the words of the heavenly illuminated and blessed man, Jacob Behmen:

"It is much to be lamented that we are so blindly led, and the truth withheld from us through imaginary conceptions; for if the divine Power in the inward ground of the soul was manifest, and working with its lustre in us, then is the whole Triune God present in the life and will of the soul; and the heaven, wherein God dwelleth, is opened in the soul; and there, in the soul, is the place where the Father begetteth His Son, and where the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father and the Son.

"Christ saith, 'I am the Light of the world; he that followeth me walketh not in darkness.' He directs us only to Himself. He is the morning star, and is generated and riseth in us, and shineth in the darkness of our nature. Oh, how great a triumph is there in the soul, when He ariseth in it! then a man knows, as he never knew before, that he is a stranger in a foreign land."

XI.

MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable¹ mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Arc big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain:
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

XII.

THE EYE OF THE SOUL.

Life is the one universal soul, which, by virtue of the enlivening Breath, and the informing Word, all bodies have in common, each after its kind. This, therefore, all animals possess, and man as an animal. But in addition to this, God transfused into man a higher gift and specially imbreathed;—even a living (that is, self-subsisting) soul, a soul having its life in itself. *And man became a living soul.* He did not merely possess it, he became it. It was his proper being, his truest self, the man in the man. None then, not one of human kind, so poor and destitute, but there is provided for him, even in his present state, *a house not built with hands*; ay, and spite of the philosophy (falsely so called) which mistakes the causes, the conditions and the occasions of one becoming conscious of certain truths and realities for the truths and realities themselves—a house gloriously furnished. Nothing is wanted but the eye, which is the light of this house, the light which is the eye of this soul. This seeing light, this enlightening eye, is reflection. It is more, indeed, than is ordinarily meant by that word; but it is what a Christian ought to mean by it, and to know too, whence it first came, and still

continues to come—of what light even this light is but a reflection. This, too, is thought; and all thought is but unthinking that does not flow out of this, or tend towards it.

* * * * * * *

In the state of perfection, perhaps all other faculties may be swallowed up in love, or superseded by immediate vision; but it is on the wings of the Cherubim, that is (according to the interpretation of the ancient Hebrew doctors), the intellectual powers and energies, that we must first be borne up to 'the pure empyrean.'—It must be seraphs, and not the hearts of imperfect mortals, that can burn unfuelled and self-fed. *Give me understanding* (is the prayer of the royal Psalmist), *and I shall observe Thy law with my whole heart. Thy law is exceeding broad*—that is, comprehensive, pregnant, containing far more than the apparent import of the words on a first perusal. *It is my meditation all the day.*

It is worthy of especial comment that the Scriptures are distinguished from all other writings pretending to inspiration by the strong and frequent recommendation of knowledge and a spirit of inquiry,—without reflection it is evident that neither the one can be acquired nor the other exercised.

XIII.

DOUBT A PREPARATION FOR BELIEF.

Where there is a great deal of smoke and no clear flame, it argues much moisture in the matter, yet it witnesseth certainly that there is fire there; and therefore dubious questioning is a much better evidence, than that senseless deadness which most take for believing: men that know nothing in sciences have no doubts.

He never truly believed, who was not first made sensible and convinced of unbelief.

Never be afraid to doubt, if only you have the disposition to believe, and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth. I will venture to add in my own name and from my own conviction the following:

He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.

XIV.

REASON.

Reason is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves. Its presence is always marked by the necessity of the position affirmed: this necessity being conditional, when a truth of reason is applied to facts of experience, or to the rules and maxims of the understanding; but absolute, when the subject matter is itself the growth or offspring of reason. Hence arises a distinction in reason itself, derived from the different mode of applying it, and from the objects to which it is directed: accordingly as we consider one and the same gift, now as the ground of formal principles, and now as the origin of ideas. Contemplated distinctively in reference to formal (or abstract) truth, it is the Speculative Reason; but in reference to actual (or moral) truth, as the fountain of ideas and the light of the conscience, we name it the Practical Reason. Whenever by self-subjection to this universal light, the will of the individual, the particular will, has become a will of reason, the man is regenerate: and reason is then the spirit of the regenerated man, whereby the person is capable of a quickening intercommunion with the Divine Spirit. And herein consists the mystery of Redemption, that this has been rendered possible for us. *And so it is written; the first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening spirit* (1 Cor. xv. 45.)—we need only compare the passages in the writings of the apostles Paul and John concerning the spirit and spiritual gifts, with those in the Proverbs and in the wisdom of Solomon respecting Reason, to be convinced that the terms are synonymous. In this at once most comprehensive and most appropriate acceptation of the word, Reason is pre-eminently spiritual, and a spirit, even our spirit, through an effluence of the same grace by which we are privileged to say, Our Father.

XV.

FAITH.

The will of God is the last ground and final aim of all our duties, and to that the whole man is to be harmonized by subordination, subjugation, or suppression alike in commission and mission.

But the will of God, which is one with the supreme intelligence, is revealed to man through the conscience.

But the conscience, which consists in an inappellable bearing-witness to the truth and reality of our reason, may legitimately be construed with the term reason, so far as the conscience is prescriptive; while as approving or condemning, it is the consciousness of the subordination or insubordination, the harmony or discord, of the personal will of man to and with the representative of the will of God.

This brings me to the last and fullest sense of Faith, that is, as the obedience of the individual will to the reason, in the lust of the flesh as opposed to the super-sensual; in the lust of the eye as opposed to the supersensuous; in the pride of the understanding as opposed to the infinite, in the φρόνημα σαρκός, in contrariety to the spiritual truth; in the lust of the personal will as opposed to the absolute and universal; and in love of the creature, as far as it is opposed to the love which is one with the reason, namely, the love of God.

Thus, then, to conclude. Faith subsists in the *'synthesis* of the reason and in the individual will. By virtue of the latter, therefore, it must be an energy, and inasmuch as it relates to the whole moral man, it must be exerted in each and all of his constituents or incidents, faculties and tendencies;—it must be a total not a partial; a continuous, not a desultory or occasional energy—and by virtue of the former, that is, reason, faith must be a light, a form of knowing, a beholding of truth. In the incomparable words of the Evangelist, therefore—*Faith must be a light originating in the Logos or the substantial reason, which is co-eternal and one with the Holy Will, and which light is at the same time the life of men.* Now as life is here the sum or collective of all moral and spiritual acts, in suffering, doing, and being, so is faith the source and the sum, the energy and the principle, of the fidelity of man to God, by the subordination of his human will, in all provinces of his nature, to his reason, as the sum of spiritual truth, representing and manifesting the will Divine.

XVI.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem,
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

2.

 The Rainbow, comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose;
 The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

3.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave the thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday:
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 Thou happy
 Shepherd-boy!

4.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

5.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

6.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

7.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy, and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

8.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,

' That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in one doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

II.

And, O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway,
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

XVII.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern,
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape or danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

XVIII.

CIVILIZATION GROUNDED UPON THE ETERNAL.

If the Absolute and Eternal must be banished from the thoughts of philosophers, because there is no human organ wherewith to take account of them, they must be banished from the thoughts of men. There is a growing feeling among the rich and prosperous that the invisible world has no interest for men in a refined state of civilization. The opinion, which Comte has formulised, is stated popularly in English books which have obtained the widest circulation and reputation. All ideas of moral government and spiritual influence, they say, belong to an older time; we have left them far behind us. A doctrine, which naturally commends itself to those who find the visible world comfortable and satisfactory, has descended upon those who find it uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. Under the name of Secularism it is spreading rapidly among some of the most intelligent of the class which comprises the bulk of our population. The world is not specially their friend, nor the world's law; but they look upon all tidings respecting the unseen as only fictions that are invented to keep them on their present level. Many of their teachers have been religious teachers in their day. They proclaim that the terrors and hopes of the future, which they once entertained, have become nothing to them; that only the present can be understood, or is worthy to be thought of. To tell such men that, as philosophers, you perfectly agree with them; that you, as much as they, scorn those in former days who tried to look beyond the bounds of the finite; but that for the good order of Society, and for the sake of avoiding possible perils hereafter, certain forms of expression must be kept up which seem to imply that the infinite can be brought within the range of our cognizance, nay, that it should be the main object of our study and pursuit; to do this is simply to provoke their righteous scorn and indignation. We draw upon ourselves the charge that we attach no meaning to the words which we count most sacred. We urge on a revolution more terrible than any we have witnessed yet; one in which the mass of the people shall treat these words and all the associations that belong to them . . . as we have treated them.

Will it be altogether the same if we can tell our countrymen, appealing to history for the confirmation of our words, that not in another day, but in our own day—not in times before the French revolution broke down the barriers between classes, but specially since that event, and in consequence of that event—men without

the least theological bias, as jealous of theologians as any Secularist can be—just because they longed for freedom, just because they had a vehement passion for truth—broke through the lore of the eighteenth century, which told them that they must limit themselves to outward and visible things, that they could have no apprehension of the Infinite and Eternal? Will it be the same if we can show them by the same evidence of history, that all civilization which has lost sight of this eternal ground, has of necessity become a crushing civilization; fatal to human energies and to the poor man; never able to sustain itself without the aid of an artificial religion—a religion of mere fear; at last doomed to destruction by some vigorous race believing in that which is not material, confessing a God? Will it be the same if we testify to them that the Absolute, however small may be its worth as a mere metaphysical notion, must come in contact with them as a living power; that beneath them lies either an abyss of arbitrary self-will—that divinity which Hobbes worshipped, and yet which he could not worship in all its blackness, because he had the dream of certain maxims of reason which qualified it, and yet which it alone creates and interprets—or else an absolutely righteous power, a Being who is light, and in whom is no darkness? Will it be the same if we show them that they cannot get rid of the belief in incarnations; that in fact their tendency is to believe in nothing else; that all visible tyrannies must be incarnations and embodiments of that principle of self-will, if there is not some other mightier principle which fights against it and is destined to destroy it? Will it be the same if we tell them that *the* incarnation of which we speak means that of the perfectly righteous Being, who, as we hold, humbled Himself to the state of the poor man, and entered into all the conflicts, visible and invisible, to which man is subject, that He might establish the dominion before which all tyrannies, ecclesiastical, democratical, imperial, all the powers of death, are at last to fall down.

Nor dare we forget that England rules over millions of human beings who, in their faiths and their philosophies, have been feeling after the Infinite and the Eternal if haply they might find it; who have confessed incarnations of evil powers and of good—of destroyers and deliverers. We may use our western civilization to tell these millions that their efforts have all been futile and ridiculous. We may use our western religion to tell them that the good that is in them did not proceed from the Source of Good; that they have no divine Teacher with them who can separate the good from the evil, who can bring them from darkness into perfect light. Or we may

believe that we exist as a nation to bear exactly the opposite witness to this; that every English statesman, soldier, man of science, just so far as he testifies of right, order, truth, in the government of men or in the operations of nature, is helping to distinguish between that which is of God and that which is of the evil spirit; that every missionary, so far as he proclaims a perfectly righteous Being, a Son of God who came to deliver men from moral and physical evil, and a Spirit of God who is the spring of all that is right in the heart and reason of man, who is struggling with all that is foul and corrupt—must be meeting the desires, hopes, intuitions, that are expressed in their mythologies and philosophies—must be working for the division of these from the horrible slavery to the outward and present world, from the horrible anticipations of the unseen and future world with which they have been polluted.

It is not for us to prophesy whether England will understand her function or not; whether she will use the blessings which have been given her for the interpretation of the past, as well as of the present, for uniting the nations of Christendom, for teaching and binding together all the nations of the earth. If she and all the nations which have hitherto confessed the faith of Christ become ministers of darkness, enemies of the Light, the Light will not the less make itself manifest. Other instruments will be found to diffuse it. Known in all lands, mixing with all people, seen in every temple of Mammon, bearing silent witness in every such temple of a Righteous God, the Jew of our century may come to discover that he was sent into the world to be a blessing, not a curse, to all the families of the earth. Uniting all that was truly divine in Spinoza, all that was truly rational in Moses Mendelssohn, to a thorough faith in the promises made to his fathers, to a deep sense of the need of a Redemption from evil, he may speak to men as we have never spoken, of a humbled and glorified Son of man—of a Son of God who perfectly reveals the Infinite and the Eternal. The nation which was chosen as the first guide to men in the search after moral and metaphysical wisdom may be also the last.

XIX.

DESTINY.

Far among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep;
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
 Changeless morn succeeds to even;
 And the everlasting hills
 Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
 Changeless to a changeless sea;
 All around is forethought sure,
 Fixéd will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main?
 Will the potter heed the clay?
 Mortal! where the spirit drives,
 Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive;
 Where thy path is, thou shalt go.
 He who made the stream of time
 Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

XX.

SPIRITUAL DEATH.

Now believe me, my friends, as surely as a man's flesh can die and be buried, while he, himself, his soul, lives for ever, just so a man's self, his soul, can die, while his flesh lives on upon earth. You do not think so, but the Bible thinks so. The Bible talks of men being *dead* in trespasses and sins, while their flesh and body is alive and walking this earth. It talks, too, of a worse state, of men twice dead; of men who, after God has brought their souls to life, let those souls of theirs die down again within them, and rot away, as far as we can see, hopelessly and for ever. And what is it which kills a man's soul within him on this side the grave, and makes him dead while he has a name to live? *Sin*, evil-doing, the disease of the soul, the death of the soul, yea, the death of the man himself. And what is sin but living according to the flesh and not according to the spirit? What is sin but living as the dumb animals do, as if we were debtors to our own flesh, to fulfil its lusts, and to please our own appetites, fancies, and tempers, instead of remembering that we are debtors to God, who made us, and blesses us all day long;—debtors to our Lord Jesus Christ, who bought

us with His own blood, that we might please Him and obey Him; debtors to God's Holy Spirit, who puts into our minds good desires; debtors to our baptism vows, in which we were consecrated to God, that He, and not this flesh of ours, might be our Master for ever?

This is sin; to give way to those selfish and evil tempers, against which I warned you in the beginning of my sermon, and which, if any man indulges in them, will surely and steadily, bit by bit, kill that man's soul within him, and leave the man dead in trespasses and sins, while his body walks this earth. My friends, do not fancy these are merely far-fetched words out of a book, made to sound difficult and terrible in order to frighten you. God forbid! When Scripture says this, it speaks a plain and simple truth and one which I know to be a truth from experience. I speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen. I have seen (and what sadder or more fearful sight?) dead men and dying walk this earth in flesh and blood; men busy enough, shrewd enough upon some points, priding themselves, perhaps, upon their cleverness and knowledge of the world, of whom all one could say was, the man is dead; the man is lost, unless God brings him to life again by His quickening Spirit: for goodness is dead in him; the powers of his soul are dead in him; the hope of being a better man is dead in him; all that God wishes to see him be and do, is dead; God's likeness and glory in him is dead; he thinks himself wise, and he is a fool in God's sight; for he sees not God's law, which is the only wisdom: he thinks himself strong, but he is utterly weak and helpless; for he is the slave of his own tempers, the slave of his own foul lust, the slave of his own pride and vanity, the slave of his own covetousness. Oh, my friends, people are apt to be afraid of what they call seeing a ghost—that is a spirit without a body: they fancy that it would be a very shocking thing to meet one; but, as for me, I know a far more dreadful sight; and that is, a careless and a hardened sinner—a body without a spirit. Which is uglier and ghastlier—a spirit without a body, or a body without a spirit? And yet such one meets, I dare not think how often.

XXI.

GOD IN HISTORY.

This belief that History is "God educating man," is no mere hypothesis; it results from the observation of thousands of minds, throughout thousands of years. It has long seemed—I trust it will

seem still—the best explanation of the strange deeds of that strange being, man: and where we find in history facts which seem to contradict it, we shall not cast away rashly or angrily either it or them: but if we be Bacon's true disciples, we shall use them patiently and reverently to correct and expand our notions of the law itself, and rise thereby to more deep and just conceptions of education, of man, and—it may be—of God Himself.

In proportion as we look at history thus; searching for effective, rather than final causes, and content to see God working everywhere, without impertinently demanding of Him a reason for His deeds, we shall study in a frame of mind equally removed from superstition on the one hand, and necessitarianism on the other. We shall not be afraid to confess natural agencies: but neither shall we be afraid to confess those supernatural causes which underlie all existence, save God's alone.

We shall talk of more than of an over-ruling Providence. That such exists, will seem to us a patent fact. But it will seem to us somewhat Manichæan to believe that the world is ill-made, mankind a failure, and that all God has to do with them, is to set them right here and there, when they go intolerably wrong. We shall believe not merely in an over-ruling Providence, but (if I may dare to coin a word) in an under-ruling one, which has fixed for mankind eternal laws of life, health, growth, both physical and spiritual; in an around-ruling Providence, likewise, by which circumstances, that which stands around a man, are perpetually arranged, it may be, are fore-ordained, so that each law shall have at least an opportunity of taking effect in the right person, in the right time and place; and in an in-ruling Providence, too, from whose inspiration comes all true thought, all right feeling; from whom, we must believe, man alone, of all living things known to us, inherits that mysterious faculty of perceiving the law beneath the phenomena, by virtue of which he is a *man*.

But we can hold all this surely, and equally hold all which natural science may teach us. Hold what natural science teaches? We shall not dare to hold it. It will be sacred in our eyes. All light which science, political, economic, physiological or other, can throw upon the past, will be welcomed by us, as coming from the Author of all light. To ignore it, even to receive it suspiciously and grudgingly, we shall feel to be a sin against Him. We shall dread no "inroads of materialism;" because we shall be standing upon that spiritual ground which underlies—ay, causes—the material. All discoveries of science, whether political or economic, whether laws of health or laws of climate, will be accepted trustfully

and cheerfully. And when we meet with such startling speculations as those on the influence of climate, soil, scenery on national character, which have lately excited so much controversy, we shall welcome them at first sight, just because they give us hope of order where we had seen only disorder, law where we fancied chance: we shall verify them patiently; correct them if they need correction, and if proven, believe that they have worked, and still work, *οὐκ ἀνεῖσθαι*, as 'factors in the great method of Him who has appointed to all nations their times, and the bounds of their habitation, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him: though He be not far from any one of them; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, and are the offspring of God himself.

XXII.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight; and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me.

XXIII.

MORNING.

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing:—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought;
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t'espny
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk!

We need not bid for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

XXIV.

EVENING.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my Soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meckly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take!
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

XXV.

SPRING.

Lessons sweet of Spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense of learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,—
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieved,
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest darkest tree,
 There they plunge, the light declining —
 All may hear, but none may see.
 Fearless of thy passing hoof,
 Hardly will they fleet aloof;
 So they live in modest ways,
 Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

XXVI.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

There is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book to shew
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
 In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run,
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
 That crowns His holy hill;
 The Saints, like stars, around His seat,
 Perform their courses still.

The Saints above are stars in Heaven —
 What are the Saints on earth?
 Like trees they stand whom God has given,
 Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root
 Hope their unfading flower,
 Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
 The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace
 It steals in silence down;
 But where it lights, the favour'd place
 By richest fruits is known.

One name above all glorious names,
 With its ten thousand tongues,
 The everlasting sea proclaims,
 Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display:
 But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within
 Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee
 And read Thee everywhere.

XXVII.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I know not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot:
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
 I hear my LORD.

He holds me when the billows smite,
 I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
 The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

XXVIII.

BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
 And trim their words for pay:
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
 Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact: though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop:
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide:
We were not made to sit and dream,
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain,"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down:
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand:
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
 We now see darkly through,
 And justified at last appear
 The true, in Him that's true.

XXIX.

FILIOLÆ DULCISSIMÆ.

Say, wilt thou think of me when I'm away,
 Borne from the threshold and laid in the clay,
 Past and forgotten for many a day?

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,
 Further each year from thy vision withdrawn,
 Thou in the sunset, and I in the dawn?

Wilt thou remember me, when thou shalt see
 Daily and nightly encompassing thee
 Hundreds of others, but nothing of me?

All that I ask is a gem in thine eye,
 Sitting and thinking when no one is by,
 Thus looked he on me—thus rung his reply.

Ah, but in vain is the boon that I seek:
 Time is too strong, or remembrance too weak;
 Soon yields to darkness the evening's last streak.

'Tis not to die, though the path be obscure:
 Grand is the conflict, the victory sure:
 Vast though the peril, there's One can secure.

'Tis not to land in the region unknown,
 Thronged by bright spirits, all strange and alone,
 Waiting the doom from the Judge on the throne.

But 'tis to feel the cold touch of decay
 'Tis to look back on the wake of one's way
 Fading and vanishing day after day:

This is the bitterness none can be spared:
This, the oblivion the greatest have shared:
This, the true death for ambition prepared.

Thousands are round us, toiling as we,
Living and loving,—whose lot is to be
Passed and forgotten, like waves on the sea.

Once in a lifetime is uttered a word
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard:
Once in an age is humanity stirred.

Once in a century springs forth a deed
From the dark bands of forgetfulness freed,
Destined to shine, and to help, and to lead.

Yet not e'en thus escape we our lot:
The deed lasts in memory, the doer is not:
The word liveth on, but the voice is forgot.

Who knows the forms of the mighty of old?
Can bust or can portrait the spirit unfold,
Or the light of the eye by description be told?

Nay, even He who our ransom became,
Bearing the Cross and despising the shame
Earning a Name above every name,

They who had handled Him while He was here,
Kept they in memory His lineaments clear—
Could they command them at will to appear?

They who had heard Him, and lived on His voice,
Say, could they always recall at their choice
The tone and the cadence which made them rejoice?

Be we content then to pass into shade,
Visage and voice in oblivion laid,
And live in the light that our actions have made.

Yet do thou think of me, child of my soul:—
When the dark waves of forgetfulness roll,
Part may survive in the wreck of the whole.

Still let me count^{*} on the tear in thine eye,
"Thus bent he o'er me, thus went his reply,"
Sitting and thinking when no one is by.

XXX.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubts and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word—they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego.

Despite of all which seems at strife
 With blessing, all with curses rife,
 That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

XXXI.

DIFFERENT MINDS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
 And wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue:
 And some with thankful love are fill'd
 If but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's good mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied:
 And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How Love has in their aid
 (Love that not ever seems to tire)
 Such rich provision made.

XXXII.

CULTURE AND RELIGION.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself,—religion, that voice of the deepest human experience,—does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture,—seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution,—likewise reaches. Religion says: *The Kingdom of God is within you*; and culture,

in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition in the growth and predominance of our humanity, in the ever-increasing efficaciousness and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion. And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest, or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a general expansion. Perfection, as culture conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated: the individual is obliged, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge, and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward; and here once more, it lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness." Finally, perfection, — as culture, from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience, learns to conceive it, — is an harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest.

Here it goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

XXXIII.

THE FORM AND SUBSTANCE OF RELIGION.

Certainty and grandeur are really and truly characters of Christianity.

Theologians and popular religion have given a wrong turn to it all, and present it to us in a form which is fantastic and false; but the firm foundation for human life is to be found in it, and the true source for us of strength, joy, and peace. *Sine viâ non itur*, and

Christianity can be shewn to be mankind's indispensable way. The subject of the Old Testament, *Salvation by righteousness*, the subject of the New, *Righteousness by Jesus Christ*, are, in positive strict truth, man's most momentous matters of concern. The command of the Old Testament, 'Fear God and keep his commandments,' put into other words, what is it but this:

'Reverently obey the eternal power moving us to fulfil the true law of our being;'—and when shall that command be done away? The command of the New Testament: 'Watch that ye may be counted worthy to stand before the Son of Man,' put into other words, what is it? it is this: 'So live, as to be worthy of that high and true ideal of man and of man's life, which shall be at last victorious.' All the future is there.

Jesus himself, as he appears in the Gospels, and for the very reason that he is so manifestly above the heads of his reporters there, is, in the jargon of modern philosophy, an *absolute*; we cannot explain him, cannot get behind him and above him, cannot command him. He is therefore the perfection of an ideal, and it is as an ideal that the divine has its best worth and reality. The unerring and consummate felicity of Jesus, his prepossessingness, his *grace and truth*, are, moreover, at the same time the law for right performance on all man's great lines of endeavour, although the Bible deals with the line of conduct only.

Even those corrections, and they are many and grave, which will have to be applied to popular Christianity, are to be drawn from Christianity itself. The materialistic future state, the materialistic Kingdom of God, of our popular religion, will dissolve 'like some substantial vision faded.' But they will dissolve through the action, through the gradually increasing influence, of other and profounder texts of Scripture than the popular texts on which they base themselves.

Using the language of accommodation to the ideas current amongst his hearers, Jesus talked of drinking wine and sitting on thrones in the Kingdom of God; and texts of this kind are what popular religion promptly seized and built upon. But other profounder texts meanwhile there were, which remained, one may say, in shadow. 'This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;'—'The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.' These deeper texts will gradually come more and more into notice and prominence and use, as it becomes evident that the future state built on the language of accommodation has no reality. The teachers of religion will more

and more bring these texts forward and develop them. And as, from being everywhere preached and believed, the illusory future state gained power and apparent substance, so too, by coming to be more and more dwelt upon and to possess men's minds more and more, the true ideal will acquire, in its turn, a fulness and force which no isolated endeavours can give to it.

XXXIV.

THE RIGHTEOUS GOD.

Philosophers dispute whether moral ideas, as they call them, the simplest ideas of conduct and righteousness which now seem instinctive, did not all grow, were not once inchoate, embryo, dubious, unformed; that may have been so; the question is an interesting one for science. But the interesting question for conduct is whether those ideas are unformed or formed *now*; they are formed now, and they were formed when the Hebrews named the power, out of themselves, which pressed upon their spirit: *The Eternal*. Probably the life of Abraham, *the friend of God*, however imperfectly the Bible traditions by themselves convey it to us, was a decisive step forward in the development of these ideas of righteousness. Probably this was the moment when such ideas became fixed and solid for the Hebrew people, and marked it permanently off from all others who had not made the same step. But long before the first beginnings of recorded history, long before the oldest word of Bible literature, these ideas must have been at work; we know it by the result, although they may have for a long while been but rudimentary. In Israel's earliest history and earliest literature, under the name of Eloah, Elohim, *The Mighty*, there may have lain and matured, there did lie and mature, ideas of God more as a moral power, more as a power connected above everything with conduct and righteousness, than were entertained by other races; not only can we judge by the result that this must have been so, but we can see that it was so. Still their name, *The Mighty*, does not in itself involve any true and deep religious ideas, any more than our name, *The Brilliant*. With *The Eternal* it is otherwise. For what did they mean by the Eternal; the Eternal *what*? The Eternal *cause*? Alas, these poor people were not Archbishops of York. They meant the Eternal *righteous*, who loveth *righteousness*. They had dwelt upon the thought of conduct and right and wrong, till the *not ourselves* which is in us

and around us, became to them adorable eminently and altogether as *a power which makes for righteousness*; which makes for it unchangeably and eternally, and is therefore called *The Eternal*.

XXXV.

PROGRESS.

The Master stood upon the mount, and taught.

He saw a fire in his disciples' eyes;

"The old law," they said, "is wholly come to nought!

Behold the new world rise!"

"Was it," the Lord then said, "with scorn ye saw

The old law observed by Scribes and Pharisees?

I say unto you, see *ye* keep that law

More faithfully than these!

"Too hasty heads for ordering worlds, alas!

Think not that I to annul the law have will'd;

No jot, no tittle from the law shall pass,

Till all hath been fulfill'd."

So Christ said eighteen hundred years ago.

And what then shall be said to those to-day

Who cry aloud to lay the old world low

To clear the new world's way?

"Religious fervours! ardour misapplied!

Hence, hence," they cry, "ye do but keep man blind!

But keep him self-immersed, preoccupied,

And lame the active mind."

Ah! from the old world let someone answer give:

"Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares?

I say unto you, see that *your* souls live

A deeper life than theirs.

"Say ye: The spirit of man has found new roads,

And we must leave the old faiths, and walk therein?—

Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods,

But guard the fire within!

"Bright, else, and fast the stream of life may roll,
 And no man may the other's hurt behold;
 Yet each will have one anguish—his own soul
 Which perishes of cold."

Here let that voice make end! then let a strain
 . From a far lonelier distance, like the wind
 Be heard, floating through heaven, and fill again
 These men's profoundest mind:

"Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
 For ever doth accompany mankind,
 Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
 That men did ever find.

"Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
 Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?
 Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
 '*Thou must be born again!*'?"

"Children of men! not that your age excel
 In pride of life the ages of your sires,
 But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
 The Friend of man desires."

XXXVI.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
 From bands of greedy heirs be free;
 For these besiege the latest breath
 Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
 Tearless, when of my death he hears;
 Let those who will, if any, weep!
 There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name!

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath.

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels Death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead!

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

ENGLISH ROMANISTS.

I.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

II.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

2.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

III.

RESURRECTION OF THE CHURCH.

So, my dear brethren, is it now; "He hath taken us, and He will heal us; He will strike, and He will cure us. He will revive us after two days; on the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect; the mystery of Providence is unravelled; the destined hour is come. And, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight, and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly, and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His Apostles and preachers, as at the first, from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their own work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thoughts of the conversion of the country. But He came as a spirit upon the waters; He walked to and fro Himself over that dark and troubled deep; and wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes

were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother, who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. First one, and then another, sought the rest which she alone could give. A first, and a second, and a third, and a fourth, each in his turn, as grace inspired him,—not altogether, as by some party understanding or political call,—but each drawn by divine power, and against his will, for he was happy where he was, yet with his will, for he was lovingly subdued by the sweet mysterious influence which called him on. One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly, and abundantly, they drifted in till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away, and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave, strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished, as when they closed on her. It is told in legends, my Brethren, of that great saint and instrument of God, St. Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found, to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now; the Church is coming out of prison as collected in her teaching, as precise in her action, as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium, and cope, and chasuble, and stole, and wonder-working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes.

What an awful vitality is here! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! She claims, she seeks, she desires no temporal power, no secular station; she meddles not with Cæsar or the things of Cæsar; she obeys him in his place, but she is independent of him. Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. She hopes and fears nothing from the world; it made her not, nor can it destroy her. She can benefit it largely, but she does not force herself upon it. She may be persecuted by it, but she thrives under the persecution. She may be ignored, she may be silenced and thrown into a corner, but she is thought of the more. Calumniate her, and her influence grows; ridicule her,—she does but smile upon you more awfully and persuasively. What will you do with her, ye sons of men, if you will not love her, if at least you will not endure her? Let the last three hundred years reply.

Let her alone, refrain from her; for if her counsel or her work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it, lest perhaps you be found even to fight against God.

IV.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

V.

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control

That o'er thee swell and throng;

They will condense within thy soul,

And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run

In soft luxurious flow,

Shrinks when hard service must be done,

And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

VI.

FOUNDATIONS OF CATHOLIC BELIEF.

The Vatican Council defined the two primary truths of the natural and supernatural order; the one, that the existence of God can be certainly known by the things that are made; the other, that the Roman Pontiff, in defining the faith and law of God, by divine assistance, is guarded from all error.

These two truths are the two principles of divine certitude.

The one is the infallibility of reason in the natural order. The other is the infallibility of the Church in its Head by a perpetual divine assistance.

The so-called Reformation or intellectual revolt against the divine authority of the Church has borne its fruit; and its fruit is twofold; uncertainty as to the truths of revelation among those who still believe, and scepticism as to the lights and laws of the natural order.

Men now doubt as to the reports of sense and judgments of reason founded on these reports. This uncertainty is fatal to faith, for where doubt begins faith ends. But worse than this. Scepticism is a palsy of the reason: it denies to men the means of knowledge. We have returned to the scepticism of the ancients, of whom St. Augustine said that they refuted themselves, for they were certain that we cannot be certain of anything.

The Christian world began by contending with Gnostics who believed all science, or *gnosis*, to be evolved from the human reason; and it is ending by conflict with Agnostics who affirm that there is nothing to be known beyond the horizon of reason, bounded by sense. And yet, though they cannot know God to exist, they talk and write as if they know that He does not exist.

The nineteenth century, by reason of its special intellectual aberrations, stood in need of these two definitions of the Vatican Council. They meet the two great wounds of the world: namely, an irrational scepticism and a mutilated Christianity. *Sapientia ædificavit sibi domum*. For nearly nineteen hundred years the sanctuary of the faith has been rising and expanding. The lineal identity of faith is perfect in all time and in all the world. But the perpetual con-

traditions of the world have compelled deeper mental conceptions, and more precise verbal enunciation, of the one immutable truth. And as the truth has been elaborated, the sacred terminology of faith has been defined and fixed. Therefore they who are within the fold are *unius labii*: those that are without cannot understand each other's speech, and have ceased to build. The city of confusion is in ruins. Heresies there must be that the truth may be manifest. There is no choice but this; either to believe in the voice of the living Church, or to appeal from it and go back to documents of uninspired men, local, occasional, and obscure; often of doubtful authenticity, of uncertain text, and of equivocal meaning. If such be the raw material of the work, who and what are the workmen? Has any one of them, or have they all together, the promise of Divine assistance, to interpret history against the living witness of the Church of God? They appeal to the past, which is dead and speechless save as it echoes their own voice; we listen to the voice of a Divine Teacher who lives for ever. They choose to be critics: we are content to be disciples.

VII.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth, *
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease,
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there ^{is} cautious science too,
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, ^{is} he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to love with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul,
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

VIII.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs, shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an arméd band;
 One will fade as others greet thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond;
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

IX.

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
 And you lie dreaming on;
 The others have buckled their armour,
 And forth to the fight are gone:
 A place in the ranks awaits you,
 Each man has some part to play;
 The Past and the Future are nothing,
 In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret:
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

X.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence,
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead;
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours;
Honour her, for she is mighty!
Honour her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes,
 Girt about her cloudy throne,
 Every day her ranks are strengthened
 By great hearts to him unknown;
 Noble things the great Past promised,
 Holy dreams both strange and new;
 But the Present shall fulfil them,
 What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
 She is heir to all his fame,
 And the light that lightens round her
 Is the lustre of his name;
 She is wise with all his wisdom,
 Living, on his grave she stands,
 On her brow she bears his laurels,
 And his harvest in her hands.

Coward! can she reign and conquer
 If we thus her glory dim?
 Let us fight for her as nobly
 As our fathers fought for him!
 God, who crowns the dying ages,
 Bids her rule, and us obey:
 Bids us cast our lives before her;
 Bids us serve the great To-day.

XI.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise
 The prize you dream of to-day
 Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
 And melt in your hand away;
 But another and holier treasure,
 You would now perchance disdain,
 Will come when your toil is over,
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

XII.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

We ask for Peace, oh LORD!
Thy children ask Thy Peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm Life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, oh LORD!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron Pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings,
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe;—
Thou, oh dear LORD, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy Peace, oh LORD!
 Through storm, and fear, and strife,
 To light and guide us on,
 Through a long struggling life:
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve, what the world calls,
 Our wasted might:—
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, oh LORD,
 Who toil while others sleep;
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap:
 They lean on Thee entranced,
 In calm and perfect rest:
 Give us that Peace, oh LORD,
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

XIII.

GOD IN NATURE.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, LORD, are Thine!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD, are Thine!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

XIV.

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as borne she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

XV.

HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

XVI.

TRUST.

Oh Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When Joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our Peace-branch from above?
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day!

XVII.

GOD OMNIPRESENT.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, LORD, that arch of Thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like Thy Throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack,
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity:

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

INDEPENDENTS.

I.

APPEAL FOR TOLERATION.

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus, with his two controversial faces, might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricated already to our hands.

Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us, to know nothing but by statute. When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of truth. For who knows not that truth is strong,

next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow, else, is the abolition of "those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross"? What great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another? I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble, and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover, any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of "wood and hay and stubble" forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a Church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms.

Not that I can think well of every light separation; or that all in a Church is to be expected "gold and silver, and precious stones:" it is not possible for a man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry: that must be the angel's ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind, as who looks they should be? this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery, and open superstition, which as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and misled:

that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners, no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw itself: but those neighbouring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

In the meanwhile, if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving reformation which we labour under, if truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak who hath so bejesuited us, that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed; and not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself: whose first appearance to our eyes, beared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors; even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinions of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it. For when God shakes a kingdom, with strong and healthful commotions, to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing.

But yet more true it is, that God then raises to His own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revive what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and to go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening His church, to dispense and deal out by degrees His beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these His chosen shall be first heard to speak; for He sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old convocation house; and another while in the chapel at Westminster, when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonised is not sufficient without plain convincement, and the charity of patient instruction, to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian, who desires to walk in the spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made, no, though Harry the seventh himself there, with all his liege

tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead to swell their number. And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes yet for our own? Seeing no man who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the priests, nor among the Pharisees, and we, in the haste of a precipitant zeal, shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them; no less than woe to us, while, thinking thus to defend the gospel, we are found the persecutors!

II.

TRUE SERVICE.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
 'Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
 'Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best, His state
 'Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
 'And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

III.

RESIGNATION.

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

IV.

GOD THE REFUGE OF HIS CHURCH.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 • Before the rising sun.

O God our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last;
 And our eternal home.

V.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long:
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne
 And ev'ry voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye long closed in night
 To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the riches of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name.

VI.

BUILDING ERAS IN RELIGION.

We see then,—for this is the sum of all we have been saying,—that the Holy Spirit organizes, Himself, the communion of saints, and will as certainly make places or build houses for it in His times. Building for religion is no such carnal thing, in this view, as many think; and if we build well, what else should we do, when we are

building for God? We so far put ourselves in connection with a great instinct of religion, and with cras to come, when the grandest doxologies, and most hallowed prayers, and widest human brotherhoods will be mounting into stone by the upward lift of their affinities. Far be it from us to reflect, in the suggestions here offered, on the dignity of our common audience chambers, or preaching-stands called churches. Still farther be it from us to stir up any puffy conceit; as if, in the building of these, we were doing something very magnificent, such as belongs to the last great day and final glory of our religion. We need, first of all, to understand that this is the day of small things, and not despise the day of small things because a greater is to come. Probably never, in the most advanced age of our religion, will our small structures, called churches, be dispensed with. They are, and are always to be, our synagogues, standing in the succession of the synagogues and not in the succession of the temple, as many are forward without right to assume. These had no priesthood and no altar. They were the people-houses of religion, where they came together every Sabbath, to read the word, and offer their interpretations, and blend their prayers. And these synagogues were the really interesting places of the old religion, far more interesting, in most respects, than the temple. Who can ever think, without profoundest respect and tenderness, of the dear old synagogue of Nazareth, where Christ attended, "as His custom was," and where He began His ministry, standing up to read, and saying when He had done: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears?" What scenes took place, too, in one synagogue or another, almost every Sabbath, under Christ's ministry; in Capernaum, in all the synagogues of the country towns, in all the four hundred and more of Jerusalem! And then afterward, wherever the Apostles went to preach Christ in foreign cities, —in Damascus, in Antioch, in Alexandria, in Corinth and Philippi, —here it was that they found a place and freedom for their testimony. Hither, in like manner, we must come for all high schooling in the faith. Here we are to get our incitements, corrections, reproofs, consolations, sacramental food, and dearest helps of brotherhood; for as these were always, so they are always to be, our schools of godliness.

And yet it cannot be less than immensely important, as we cast our eye forward, and take our auguries of the future, that we do not cram it with people and things in our own petty measures. As we expect a great future, so we must expect to have something great done in it. And I know not anything that will fire us with

higher thoughts and tone our energies for a loftier key, than to see just what our prophets saw with so great triumph, glorious ages of building for God, such as never were beheld before; a city of God, or it may be many, complete in all grandeur and beauty, and representing fitly the great ideas, and glorious populations, and high creative powers of a universal Christian age.

VII.

CHRISTIAN COMPREHENSIVENESS.

What then is now to be done? What does God require of us? Controversy? No, it is generally agreed that we have worn out controversy. What then? Must we learn to hold opinions more loosely, to be patient with error, and content ourselves in it? No, persecution itself were a dignified compliment to God's truth in comparison with any such inanity as that. Do we then want a grand, world-wide Alliance, in which all Christians will agree to agree, or if they cannot do that, to controvert harmoniously? So many have thought, and they appear to fancy, that when the Christian sects are strung together thus, like bells without a tongue, they will ring the world a concert by their eternal impact. Doubtless it is well, if they only meet to pray together and blend their hearts in communion before God. It is in itself a beautiful sight, and quite as beautiful in what it indicates,—the fact 'that now, at last, a comprehensive brotherhood in Christ has become a want. That want is above all things to be nourished. And being nourished, how shall it be guided to the attainment of its object? Not by selecting from the contents of our sects, and building up a union in diminished quantities of conviction. Every bell must have a tongue and a voice of its own. What we need is, enlarged quantities of conviction, fulness of truth, not a compact based on half the quantity possessed by us now. We must take up the conviction that we do not all together contain more than the truth, and the endeavour must be to end our strifes by such a kind of enlargement as will comprehend all our antagonisms, and bring us into the essential unity of truth itself. We must have it as a settled conviction, that in almost every form of Christian opinion earnestly maintained, even those which are often regarded as pure error, there is yet some element of truth, something which makes it true to its disciples. Then laying aside all malice, our schools must go into the language, one of another, asking what makes it true to the school maintaining it,

and thus we must proceed till all our antagonisms are sifted and every school has gotten to itself the riches of all. Or better still, admitting each that our wisdom is not perfect; that the truth we hold is only partial truth, we are to cherish the want of something more perfect. And then, ceasing to insist that others shall receive and justify us, we are to ask, what have they which is a want in us? What contribution, accepted of them, could make us more complete in the riches of the Gospel? Thus let Calvinism take in Arminianism, Arminianism Calvinism; let decrees take in contingency, contingency decrees; faith take in works, and works faith; the old take in the new, the new the old; not doubting that we shall be as much wiser as we are more comprehensive, as much closer to unity as we have more of the truth. For then, as all are seen embracing and comprehending all, we shall find that we are one, not by virtue of any conceit or agreement, but as the necessary consequence of our completeness in the truth. To be strung together in outward alliances will now be a vain thing; for all Christian souls will ring in peals of harmony, as a chime that is voiced by the truth.

VIII.

SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINE.

I heard a conversation once in the mountains. There was gold that had been wedged in among rocks, and had heard that gold was a wonderful thing for value and for beauty; and it was murmuring and saying, "Here I lie, and here I have lain for centuries; I am gold, and I hear stories of what gold is for value and for beauty and for power; but here I lie in darkness, crowded and hurt and crushed." The engineer says, "Well, if you want to come out and shine, you shall;" and there is joy in all the ledges until the powder explodes and they are torn to atoms, and thrown all round about. "Oh, oh, oh! this is what you have promised us—that we should have joy, liberty and beauty." They are trundled into wagons, lifted with the earth, and as the light dawns on them, they say, "Well, it may be alleviated a little, but this is a hard way to answer our aspirations." Then they are put down under the stamp, broken up with mallets, and at last ground into powder. They give up in despair. "If this is making us beautiful gold, we would rather go back to our ledges." Then the water takes out the rock, and the gold lies scattered, and it is then poured into a bath of quicksilver, that eats it all up; the gold has disappeared,

the particles of quicksilver have got it all inside themselves. It is collected and carried out, and then, by heat the quicksilver is dissipated, and the gold finds itself lying under the sky, pure—nearly; then it goes through the process of perfect purification, and, at last, it passes into the mint, where it takes the image and superscription of the government, wears the crown, carries the sceptre and it is sought by all men, and is used in all places, and at last, through much tribulation, it enters into the kingdom of glory.

You do not know what is going on, you do not know all the meaning of your sorrow; God does. Do you suppose that the wool on the sheep's back knows what it is coming to when it is sheared? When it was scoured and washed and spun, and twisted of its life almost; when it went into the hateful bath of color; when it was put into the shuttle, and was thrust back and forth in the darkness, and out came the royal robe, it did not know what it started for; yet that is what it comes to—kings wear it. The flax in the field sighs to be made into the garment of the saints. All right. Pluck it up; rot it, put it under the brick, thread it, weave it, bleach it, purify it; and the saints may wear it now. It came to honour and glory through much suffering. "Who are these arrayed in white? These are they that have come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Suffering is God's guardian guiding angel to those that will; it takes them up through the gate of trouble and trial to the land of perfectness and of everlasting peace. 6

IX.

LOVE'S HOUR ALWAYS NOW.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them.

I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

X.

WHERE IS THY GOD, MY SOUL?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in everyone?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does his spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

XI.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Spirit of beauty! thy presence confessing,
God can we see in a sparkle of ore;
Flowers and shells to our heart are expressing
Love like its own, but transcendently more.

Spirit of beauty! each bough in its bending,
Skies in their curve, and the sea in its swell,
Streams as they wind, hills and plains in their blending
All, in our own, of God's happiness tell.

Spirit of beauty! thou soul of our Maker,
Suddenly shown in a gleam or a tint;
O be each heart of thy joy a partaker;
Love, and its store, are alike without stint.

Spirit of beauty! thou teachest us sweetly;
Prophets and psalmists yield holy delight:
Show us our Lord, and we then shall completely
Know thee as gentle, omnipotent, might.

Spirit of beauty! our offering we render,
Thee in thy skyey dominion we praise;
Lark-like we rise to the shadowless splendour,
Pouring out song as the sun pours his rays.

XII.

STREAMS FROM THE ROCK.

Oft when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems,
We pierce the rock and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own;
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives;
And only war can make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

XIII.

The choral song of a mighty throng
Comes sounding down the ages;
'Tis a pealing anthem borne along,
Like the roar of the sea that rages;
Like the shout of winds when the storm awakes,
Or the echoing, distant thunder,
Sublime on the listening ear it breaks,
And enchains the soul in wonder.

And in that song, as it onward rolls,
There are countless voices blended,
Voices of myriads of holy souls
Since Abel from earth ascended:
Of patriarchs old in the world's dim morn;
Of seers from the centuries hoary;
Of angels who chimed when the LORD was born,
"To God in the highest, glory!"

Of the wise that, led by the mystic star,
Found the Babe in Bethlehem's manger,
And gifts, from the Orient lands afar,
Bestowed on the new-born Stranger;
Of Mary, the blessed of God Most High;
Of the Marys that watch were keeping
At the Cross where He hung for the world to die;
And stood by the sepulchre weeping.

The voices of holy Apostles rise,
The symphony grandly swelling,
And land to land with the strain replies,
As they go of Messiah telling;
And with them the martyr host conspire
A host as the stars for number;
They sing from the rack and from out the fire,
From the dust in which they slumber.

From the saints obscure, that in every age
Have fought the good fight unheeded,
Whose names ne'er graced the historic page,
Who thought not of fame, nor needed,
Come tones that tell of a tender love,
Of a spirit calm and holy:
Oh, sweet to the ear of the LORD above
Is the praise of the meek and lowly!

He hath heard, well pleased, when the psalm awoke
Dark caves and the dismal prison;
When the stillness of lonely glens it broke,
Or on damp night-winds has risen;
When up from the cot of the poor it came,
Or from meanest cabins stealing,
'Twas an offering dearer than altar's flame,
The love of true hearts revealing.

And hark! from the joyous infant choir
Which the Lord to His arms hath taken,
Notes sweet as breathe from the trembling lyre
That the softest touch doth waken!

And from childhood's band who, when life's fresh glow
On their early bloom was lying,
Felt the shaft of death to their young hearts go,
And His love enfold them dying!

So onward, long as the queenly moon
Shall float through the azure nightly,
Or the sun ascend to his throne at noon,
Or the evening star burn brightly,
Shall the choral hymn of the saints resound
That chants of the Cross the Story;
It shall rise and blend with the trumpet's sound
When the Lord shall come in glory!

XIV.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

When o'er the plains of Galilee
'The stars their watch were keeping,
Nor ripple stirred its deep blue sea,
And weary men were sleeping;
Burst on the silent night the song
That airy lips were singing;
The hour by prophets promised long,
That blessed dawn was bringing.

To Him, the new-born Christ, that day
In Bethlehem's manger lying,
The wondering shepherds sped their way,
Ere morning dews were drying;
And wide and far the echoes flew,
The joyful tidings bearing;
And saints that waited for Him knew
'Twas God His Christ declaring.

To distant Elam's sunny clime
The rapturous news was carried,
That now at last—fulfilled the time—
The Christ no longer tarried!
And sages, 'all divinely taught,
Their steps to seek Him turning,
To old Judea's hills were brought,
The star before them burning.

He came—He lived—He died for men,
Immortal life bestowing
Through death itself; then rose again,
With life immortal glowing!
Then forth His witnesses were sent
To tell the wondrous story,
While up, through parting clouds, He went
To take the throne of glory.

Peace—peace on earth—to men goodwill,
Down through the long-gone ages,
Have sounded forth—are sounding still,
From out the holy pages;
The words to life have waked the dead,
The Cross is still life-giving,
And hope and joy o'er earth shall spread
From Christ the ever-living!

And oft as sacred hours return,
With holy welcome greeted,
Our love shall at Thine altars burn,
O Christ, in glory seated!
Till earth again shall see Thee come,
The angel hosts attending,
Thy vanquished foes before Thee dumb,
Thy saints with Thee ascending.

BAPTISTS.

I.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

Now they began to go down the Hill into the Valley of *Humiliation*. It was a steep Hill, and the way was slippery; but they were very careful, so they got down pretty well. When they were down in the Valley, *Piety* said to *Christiana*, 'This is the place where *Christian* your Husband met that foul Fiend *Apollyon*, and where they had that dreadful Fight that they had; I know you cannot but have heard thereof. But be of good courage; as long you have here Mr. *Great-heart* to be your Guide and Conductor, we hope you will fare the better. So, when these two had committed the Pilgrims unto the conduct of their Guide, he went forward and they went after.

Great-heart. Then said Mr. *Great-heart*, we need not be so afraid of this Valley, for here is nothing to hurt us unless we procure it to ourselves. 'Tis true, *Christian* did here meet with *Apollyon*, with whom he also had a sore combat; but that *fray* was the fruit of those slips that he got in his going down the Hill; for they that get *slips* there, must look for *combats* here. And hence it is that this Valley has got so hard a name; for the common people when they hear that some frightful thing has befallen such a one in such a place, are of an opinion that that place is haunted with some foul Fiend or evil Spirit; when, alas, it is for the fruit of their doing, that such things do befall them here.

This Valley of *Humiliation* is of itself as fruitful a place as any the Crow flies over; and I am persuaded if we could hit upon it, we might find somewhere hereabouts, something that might give us an account why *Christian* was so hardly beset in this place.

Then *James* said to his Mother: Lo, yonder stands a Pillar, and

it looks as if something was written thereon, let us go and see what it is. So they went, and found there written, *Let Christian's slips before he came hither, and the Battles that he met with in this place, be a warning to those that come after.* So, said their Guide, did not I tell you that there was something hereabouts that would give intimation of the reason why *Christian* was so hard beset in this place? Then turning himself to *Christiana*, he said, No disparagement to *Christian* more than to many others whose hap and lot his was; for 'tis easier going *up* than *down* this Hill, and that can be said but of few Hills in all these parts of the world. But we will leave the good man, he is at rest, he also had a brave victory over his enemy; let Him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare no worse when we come to be tried than he.

But we 'will come again to this Valley of *Humiliation*. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all those parts. It is fat ground, and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the Summer-time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that that would be delightful to him. Behold how green this Valley is, also how beautified with *Lilies*. I have also known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of *Humiliation* (for God resisteth the Proud, but gives more, more Grace to the Humble), for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handfuls. Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either Hills or Mountains to go over; but the way is the way, and there's an end.

Now, as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance, and as he sate by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. *Great-heart*, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down needs fear no fall,

He that is low, no pride;

He that is humble, ever shall

Have God to be His Guide.

I am content with what I have,

Little be it, or much:

And Lord, contentment still I crave,

Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is

That go on Pilgrimage;
 Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

Then said their Guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that Herb called *Heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet; but we will proceed in our discourse.

In this Valley our Lord formerly had his country-house; he loved much to be here; he loved also to walk these meadows, for he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here a man shall be free from the noise, and from the hurryings of this life. All states are full of Noise and Confusion, only the Valley of *Humiliation* is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his Contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. This is a Valley that nobody walks in, but those that love a Pilgrim's life. And tho' *Christian* had the hard hap to meet here with *Apothyon*, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you, that in former times men have met with Angels here, have found Pearls here, and have in this place found the words of Life.

II.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The enjoyment of civil liberty is essential to the development and exertion of the best and noblest energies of the human mind. Deprived of this, nothing truly great flourishes in the moral world. There exists, indeed, an indissoluble connection between the civil and the religious freedom of a nation; and whatever may be thought of other considerations, every friend to the prosperity of religion must rejoice in the advancement of that liberal and enlightened policy under which alone it is favoured and fostered. It is only under a free representative government that this can be the case. Never did religious liberty flourish in the chilling, deadly atmosphere of despotism; it can open and spread only in the sunshine of political freedom. As the greater includes the less, the civil implies also the religious liberty of a state. Religion grows and blooms among the highest and most palmy branches of the tree of liberty, and ripens in luxuriance amongst its topmost boughs. This is the natural, established, order of things, in the present world: and, let it be remembered, we are not entitled to expect any *miracles*, properly so called,

to facilitate the coming of our Saviour's Kingdom. In the whole course of missionary enterprise there has not been a single check upon the accustomed laws of Providence, not one interruption of the connexion which subsists between primary and secondary causes, not one deviation from the ancient course of nature. It is by a favourable arrangement of political circumstances that religion is most likely to be advanced; by the establishment of that genuine and legitimate freedom, which is equally removed from the extremes of anarchy on the one side and tyranny on the other. It is this that seems to be the precise temperature, the genial climate of religion; and doubtless God will prepare His own way in this, as in every other respect: *Every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill brought low; the crooked rendered straight, the rough places plain; and all flesh shall see the glory of the Lord; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*

III.

MUTUAL HELP OF RICH AND POOR.

I would observe that the rich and the poor meet together *in the process of the same social economy*, in the same necessary intercourse of human life; they are closely connected with each other, and equally form parts of the same human family. It is impossible for us to say which of these sub-divisions of society is, in its place, the most important; which of them ought to be most respected; which of them most cherished. The higher can by no means say to the lower, with truth or propriety, "I have no need of thee." If the lower order occupy the place of the feet and hands which execute the purposes of the mind, the higher occupy the place of the head, which is the seat of counsel, and is necessary for the direction and preservation of the whole social body. Here we see how necessary both these classes are to the general order, and to the diffusion of peace and happiness throughout the whole. According to the degree in which this is felt, in proportion as the industrious citizen, the ingenious mechanic, or the laborious husbandman who cultivates the soil, in any community, is destitute of encouragement, society languishes; and in proportion to the reasonable, not redundant, remuneration of labour to the industrious classes of the community, is the diffusion of comfort and enjoyment through the whole body.

The higher classes must, on reflection, perceive they are indebted to the lower for all they enjoy. The distinctions of wealth, and stations.

of authority, which they are so proud to display, and by which the higher classes are raised above the poor, are supported by the produce of the field and of art; and these are combined by the hand of honest labour, in such processes, as the ingenuity of the lower classes has devised. "The King himself is served by the field." Those higher classes are supported by the continual machine of labour, which is going on among the inferior classes of society; and, were it to stop, it would tend to the stagnation, instead of the steady flow, of luxurious enjoyment among those higher classes. The poor might here, with greater propriety than the rich, adopt the language of an early apologist for Christianity, and say, "Were we to retire from you, you would be astonished at your own desolation; we should leave you little but your temples and your Gods." There may be some who might not choose to adopt the language of this statement; but it is not too much for the poor to say to the rich. Were they to retire, no mind can adequately portray the lengths and depths of that desolation and misery, which would be sustained by all else, but especially by those in the higher walks of life. In vain would they retain wealth, if there were no hands to be employed; and were no commodities of any kind presented to them, they would live in a state of destitution, greater than the meanest of their dependents, or they must endeavour to apply themselves separately to those arts, each of which, in order to produce in perfection what they value, is the business of a life. The pinnacles of the proudest edifice rest on a basis, that comes into immediate contact with the surface of the earth, or is buried partly under it, and is invisible: so, all the improvements of wealth, nay, all the distinctions of royal grandeur, rest on the industry of the poor, upon their silent, unperceived industry, working out of the view, and frequently out of the contemplation, of those who are most indebted to it. Let no one look with contempt on the meanest of his fellow-creatures, on account of his having to gain his bread "by the sweat of his brow." That was the appointed lot of our first parents after their fall, and it was the condition of *all* in the primitive state of society. It is to the industry of the lower classes, that the distinction and splendour of the highest are to be entirely ascribed.

On the other hand, let not the poor say to the rich, "we have no need of you." Were they to retire, the effects would be of a very different kind, but they would be equally melancholy.—The destruction of the social fabric would be the infallible result. That wisdom which is necessary for the good of the whole, is found in persons of exalted station. There is the mind that casts its eye

over the whole machine of society, discovers its abuses, and aims to correct them; the mind which watches over the execution of the law, gives birth to splendid examples, and refines and embellishes whatever it embraces. It comprehends the order of civil government, and those principles whose operation harmonizes all. These are founded on wisdom, deliberation, and experience, and on the force with which public opinion arms those who are placed in elevated stations. Each of these classes, then, is in its separate place, essential to the welfare of society; and the whole has for its basis the industry of the poor. Were all those, who by their leisure are able to cultivate their own minds, to diffuse the knowledge of true morality, and embellish the manners of mankind, by engrafting new improvements, giving existence to wholesome laws, and seeing them properly executed, what a paradise the world would become!

IV.

THERE GO THE SHIPS.

Thirdly and briefly, when I saw these ships go, I happened to be near a station of Lloyd's and I noticed that they ran up flags as the vessels went by, to which the vessels replied. I suppose they were *asking questions*—to know their names, and what their cargo was, and where they were going, and so on. Now, I am going to act as Lloyd's agent did, and to hoist some flags, and ask you something about yourselves. The third point will then be—the ships go, LET US SIGNAL THEM.

And, first, *Who is your owner?* "There go the ships," but who is your owner? You do not reply, but I think I can make a guess. There are some hypocrites about, who make fine pretensions, but they are not holy-living people; they even dare to come to the Lord's table, and yet they drink of the cup of devils. They will sing pious hymns with us, and then sing lascivious ditties with their familiars. I would say to such a man, "You are a rotten vessel, you do not belong to King Jesus. Every timber is staunch in His vessels. They are not all what we should like them to be, and, as I have said already, they too often are covered with barnacles, but still they are all sincere. The Lord builds His vessels with sound timber, and unless we are sincere, true, and right, Christ is not our owner, but Satan is. The painted hypocrite is known through the disguise he wears.

There is another vessel over there, a fine vessel too. Look, she is newly-painted, and looks spick and span. You can see nothing amiss with her. What white sails! See how many flags she flies?

Take a glass, and read the vessel's name, and you will see in bold letters, "*Self-righteousness*." Ah, I know that the owner is not the Lord Jesus Christ, for all the ships that belong to Him carry the red-cross flag, and cannot endure the flaunting rag of self-righteousness. All God's people own that they must be saved by sovereign grace, and anything like righteousness of their own they pump overboard as so much leakage and bilge-water. I see another vessel over yonder, with her sails all spread, and every bit of her colours flying. There, there, what a show she makes! How proud she seems as she scuds over the water! That vessel is "*The Pride*," from the port of Self-Conceit, Captain Ignorance. I do not know where she is oftenest to be seen, but sometimes she crosses this bit of water. I should not wonder if she is not in sight here now, and you may be sure she does not belong to our Lord Jesus. Whether it is pride of money, or person, or rank, or talent, 'it cometh of evil, and Jesus Christ does not own it. You must get rid of all pride if you belong to Him. God grant us to be humble in heart! I could mention some more vessels that I see here to-night, but I will not. I will rather beg each man to ask himself "Can I put my hand on my heart, and say, I am not my own, I am bought with a price? Did Jesus buy me with His precious blood, and do I own that there is not a timber, spar, rope, or bolt in this ship but what belongs to Him?" Blessed be His name, some of us can say there is not a hair of our head or a drop of our blood but what belongs to Him! Thine are we, O Thou Son of David, and all that we have!

I hope there are vessels here which are owned by the Lord Jesus Christ. Let them never be ashamed to confess their Owner. A vessel on proper business is never ashamed to answer signals. If there should be a smuggler or pirate in the offing, the crews would not be likely to answer signals; but those who are on honest business are ready to reply. And so, brethren, be ye ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear; never show in your actions that you are ashamed of Jesus, but ever let the broad flag be flying in whatever waters you are—"Christ is mine, and I am His. For Him I live, His reproach would I bear, and His honour would I maintain."

Our next enquiry is, *What is your cargo?* "There go the ships," but what do they carry? You cannot tell from looking at them far out at sea, except that you can be pretty sure that some of them do not carry much. Look at that showy brig! You can tell by the look of her that she has not much on board; from the fact that she floats so high it is clear that her cargo is light. Big men, very

important individuals, very high-floating people are common; but there is nothing in them. If they had more on board, they would sink deeper in the water. The more grace a man has, the lower he will lie before his God. Well, brethren, what cargo have you got? I am afraid some of you, who lie down rather deeply in the water, are not kept down by any very precious cargo, but I fear you are in ballast. I have gone aboard some Christians; I thought there was a good deal in them, but I have not been able to find it. They have a deal of trouble, and they always tell you about it. There is a good old soul I call to see sometimes: I begin to converse with her, and her talk is always about rheumatism—nothing else: you cannot get beyond rheumatism: that good sister has more ballast than cargo. There is another friend of mine, a farmer. If you talk with him, it is always about the badness of the times: that brother is in ballast, too. There are many tradesmen who, though they are Christians, cannot be made to talk of anything but the present dulness of business. I wish they could get that ballast out, and fill up with something better, for it is not worth carrying. You must have it sometimes, I suppose; but it is infinitely better to carry a load of praises, prayers, good wishes, holy doctrines, charitable actions, and generous encouragements.

Some ships, I think, carry a cargo of *powder*. You cannot go very near them without feeling that you are in danger; they are so very apt to misjudge and take offence. I wish that such persons were made to carry a red flag, that we might give them a wide berth.

It is well to be loaded with good things. Young people, study the Word of God, ask to be taught by experience, and, wherever you go, seek to carry the precious commodities which God has made dear to your own soul, that others may be enriched thereby. It is an interesting sight to see those immense ships laden with passengers for the colonies. I cannot help praying, as I look at them, "God grant that no harm may come to them, but may they safely reach their desired haven!" When I look at some of our brethren whom God is blessing, so that they have a cargo of precious souls on board, consisting of hundreds who have been brought to Jesus by them, I would to God we had many more. Thank God, I have sometimes had my decks crowded with passengers who have from my ministry received the gospel! The Lord has brought them on board, and oh, I trust, before I die, He will give me thousands more who will have to praise the Lord that they heard the gospel from these lips! May we be emigrant vessels, bearing souls away into the glory-land, where the days of their mourning shall be ended!

Of course, we can only be humble instruments; but still, what honour God puts upon His instruments when He makes use of them for this object!" "There go the ships." Not ships of war are we, with guns to carry death; but missionary vessels, carrying tidings of peace and glad news to the utmost ends of the earth.

Our last signal asks the question—*Where go the ships?* Where go the ships? Oh yes, they went merrily down the channel the other day, but where are they now? In a year's time, who will report all the good vessels which just now passed by our coast? I am looking out upon all of you, anxious to know for what port you are making. Some of you are bound for the port of peace. Swiftly may the winds convey you over the waters, and safely may you voyage under the convoy of the Lord Jesus! I will try and keep pace with you. I hope that you will sail in company with others of my Master's vessels; but if you have to sail alone over a sea in which you cannot see another sail, may God, the blessed One, protect and guard you! Bound for the port of peace, with Christ on board, insured for glory, bound for life eternal, let us bless the name of the Lord.

But alas, alas, many ships, which sailed for the desired haven are lost on the rocks! Some soul-destroying sin causes their swift destruction. Others, equally fair to look upon, are lost on the sands. They seemed bound for heaven, but they were not the Lord's. The sands are very dangerous; but they are only a mass of little atoms, soft and yielding, yet as many ships are lost on the sands as on the rocks. Even so, there are ways and habits of evil which are deceptive—there is nothing very bad about them apparently; nothing heart-breaking, like rocks, but oh, the multitudes of souls that have been sucked in by sandy temptations! Dear brother, I hope you are not going that way. God grant you grace to avoid little sins, and I am sure you will keep off the rocks of great sin! In any case, may we turn out to be the Lord's own, and so to be kept to the end! Woe unto us if we should prove to be mere adventurers, and perish in our presumption!

Among the ships that go to sea are some that *founder*. One does not know always how it happens, but they sail all right for a time, and then are never heard of more. They were sighted on such a day, but never more shall we hear any tidings of them. How is that? I have known some of the members of this Church go down in mid-ocean. I never thought it could have happened, but they have gone. I can only imagine how it was. They seemed scaworthy vessels; but they were doubtless rotten through and through. Oh,

brethren, may God keep you from foundering, as some do by some mysterious sin, which seems as if it clasped the soul, and dragged it down to the deeps of hell!

Some vessels have I known, too, that have become *derelict*—waifs and strays upon the sea—men that were the hope of Churches, but who have abandoned themselves to reckless living. They used to worship with the people of God, and seemed to be very earnest and zealous; and now, perhaps, at this very moment they are passing through the gin-palace door, or spending this evening in vices which we dare not mention. Oh! it is dreadful! many start on their voyage, and look as if they were Christ's own vessels, and yet for some strange, unreasonable reason they give all up, and they will be met with, in years to come, drifting about, rudderless, captainless, crewless, dangerous to others, and miserable to themselves. God save you from this, young man! And you, my friend, though you have been a member of this Church for twenty years, God save you from despairing, and sinning furiously; for there sometimes come over men strange moments of insanity, in which they reverse the whole of their lives, lay violent hands upon an excellent character, and become castaways. The grace of God will save the truly regenerate from this; but, alas, how many high professors never were regenerate at all!

Where will some of the vessels I see before me go? It is a fine fleet I am looking upon. Brothers and sisters, I hope all of us will be found in that great harbour in heaven which can accommodate all His Majesty's fleet. Oh, it will be a great day when we all arrive! Will you give me a hail when you get into port? Will you know me? I shall look out for some of you. I cannot help believing that we shall know each other. We have been in rough waters together these twenty years, and we have had some glorious weather too, have we not? We have seen the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep: I hope we shall keep together till we reach that blessed haven, where our fellowship will be eternal. How we will glorify Him who gets us there, even Jesus, the Lord High Admiral of the seas! Christ shall never hear the last of it if I get to heaven. I remember preaching once, when half of my congregation quarrelled with me after I had done preaching, because I had said in my sermon—

“Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.”

As I came downstairs, I met one who said, "You will not sing loudest, for I owe more to grace that you do;" and I found that all the Lord's people said the same. Well, we will have it out when we get to heaven: we will try this contention among the birds of Paradise, and see which of us can sing the most loudly to the praise of redeeming grace. Till then, let us trust the Lord Jesus, and obey His orders, for He is our Captain, and it is our duty to do His bidding.

But it would be a dreadful supposition—and yet, mayhap, it may be worse than a supposition—that some of you will have to cast anchor [for ever in the Dead Sea, whose waves are fire, where every vessel is a prison, where every passenger feels a hell. What must it be to be in hell an hour! I wish some of you could think it over. What must it be to be shut up in despair for one single day! If you have the toothache a few minutes, how wretched you are, and how anxious to get rid of it; but what must it be to be in hell even if it were for a time,—even if it were *but* for a time! Oh, if it came to an end, still would I say, by all the humanities that are in my soul, I charge you, brother, do not risk the wrath of God; go not down to the pit! Pull down that black flag, man: pull it down, and cast off your old owner. Ask Christ to be your Owner. Run up the red flag of the Cross, and give yourself to Jesus; for if you do not, your voyage must lead to the gulf of black despair, where you will suffer for ever the result of your sin. God have mercy upon us, and may we never have to pass through the straits of judgment into the gulf of damnation! May it never be said, "There goes one of the ships that the Tabernacle pilot signalled; it is gone to destruction!" May it rather be said, of all of us, all in full sail together, as we go towards heaven, "There go the ships:" not one of them is drifting to the gulf of destruction! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and all will be well with you. Reject Him, and all will go ill with you. May He, by His grace, enable you to make a right choice to-night, for His love's sake! Amen.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

I.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

Being returned to London, I stayed some time there, visiting Friends' meetings in and about the city. While I was in London, I went one day to visit Esquire Marsh, who had showed much kindness both to me and to Friends; I happened to go when he was at dinner. He no sooner heard my name, than he sent for me up, and would have had me sit down with him to dinner; but I had not freedom to do so. Several great persons were at dinner with him; and he said to one of them who was a great Papist, "Here is a Quaker, whom you have not seen before." The Papist asked me, "whether I owned the christening of children?" I told him "there was no Scripture for any such practice." "What," said he, "not for christening children?" I said "nay". I told him, "the one baptism by the one Spirit into one body we owned; but to throw a little water on a child's face, and say that was baptizing and christening it, there was no Scripture for that." Then he asked me, "whether I owned the Catholic faith;" I said "yes," but added, that "neither the Pope nor the Papists were in that Catholic faith; for the true faith works by love, and purifies the heart, and if they were in that faith that gives victory, by which they might have access to God, they would not tell the people of a purgatory after they were dead." So I undertook to prove that neither Pope nor Papists that held a purgatory hereafter, were in the true faith; for the true, precious, divine faith, which Christ is the author of, gives victory over the devil and sin, that had separated man and woman from God. And if they, the Papists, were in the true faith, they would never use racks, prisons, and fines, to persecute and force

others to their religion, that were not of their faith. This was not the practice of the apostles and primitive Christians, who witnessed and enjoyed the true faith of Christ; but it was the practice of the faithless Jews and Heathens so to do.

"But," said I, "seeing thou art a great and leading man among the Papists, and hast been taught and bred up under the Pope, and seeing thou sayest, 'there is no salvation but in your church,' I desire to know of thee, what it is that doth bring salvation in your Church?" He answered "a good life." "And nothing else?" said I. "Yes," he said, "good works." "And is this it that brings salvation in your church, a good life and good works? Is this your doctrine and principle?" said I. "Yes," said he. "Then," said I "neither thou, nor the Pope, nor any of the Papists know what it is that brings salvation." Then he asked me, what brought salvation in our church? I told him, "that which brought salvation to the Church in the apostles' days, the same brought salvation to us, and not another: namely, the Grace of God, which the Scripture says, brings salvation, and hath appeared to all men, which taught the saints then, and teaches us now. This Grace which brings salvation, teaches to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly. So it is not the good works nor the good life that brings salvation, but the Grace." "What!" said the Papist, "doth this Grace that brings salvation appear unto all men?" I replied, "All that deny that, are sect-makers, and are not in the universal faith, grace, and truth, which the apostles were in."

Then he spoke to me about the Mother-Church. I told him, "the several sects in Christendom had accused us, and said we forsook our Mother-Church. The Papists charged us with forsaking their Church, saying, Rome was the only Mother-Church. The Episcopalians taxed us with forsaking the old Protestant religion, alleging, theirs was the reformed Mother-Church. The Presbyterians and Independents blamed us for leaving them, each of them pretending, theirs was the right reformed Church." But, I said "If we could own any outward city or place to be the Mother-Church, we should own Jerusalem, where the gospel was first preached by Christ himself and his apostles, where Christ suffered, where the great conversion to Christianity by Peter was, where were the types, figures, and shadows, which Christ ended, and where Christ commanded his disciples to 'wait until they were endowed with power from on high.' If any outward place deserved to be called the mother, that was the place where the first great conversion to Christianity was. But the apostle saith, Gal. iv. 25—27, 'Jerusalem, which now

is in bondage with her children; but Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother 'of us all.' For it is written, 'Rejoice, thou barren that barest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not; for the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband.' The apostle does not say, Outward Jerusalem was the mother, though the first and great conversion to Christianity was there. And there is less reason for the title (mother) to be given to Rome, or to any other outward place or city, by the children of Jerusalem, that is above and free; neither are they Jerusalem's children, that is above and free, who give their title of mother either to outward Jerusalem, to Rome, or to any other place or sect of people. And though this title (mother) hath been given to places and sects amongst degenerate Christians, yet still we say, as the apostle said of old, 'Jerusalem that is above is the mother of us all.' And we can own no other, neither outward Jerusalem, nor Rome, nor any sect of people for our mother, but Jerusalem which is above, which is free, the mother of all that are born again, and are become true believers in the light, grafted in Christ, the heavenly Vine. For all who are born again of the immortal Seed, by the Word of God, which lives and abides for ever, feed upon the milk of the Word, the breasts of life, and grow by it in life, and cannot acknowledge any other to be their mother but Jerusalem which is above."

II.

GENUINE WORSHIP.

All true and acceptable worship to God is offered in the *inward* and *immediate* moving and drawing of his own spirit, which is neither limited to places, times, nor persons. For though we be to worship Him always, in that we are to fear before Him; yet as to the outward signification thereof in prayers, praises, or preachings, we ought not to do it where and when we will, but where and when we are moved thereunto by the secret inspiration of His Spirit in our hearts, which God heareth and accepteth of, and is never wanting to move us thereunto, when need is, of which He Himself is the alone proper judge. All other worship then, both praises, prayers, and preachings, which man sets about in his own will, and at his own appointment, which he can both begin and end at his pleasure, do or leave undone as himself sees meet, whether they be a prescribed form, as a liturgy, or prayers conceived extemporarily by the natural strength

and faculty of the mind, they are all but superstitious will-worship, and abominable idolatry in the sight of God, which are to be denied, rejected, and separated from, in this day of his spiritual arising: however it might have pleased him (who winked at the times of ignorance, with a respect to the simplicity and integrity of some, and of His own innocent seed, which lay as it were buried in the hearts of men, under the mass of superstition,) to blow upon the dead and dry bones, and to raise some breathings, and answer them, and that until the day should more clearly dawn and break forth.

III.

THE ILLUMINATION OF THE SPIRIT.

Now, my friends, by what you have read, and will read in what follows, you may perceive that God has visited a poor people among you with this saving knowledge and testimony; whom He has upheld and increased to this day, notwithstanding the fierce opposition they have met withal. Despise not the meanness of this appearance; it was, and yet is (we know) a day of small things, and of small account with too many; and many hard and ill names are given to it; but it is God; it came from Him because it leads to Him. This we know, but we cannot make another know it, as we know it, unless he will take the same way to know it that we took. The world talks of God; but what do they do? They pray for power, but regret the principle in which it is. If you would know God, and worship and serve God as you should do, you must come to the means He has ordained and given for that purpose. Some seek it in books, some in learned men, but what they look for is *in themselves*, yet they overlook it. The Voice is too still, the Seed too small, and the Light shineth in darkness. They are abroad, and so cannot divide the spoil: but the woman that lost her silver, found it at home, after she had lighted her candle and swept her house. Do you so too, and you shall find what Pilate wanted to know, viz., "Truth."

The Light of Christ within, who is the Light of the world (and so a light to you, that tells you the truth of your condition), leads all that take heed unto it out of darkness into God's marvellous light; for light grows upon the obedient. It is sown for the righteous, and their way is a shining light that shines forth more and more to the perfect day.

Wherefore, *oh* friends, turn in, turn in, I beseech you! Where is

the poison, there is the antidote; there you want Christ, and there you must find him; and blessed be God, there you may find him. "Seek and you shall find," I testify for God; but then you must seek aright, with your whole heart, as men that seek for their lives, yea, for their eternal lives; diligently, humbly, patiently, as those that can taste no pleasure, comfort, or satisfaction in anything else, unless you find him whom your souls want, and desire: to know and love above all. Oh, it is a travail, a spiritual travail! let the carnal, profane world think and say as it will. And through this path you must walk to the city of God, that has eternal foundations, if ever you will come there.

And what does this blessed Light do for you? 1. It sets all your sins in order before you; it detects the spirit of this world in all its baits and allurements, and shows how man came to fall from God, and the fallen estate he is in. 2. It begets a sense and sorrow, in such as believe in it, for this fearful lapse. You will then see Him distinctly whom you have pierced, and all the blows and wounds you have given Him by your disobedience; and how you have made Him to serve with your sins, and you will weep and mourn for it, and your sorrow will be a godly sorrow. 3. After this it will bring you to the holy watch, to take care that you do so no more, that the enemy surprise you not again. Then thoughts, as well as words and works, will come to judgment; which is the way of holiness, in which the redeemed of the LORD do walk. Here you will come to love God above all, and your neighbours as yourselves. Nothing hurts, nothing harms, nothing makes afraid on this holy mountain; now you come to be Christ's indeed, for you are his in nature and spirit, and not your own. And when you thus are Christ's, then Christ is yours, and not before; and here communion with the Father and with the Son you will know, and the efficacy of the blood of cleansing, even the blood of Jesus Christ, that immaculate Lamb, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel, and which cleanseth from all sin the consciences of those that, through the living faith, come to be sprinkled with it from dead works to serve the living God.

To conclude; behold the testimony and doctrine of the people called Quakers! Behold their practice and discipline! and behold the blessed man and men that were sent of God in this excellent work and service! all which will be more particularly expressed in the ensuing annals of the man of God; which I do heartily recommend to my reader's most serious perusal, and beseech Almighty God, that His blessing may go along with it, to the convincing of many,

as yet strangers to this holy dispensation and also to the edification of the church of God in general; who, for His manifold and repeated mercies and blessings to His people, in this day of His great love, is worthy ever to have the glory, honour, thanksgiving, and renown; and be rendered and ascribed, with fear and reverence, through Him in whom He is well pleased, His beloved Son and Lamb, our Light and Life, that sits with Him upon the throne, world without end. Amen.

IV.

THE LIVING SPIRIT AND THE DEAD LETTER.

I have no doubt when the apostle, under the influence of Divine love, addressed an epistle to the Corinthians, that he was rightly directed therein, and as he knew and was led into a right knowledge of their states, so he could administer to their needs and to their instruction. But I do not apprehend that he had the most distant idea that he was writing to nations yet unborn, and of whose state and condition he could have no knowledge. Nor do I believe that Divine Wisdom, when He influenced the mind of the apostle to write his several epistles to the Corinthians, etc., intended them for a rule to after-ages; for had that been the case, He would have made them as plain and clear as He did the law to Israel, so that every one should understand them alike. And although the law to Israel does not concern us in the present day, yet every one that sees it reads it alike—it admits of no controversy. But not so with the writings of the apostles; for the best and wisest of men disagree respecting them. And the Scriptures of the primitive Christians, from the early ages of Christianity, have been made a principal cause of the division, the controversy, the war, and the persecution and cruelty, that have convulsed and drenched Christendom in blood ever since it has been called Christendom. And does it not impeach the wisdom and goodness of our great Benefactor, to suppose He ever intended those writings as a rule, when the best of men cannot understand them alike?

. But the reason is obvious. The gospel law is inward and spiritual, and cannot be comprehended in outward characters, but must be written in every heart distinctly, as our states and conditions are different and distinct; and it is always suited to the state and condition of every heart, and of course must act diversely in each mind, according to the diversity of their several dispositions, propensities

and passions. Therefore no literal law, or creed, can take place under the gospel, except in moral or outward things; for no outward law can bind the soul, as the government of the soul is exclusively the prerogative of God and not of man.

Thou sayest, the same arguments would operate against preaching the gospel; but I say nay, not in the least degree; for if the minister is under the right influence, he will be led more or less into the very state and condition of the hearers, and his words will carry their own evidence, being clothed with power. But it cannot be so with epistles written to certain states a thousand years ago. And I make no doubt but thou seest clearly, that should we now go to make up a rule, or creed, from the writings of primitive Friends, what breach of harmony, nay, what confusion it would make in Society. And although preaching the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, is the best and most excellent of all outward means, and it was all that Jesus directed his disciples to practise, yet I will also admit that epistles may be written suited to the time in which they are written. Nevertheless, if the right improvement was made by every generation, truths would be so opened in every age as to supersede the use of what had gone before. Thus an advancement in reformation would be experienced, old things would be left behind, and new things, in the wisdom of truth, would be opened on the minds of honest travellers Zion-wards.

But, alas! instead of pressing forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, how many are looking back to the weak and beggarly elements, to which they seem willing to be in bondage.

Had the successors of the apostles attended, as they ought to have done, to the command given by Jesus to His disciples, to wait for the promise of the Holy Spirit, as no doubt they were directed to do by the disciples, that being the only necessary and sufficient qualification to preach the gospel, as the disciples had done, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven accompanying their words, and so in succession from generation to generation, the apostacy never could have entered. But instead thereof, they turned their attention to the letter, one crying 'I am of Paul,' another 'I am of Apollos,' etc., and neglected the spirit; hence divisions and contentions originated in the Church, and destroyed the peace and unity thereof, and, in process of time, plunged it into a desperate state of total darkness. The same fate from the same cause has befallen, in a great degree, our poor Society. But had Friends kept to the light and spirit of truth, as recommended in the preaching of George

Fox and our primitive worthies, and waited for its clear manifestation, and moved only under the operation of its power, no apostacy could have entered; but the Society ere now would have made great advancement on the labours and experience of those early worthies. Many things would have been opened in succession on the minds of the faithful, by the same light of truth, that George Fox and the people of that day could not have borne. But instead thereof, Friends turned their attention back to the letter of the Scriptures and the writings of our primitive Friends, which were particularly useful in the day and time in which they were written; but in after-time, when the light was leading, or would have led, all who were faithful to its manifestations, to an advancement to greater and brighter experience in divine things, they have blocked up their own way by an undue attention to the letter.

But when the light is calling away from these weak and beggarly elements, those old writings are no more nor less than the letter that killeth, and, if rested in, will have the same effect as the reading of the law of Moses had upon the primitive disciples; it will and does bring a veil upon the heart, and turns backward to a former dispensation, instead of leading forward in the new and living way, which only can add fresh life and vigour to the soul, and enable it to go forward on its heavenly journey, without fainting by the way.

Could I pen down something that might be useful to the present and succeeding generations, and then be obliterated, it might not be amiss; but as I am looking forward in the faith, that greater and brighter things will be opened to a succeeding generation, than I and the people of this generation can bear, this makes me unwilling to leave anything of my experience, that might tend to hinder the reception of those new and advanced revelations. For thou seest clearly, I trust, that the writings called the Scriptures, and those of our primitive Friends, are the strongest bulwark made use of by the carnally-minded, to put to silence new openings of truth, on the minds of the faithful in the present day.

V.

DEMOCRACY.

Bearer of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;
And fires unkindled of the skies
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be breathed
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O ideal of my boyhood's time!
The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For through the mists which darken there,
I see the flame of Freedom burn, —
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling,—pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of *all* divine,—
The pitying heart,—the helping arm,—
The prompt self-sacrifice,—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie,
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By mystery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount
• Of vain philosophy thou art; •
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels learned to know,
Proclaimed ~~thy~~ message from on high,—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will,—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

VI.

MY SOUL AND I.

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year
“Nay, none of these!”

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night:
“To do His will!”

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line
He bade thee go?

What silent all!—art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were near,
How brave wert thou!

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
Thou'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,
O wretched sprite!
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span!

Ah! soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the wrong,
• And borne the Right.
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I,
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well;
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
• Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?
My sad soul, say.
“I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o’er my way.

“Whither I go I cannot tell;
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell
Across my track.

“I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

“They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel
To Thee in prayer.
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel
That it still is there.

“In vain they turn from the dead Before
To the Known and Gone;
For while gazing behind them evermore
Their feet glide on.

“Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

“And at times methinks their cold lips move
With hymn and prayer,
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love
And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light
To reveal their lot;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And around like the slow sad dropping of rain,
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
• • In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now, standing apart with God and me,
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my' soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest:
Round Him in calmest music rolls
• Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future,—a phantom show
Is alone before him:
But Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night! why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back tō thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never;
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul for ever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
Life's task fulfil;

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
Why quieriest thou?—
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!

VII.

WORSHIP.

The Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan.
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
With mothers offering to the Fiend's embraces
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye •
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
Thronged on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savour
Of gums and spices could the Unseen one please;
As if his ear could bend with childish favour,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy,
With trembling reverence: and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at His earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth He asks it: the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For He whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
Who, with vain logging, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled?

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

VIII.

THE MEN OF OLD.

Well speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast!
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,
By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind
To all the beauty, power, and truth behind.
Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by
The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,
Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their tombs
The effigies of old confessors lie,
God's witnesses; the voices of His will,
Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!
Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went down;
Such from the terrors of the guilty drew
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.
St. Anselm (may he rest for evermore
In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the sale
Of men and slaves, and from the sacred pale
Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.
To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate,—
Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.
"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he replied
To such as came his holy work to chide.
And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,
And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard
The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer
Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the LORD
Stifled their love of man,—“An earthen dish
The last sad supper of the Master bore:
Most miserable sinners! do ye wish
More than your LORD, and grudge His dying poor
What your own pride and not His need requires?
Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more;
Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires!”

O faithful worthies! resting far behind
 In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,
 Much has been done for truth and human-kind,—
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap
 Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,
 Though widening still, is walled around by night;
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;
 Counting, too oft, its living members less
 Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;
 World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;
 Sect builds and worships where its wealth and pride
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls,
 God's living temple into ruin falls.
 We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,
 To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
 And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
 But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time!

IX.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
 Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
 Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
 The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,
 And trust to warmer sun and rain
 To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

X.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer, and said, "Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?"

Then said I, "Yea, my Lord."

Then said he unto me, "Go thy way, weigh me in the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past." 2 *Esdra*s, Chap. IV.

A bending staff I would not break,
 A feeble faith I would not shake,
 Nor even rashly pluck away
 The error which some truth may stay,
 Whose loss might leave the soul without
 A shield against the shafts of doubt.
 And yet, at times, when over all
 A darker mystery seems to fall,
 (May God forgive the child of dust,
 Who seeks to *know*, when Faith should *trust*!)
 I raise the questions, old and dark,
 Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,
 And, speech-confounded, build again
 The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am: how little more I know!
 Whence came I? Whither do I go?
 A centred self, which feels and is;
 A cry between the silences;
 A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
 With sunshine on the hills of life;
 A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
 Into the Future from the Past;
 Between the cradle, and the shroud,
 A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.
 Thorough the vastness, arching all,
 I see the great stars rise and fall,
 The rounding seasons come and go,
 The tided oceans ebb and flow;
 The tokens of a central force,
 Whose circles, in their widening course,
 O'erlap and move the universe;
 The workings of the law whence springs
 The rhythmic harmony of things,
 Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
 And orbs in heaven the morning star.

Of all I see in earth and sky,—
 Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I?
 This conscious life,—is it the same

Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native dells?
How feels the stone the pang of birth,
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?
The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery,—
The wonder which it is TO BE?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her Lights and sounds;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.
What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,
I ask the stylus and the pen;
What sang the bards of old? What meant
The prophets of the Orient?
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid
In painted tomb and pyramid?
What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines,
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs?

How speaks the primal thought of man
From the grim carvings of Copan?
Where rests the secret? Where the keys,
Of the old death-bolted mysteries?
Alas! the dead retain their trust;
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,
Unanswered the eternal quest;
I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Faint gleams and broken, like the light
Of meteors in a northern night,
Betraying to the darkling earth
The unseen sun which gave them birth;
I listen to the sibyl's chant,
The voice of priest and hierophant;
I know what Indian Kreeshna saith,
And what of life and what of death
The demon taught to Socrates;
And what, beneath his garden-trees
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding with more dear regard
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
The starry pages promise-lit
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
Thy miracle of life and death,
O holy one of Nazareth!

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,
The circling serpent coils in stone,-
Type of the endless and unknown;
Whereof we seek the clue to find,
With groping fingers of the blind!
For ever sought, and never found,
We trace that serpent-symbol round
Our resting-place, our starting bound!

O thriftlessness of dream and guess!
O wisdom which is foolishness!
Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings;
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
And lotus-twined his silent feet,
Whence, piercing heaven, with screened sight,
He sees at noon the stars, whose light
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with His immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone in the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,
But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme, &

Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream
Of power, impersonal and cold,
Controlling all, itself controlled,
Maker and slave of iron laws,
Alike the subject and the cause;
From vain philosophies, that try
The sevenfold gates of mystery,
And, baffled ever, babble still,
Word-prodigal of fate and will;
From Nature, and her mockery, art,
And book and speech of men apart,
To the still witness in my heart;
With reverence waiting to behold
His Avatár of love untold,
The Eternal Beauty new and old!

METHODISM.

I.

THE "METHODIST" CHARACTERIZED.

By Methodists I mean a people who profess to pursue (in whatsoever measure they have attained) holiness of heart and life, inward and outward conformity in all things to the revealed will of God; who place religion in a uniform resemblance of the great object of it, in a steady imitation of Him they worship, in all His imitable perfections, more particularly in justice, mercy, and truth, or universal love filling the heart and governing the life.

You to whom I now speak believe this love of human kind cannot spring but from the love of God. You think there can be no instance of one whose tender affection embraces every child of man (though not endeared to him either by ties of blood or by any natural or civil relation), unless that affection flow from a grateful, filial love to the common Father of all; to God, considered not only as his Father, but as "the Father of the Spirits of all flesh;" yea, as the general Parent and Friend of all the families both of heaven and earth.

This filial love you suppose to flow only from faith, which you describe as supernatural evidence (or conviction) of things not seen, so that to him who has this principle:

The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

You suppose this faith to imply an evidence that God is merciful to me a sinner, that He is reconciled to me by the death of His Son, and now accepts me for His sake. You accordingly describe the faith of a real Christian as "a sure trust and confidence" (over and above his assent to the sacred writings) "which he hath in God, that his sins are forgiven, and that he is, through the merits of Christ, reconciled to the favour of God."

You believe, further, that both this faith and love are wrought in us by the Spirit of God; nay, that there cannot be in any man one good temper or desire, or so much as one good thought, unless it be produced by the almighty power of God, by the inspiration or influence of the Holy Ghost,

If you walk by this rule, continually endeavouring to know and love and resemble and obey the great God and Father of our LORD Jesus Christ, as the God of love, of pardoning mercy; if from this principle of loving, obedient faith you carefully abstain from all evil, and labour as you have opportunity to do good to all men, friends or enemies; if lastly, you unite together to encourage and help each other in thus working out your salvation, and for that end watch over one another in love, you are they whom I mean by Methodists.

II.

THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

III.

FAITH.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;

Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,

Be conquer'd by my instant prayer!
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure universal Love Thou art!
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
 Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in His wings;
 Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move;
 Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart fly home!
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love!

IV.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

But further: as the Kingdom of God and true religion doth not consist in being baptized, neither doth it consist in being orthodox in our notions, or being able to talk fluently of the doctrines of the Gospel. There are a great many who can talk of free grace, of free justification, of final perseverance, of election, and God's everlasting love. All these are precious truths—they are all con-

nected in a chain; take away one link and you spoil the whole chain of Gospel truths. But then I am persuaded that there are many who talk of these truths, who preach up these truths, and yet at the same time never, never felt the power of these truths upon their hearts. It is a good thing to have a form of sound words; and I think you have got a form of sound words in your Larger and Shorter Catechism. But you may have orthodox heads, and yet you may have the devil in your hearts; you may have clear heads, you may be able to speak, as it were, with the tongues of men and angels the doctrines of the Gospel, but yet, at the same time, you may never have felt them upon your own souls. And if you have never felt the power of them upon your own hearts, your talk of Christ and free justification, and having rational convictions of these truths, will but increase your condemnation, and you will only go to hell with so much more solemnity. Take care, therefore, of resting in a form of knowledge—it is dangerous; if you do, you place the Kingdom of God in meat and drink.

Others, again, perhaps may be saying, “Well, if a man may go thus far and not be a Christian,”—as I am sure he may, and a great deal further—you will be apt to cry out, “Who, then, can be saved?” And O that I could hear you asking this question in real earnest! for, my friends, I am obliged, wherever I go, to endeavour to plough up people’s fallow ground, to bring them off from their duties, and make a Christ of them. There are so many shadows in religion, that if you do not take care you will grasp at the shadow, and lose the substance. The Devil has so ordered the affairs of the Church now, and our hearts are so desperately deceitful, that if we do not take a deal of care we shall come short of true religion—of the true Kingdom of God in the soul. The great question then is, “Whether any of you are convinced of what has been said?” Does power come with the word? When I was reading a book entitled “The Life of God in the Soul of Man”, and reading that a man may read, pray, and go to church, and be constant in the duties of the Sabbath, and yet not be a Christian, I wondered what the man would be at; I was ready to throw it from me, till at last he told me that religion was an union of the soul with God—the image of God wrought upon the heart, or Christ Jesus formed in us. Then God was pleased with these words to cast a ray of light into my soul; with the light there came a power, and from that moment I knew I must be a new creature.

V.

RESURRECTION HYMN.

All hail the power of Jesu's Name!
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him LORD of all.

Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him LORD of All.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David LORD did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him LORD of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
THE CROWNED LORD OF ALL.

VI.

FAITH AND WORKS EQUALLY NECESSARY.

It is hard to say who do Christianity most disservice; the Solifidians, who assert that works are nothing before God; or the Pharisees, who maintain that certain religious ceremonies and external duties of morality are the very soul of religion. O thou true believer, bear thy testimony against both their errors; and equally contend for the tree and the fruit, the faith of St. Paul and the works of St. James; remembering that if even the gates of hell prevail against thee, it shall be by making thee overvalue faith and despise good works, or overrate works and slight precious faith.

As it is absurd to suppose, that speculating upon a medicine, instead of taking it, can conduce to the recovery of our bodily health; so it is unreasonable to fancy that bare speculations upon the doctrines of the Gospel can be productive of saving health; cordial believing having no less necessary a reference to truth than real drinking to a potion. Hence appears the necessity of clearly distinguishing between saving faith and Antinomian fancy; between the faith by which a man affectionately believes with an humbled heart unto righteousness, and its counterfeit, by which a man idly believes with a conceited mind to practical Antinomianism.

A professor of the faith without genuine obedience, and a pretender to obedience without genuine faith, equally miss their aim; while a friend to faith and works put in their proper place, a possessor of the faith which works by love, hits the Gospel mark, and so runs as to obtain the prize.

See that sculler upon yonder river. The unwearied diligence and watchful skill with which he plies his two oars point out to us the work and wisdom of an experienced Divine. What an even gentle spring does the mutual effort of his oars give to his boat! Observe him; his right hand never rests, but when the stream carries him too much to the left; he slacks not his left hand, unless he is gone too much to the right: nor has he sooner recovered a just medium, than he uses both oars again with mutual harmony. Suppose that for a constancy he employed but one, no matter which, what would be the consequence? He would only move in a circle, and if neither wind nor tide carried him along, after an hard day's work he would find himself in the very spot where he began his idle toil.

This illustration needs very little explaining: I shall just observe that the Antinomian is like a sculler who uses only his right-hand

oar; and the Pharisee like him who plies only the oar in his left hand. One makes an endless bustle about grace and faith, the other about charity and works; but both, after all, find themselves exactly in the same case,—with this single difference, that one has turned from truth to the right, and the other to the left.

Not so the judicious, unbiassed Preacher, who will safely enter the haven of eternal rest, for which he and his hearers are bound. He makes an equal use of the doctrine of faith and that of works. If at any time he insists most upon faith, it is only when the stream carries his congregation upon the pharisaic shallows on the left hand: and if he lay a preponderating stress upon works, it is only when he sees unwary souls sucked into the Antinomian whirlpool on the right hand. His skill consists in so avoiding one danger as not to run upon the other.

Truth is great, and love powerful: if you fight under their glorious banners, though the arrows of contempt and the brands of calumny will fly thick around you, you shall not be dangerously wounded. Only take the shield of faith, with this motto, "By grace I am saved through faith;" and quench with it the fiery darts of self-conceited legalists. Put on the breast-plate of righteousness, with this inscription; "Faith works by righteous love," the mother of good works: this piece of celestial armour will keep off the heaviest strokes of self-humbled Gossellers. And, animated by the Captain of your salvation, through the opposite forces of those adversaries urge your evangelically legal way, till you exchange "the sword of the Spirit" for a "golden harp," and your daily cross for a heavenly crown.

VII.

A HIGH PURPOSE THE SOUL'S SALVATION.

With these examples before us, it behoves us to ask ourselves, *Have we a purpose?* Elijah and Luther may be marks too high for us. Do not let us affect knight-errantry, couch the lance at wind-mills to prove our valour, or mistake sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspiration. It is not probable that our mission is to beard unfaithful royalties, or to pull down the edifices which are festooned with the associations of centuries. But in the sphere of each of us—in the marts of commerce, in the looms of labour—while the sun is climbing hotly up the sky, and the race of human pursuits and competitions is going vigorously on, there is work enough for the sincere and honest workman. The sphere for

personal improvement was never so large. To brace the body for service or for suffering—to bring it into subjection to the control of the master-faculty—to acquaint the mind with all wisdom—to hoard, with miser's care, every fragment of beneficial knowledge—to twine the beautiful around the true, as the acanthus leaf around the Corinthian pillar—to quell the sinward propensities of the nature—to evolve the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood—to have the passions in harness, and firmly curb them—"to bear the image of the heavenly"—to strive after "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus"—here is a piece of labour wide enough for the most resolute will. The sphere of beneficent activity was never so large. To infuse the leaven of purity into the disordered masses—to thaw the death-frost from the heart of the misanthrope—to make the treacherous one faithful to duty—to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of conscience—to gather and instruct the orphans bereft of a father's blessing and of a mother's prayer—to care for the outcast and abandoned, who have drunk in iniquity with their mother's milk, whom the priest and the Levite have alike passed by, and who have been forced in the hot-bed of poverty into premature luxuriance of evil,—here is labour, which may employ a man's life-time, and his whole soul. Young men, are you working? Have you gone forth into the harvest field bearing precious seed? Alas! perhaps some of you are yet resting in the conventional, that painted charnel which has tombed many a manhood; grasping eagerly your own social advantages; gyved by a dishonest expediency; not doing a good lest it should be evil spoken of, nor daring a faith lest the scoffer should frown. With two worlds to work in—the world of the heart, with its many-phased and wondrous life, and the world around, with its problems waiting for solution, and its contradictions panting for the harmonizer—you are perhaps enchained in the Island of Calypso, thrall'd by its blandishments, emasculated by its enervating air. Oh for some strong-armed Mentor to thrust you over the cliff, and strain with you among the buffeting waves! Brothers, let us be men. Let us bravely fling off our chains. If we cannot be commanding, let us at least be sincere. Let our earnestness amend our incapacity. Let ours not be a life of puerile inanities, or obsequious Mammon-worship. Let us look through the pliant neutral in his hollowness, and the churlish miser in his greed, and let us go and do otherwise than they. Let us not be ingrates while Heaven is generous, idlers while earth is active, slumberers while eternity is near. Let us have a purpose, and let that purpose be one. Without a central principle all will be in disorder. Ithaca

is misgoverned, Penelope beset by clamorous suitors, Telemachus in peril, all because Ulysses is away. Let the Ulysses of the soul return, let the governing principle exert its legitimate authority, and the harpy-suitors of appetite and sense shall be slain—the heart, married to the truth, shall retain its fidelity to its bridal-vow, and the eldest-born, a purpose of valour and of wisdom, shall carve its highway to renown, and achieve its deeds of glory. Aim at this singleness of eye. Abhor a life of self-contradictions, as a grievous wrong done to an immortal nature. And thus, having a purpose—*one* purpose—a worthy purpose—you cannot toil in vain. Work in the inner—it will tell upon the outer world. Purify your own heart—you will have a reformatory power on the neighbourhood. Shrine the truth within—it will attract many pilgrims. Kindle the vestal fire—it will ray out a life-giving light. Have the mastery over your own spirit—you will go far to be a world-subduer. Oh, if there be one here who would uplift himself or advance his fellows, who would do his brother “a good which shall live after him”, or enrol himself among the benefactors of mankind, to him we say, Cast out of thyself all that loveth and maketh a lie—hate every false way—set a worthy object before thee—work at it with both hands, an open heart, an earnest will, and a firm faith, and then go on—

“Onward, while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right—
 While oppression lifts a finger
 To affront us by his might.
 While an error clouds the reason,
 Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the wise man’s part!”

SCOTTISH CHURCH.

I.

GOD IS LOVE.

We may here see what evangelical ministers mean, when they tell us of the regenerating power of faith. One of its functions is to justify, but its brighter and greater function is to sanctify man. Let but the cold abstractions of unbelief be removed, and from that moment the emancipated heart, as if by the operation of a charm, will beat freely and willingly in love to God and love to all his servants. This new faith was the turning-point of a new character, and on this single difference between God, viewed as an object of terror and God viewed as an object of confidence, a complete moral revolution is suspended. Let me be made to know and to believe that God loves me, and, by a law of my mental constitution, I shall be made to love Him back again. The intellectual precedes the moral change. It is an article of doctrine, not in the place which it occupies as the dogma of a theological system, but which is actually seated in the heart, and the article thereof a substantial and living creed. It is this which subdues the whole man into a new creature. The executive power of working this great transformation lies in the truth. In other words, let the faith of the Gospel enter into the heart of any individual, and it will renovate the man. Let this faith be universal, and we shall behold a renovated world.

I might here indulge in the prolonged perspective of a regenerated species, and that through the practical stepping-stone of a declared Gospel, so that, if the first doctrine of God's loving the world were as generally accepted as it might be heralded, a nation would be born in a day; but let me urge a lesson, which each of you should carry personally and practically home, and feel how it is, that one

might animate his own heart with the love of God, and keep this sacred affection glowing there. This is a frequent complaint among Christians, that their hearts are so cold and insensible, and destitute of love to God. How shall we go about it, to put the love where it is not, or to keep the love alive, which is in danger of going into extinction? It is not to be summoned into being and activity at a call. It is not by any simple or direct method that you put it into operation within you. You can say to the hand, Do this, and it doeth it; but we have no mastery over the heart, nor can any of its movements be subjected to a volition or a pause. We cannot, by an immediate plunge among the recesses of our constitution, conjure up any emotion in it. The true way of putting an emotion into the heart, is to put into the mind its appropriate and counterpart object. If I want to light up resentment in the heart, let me think of the injury which provokes it; or, if I want to be moved with compassion, let me dwell on some picture of wretchedness; or, to be regaled with a scene of beauty, look on the glories of a summer landscape; or, to stir up love, let me call up some kind and friendly benefactor; or, finally, to kindle in my cold and deserted bosom the love of God, let God's love to me be the theme of my believing contemplation. I shall never light up the affection by looking inwardly upon myself, but upwardly to the Gospel manifestation of the Divine character, and in bringing it down from the sanctuary that is above me. It is faith which elicits and calls out the feeling, and thus both the lessons of the Bible and the experience of the Christian are at one with the strict philosophy of the closet, when they attest, that the way to build up our hearts in the love of God is to build ourselves up in our most holy faith. Hence that scriptural expression, "faith worketh by love;" so that if you want the love of God in your hearts, there is no other way of getting at it than by thinking of God's love to you. Then the Divine love comes unbidden and spontaneous by a law in the constitution of the human heart.

II.

ORDINATION CHARGE.

In thy capacity of preacher or minister of the Gospel I charge thee, as a steward of the mysteries of Christ, to know those ordinances which are entrusted to thy administration. The several parts of public worship thou hast to conduct without the help

of any service-book or curate: no form to guide thee, which I hope thou wilt never nor desire to have. O brother, what a weight lieth upon a minister's shoulders; and what need of largest knowledge and most patient study hath he above all men! —First, then, concerning those Psalms, of which I would not forego one out of the collection for all the paraphrases, hymns, and spiritual songs of these Methodistical times. Thou must taste and deeply drink into the spirit of them, and open them to the flock and congregation; for praise without the understanding is praise without the heart, not pleasant in the ear of God. If thou shouldst find it necessary to open the Psalms a little by way of preface, in order to point out Christ and the Church and the Kingdom in them, thou wilt do well: They are the essence of Divine truth, the divinest of the inspirations of the Spirit, upon which I charge thee to admit no modern innovations, and in their stead to take no modern substitutes. And stir the people up to love and relish them, which is best done by leading them to know and understand them.—Secondly, thy prayers. O brother, what a burden is laid upon thy spirit, to offer in such as this the prayers of the Christian Church: for remember thou pray not for thy people alone, nor for the presbytery alone, nor for the Kirk of Scotland alone, but for the holy Catholic Church and communion of saints; and remember we have not four separate prayers, but as it were four parts of prayer, which together make up the Liturgy of our Sabbath-day. Thou must not indulge the people by saying the same thing twice over, one for the forenoon company, and the other for the afternoon company, who can make it convenient to attend. It is a day's service, a Sabbath's sacrifice; divided as thou best may. Oh, it is an onerous charge, my brother, this of public prayer; I cannot tell thee how it weighs my spirit down: and I give it in charge to thee to make this part of the ministry thine especial care. Our Church loveth that it should be extempore, and it is best that it should be so; but oh, fill the fountains of thy spirit every week by secret devotion, and painful meditation, and solemn, careful thought of all things. Preaching cometh next in order, which is as it were the food and nourishment of all the rest, the foolishness of God which is wiser than the wisdom of men, the royal ordinance of the kingdom. Here put forth all thy knowledge, all thy wisdom, all thy strength of manhood, with all the gifts and graces of the Divine nature. Take thy liberty, occupy thy commission: beat down the enemies of the LORD; wound and heal; break down and build up again. Be of no school; give heed to none of their rules and canons. Take thy liberty, be fettered by no times, accommodate

no man's conveniency, spare no man's prejudice, yield to no man's inclinations, though those should scatter all thy friends, and rejoice all thine enemies. Preach the gospel: not the gospel of the last age, or of this age, but the everlasting gospel; not Christ crucified merely, but Christ risen: not Christ risen merely, but Christ present in the spirit, and Christ to be again present in person. Dost thou take heed to what I say? Preach thy LORD in humiliation, and thy LORD in exaltation: and not Christ only, but the Father, the will of the Father. Keep not thy people banqueting, but bring them out to do battle for the glory of God and of His Church: to which end thou shalt need to preach them the Holy Ghost, who is the strength of battle. And hark ye, brother, be not afraid in these days to be called Antinomian; but preach the gospel freely. Let the sectarian ignorance and malice of this city box the whole compass of heresy with thee as they have done with me, in order to find thy true course; but still while they are blaming and blaspheming be thou preaching the offices of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the salvation of poor sinners. And take a long pull and a strong pull at the work: if they will measure thee, let it be by the hours and not by the minutes. We must lift the barriers up, brethren, and beat the sentinels back, and make room, and make large room, if we would have any use of our weapons, or profit of the fight.—Lastly, come the sacraments, which I pray thee to study from the Scriptures, or any author older than a century; but at thy peril from any later; and give no heed to what is talked upon baptism and the Lord's Supper in these clear-headed times. Brother, to my certain knowledge the atmosphere of theology hath been so long clear and cloudless, that there hath been neither mist nor rain these many years: and even to talk of a mystery is out of date. But thou must preach Christ in a mystery, and show the very great mysteries of godliness, especially of these two sacraments. Get thee out of the bright sunshine of the intellect, and meditate the deep mysteries of the Spirit, which the natural man perceiveth not. When they talk of plainness and perspicuity, to thy text, my brother: to thy warfare of prayer and meditation; try the depths; sound with thy deepest line, my brother. Oh, I charge thee enter into the mysteries of these two sacraments: if I should hear of thee setting them forth as bare and naked signs, I will be the first to charge thee with a most dangerous error. Fill these vessels with spiritual water: awaken the faith of the people; let them come to them in earnest faith, not in empty ignorance; in mysterious expectation and assurance of God's spiritual blessing, not in a clear-headed belief that nothing is

to be expected or received. O brother, if I were to tell thee what fruit of my ministry I have had from these two sacraments, thou wouldst not be surprised at the zeal with which my discourse doth clothe itself.

III.

THE MEANING AND EFFICACY OF DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

What is the misery of man? It is that his mind is diseased. He was made to regard and enjoy God as his chief object; and his faculties will not work healthfully in absence of this object. But he has left God, and wearies himself in seeking good from created things. The love of God is to the human spirit what the key-stone is to the arch; ruin is the consequence when it falls from its place. And thus, we see that man's reason bewilders him, and his conscience harasses him,—his imagination deceives and disquiets him,—his passions and affections agitate and torture him. He has a misery wrought into the very elements of his being, independent altogether of positive infliction. This misery is rarely felt in all its force here; sometimes in consequence of the occupation and distraction which the mind finds in external things, it is scarcely felt at all; but when these are removed, the unhappiness is felt. Hence the horror of solitary confinement, without the means of occupation. Hence, also, the misery of the spirit is sometimes even alleviated by external inflictions, because they draw its attention from itself.

When I can lay the blame of my misery on anything external to me, there may be hope of deliverance, for I can distinguish between myself and my sorrow. But it is a terrific discovery to make, that I am myself my own misery. I had supposed the source of the evil to be elsewhere, and retreated, as I thought within myself. But the more I retreated in that direction, the more intense and intolerable the heat became. My own mind was the furnace. This is indeed appalling, for how am I to escape from myself?

But how, it may be asked, is pardon to cure this misery? We can understand how pardon might remove an *external infliction*, but how can it remove this *internal disease*?

I answer: The great cause of the disorder and misery which distract the human mind is *aversion or indifference* to God. The love of God, the key-stone of the arch, is fallen from its place, and all has, in consequence, gone to wreck. The sense of sin continually increases this aversion of the heart from God, because pollution

hates and shrinks from holiness, and an accusing conscience dreads avenging justice. The only cure for this dreadful and wide-spreading disorder, must therefore be something which will replace the key-stone in the arch,—something which will rekindle love towards God, by taking away fear and inspiring confidence.

Now, the manifestation of the character of God contained in the gift of Christ is exactly fitted for this purpose. It is not a mere deliverance from penalties. Indeed, the penalties are not cancelled—death still remains, and man toils and sweats still on the outside of Eden. The forgiveness of the Gospel meets the penalties of the law, not by cancelling them, but by associating them with the purpose of a loving Father to deliver from sin, instead of a purpose of mere retribution. Death remains, but there is the promise of new and endless life beyond the grave. Eden is still barred and man still eats his bread at the price of labour; but the access into the real presence of God is thrown open; all are invited and urged to come in. He hath loved us, and given *Himself* for us. The medicinal virtue of the Gospel—the virtue which heals the disease of the soul, which destroys enmity and enkindles holy love, which does away with the cowardly fear of punishment, and at the same time implants and strengthens the holy fear of sinning,—the medicinal virtue which effects this, lies in the manifestation of that love of God which passeth knowledge, that holy love with which God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son for it.

Love is the great principle developed in the Gospel, which reveals the union of an infinite abhorrence towards sin, and an infinite love towards the sinner. This mysterious history is the mighty instrument with which the Spirit of God breaks the power of sin in the heart, and establishes holy love and filial dependence.

IV.

GOD'S TRUTH AND MAN'S FREEDOM.

Many years ago, I heard Gay Lussac, the great French philosopher, expatiating in the college of the Sorbonne, on the cause of Britain's greatness. He attributed it to our inexhaustible mines of coal and iron, lying not at great distances from each other, but in neighbouring strata within the same rock or field. Coal and iron! 'Twas all he knew about it. Coal and iron! What had they done to make Britain *Great* Britain—a mother of nations and the mistress of the seas—the home of freedom, and an asylum for the oppressed,

without the mind that has evoked their powers, without a peaceful, intelligent, religious people, inspired with the love of liberty, and animated by bravery to defend shores which the sea, not man, may invade? It is our freedom, our mental, social, political, religious freedom—which has made us great; and these, with God's blessing we owe to His word. The Bible and the Shorter Catechism, read and studied by Scotchmen, these have toughened their intellects, and set all the wheels of their minds in motion.

Talk of Liberty! liberty without the Bible is either dead or delirious. Look at France, where they would have liberty divorced from religion! He who governs her, like a man in a morass, only keeps himself from sinking by ever shifting his position; beneath his feet the ice is bending—and he avoids his fate by constant motion. With a brave, a clever, a generous, a gallant people, still France, without a Bible, is just like a top—it keeps itself up by perpetual revolutions. Other nations envy Britain's fortune: if they would have her fortune, let them seek her faith. There are but two ways of it—rulers and people have no other choice;—the bayonet or the Bible—the fear of man or the fear of God. Who suffers for his country wins admiration; yet the Christian is the truest patriot—the best subject of a good government, but the most formidable enemy of a bad one. Would to God that the patriots of Europe knew this! for we sympathise with their aspirations, and will cheer them on to plant the tree of liberty wherever they can. I have seen it as it stood in France, but it was withered—standing up against the blue sky, neither green leaf nor blessed fruit on its skeleton arms. O that France would learn that if she would grow that tree, she must plant it in a soil nourished by the waters of the Sanctuary. Then there is Italy, down-trodden, priest-curst Italy; I feel the deepest sympathy with her patriots. The God of the oppressed crown their arms with success! But had I voice to reach these brave Italians, it would tell them that their swords are drawn and their blood is shed in vain in Freedom's fight unless the ground, thus roughly ploughed and richly manned, receive into its furrows the seeds of truth. No political regeneration has stood, or will ever stand, unless it is preceded, accompanied, or followed by a spiritual awakening.

In our case there was no failure. The Argyles, and Guthries, and Cargills of other days—Knox, with his indomitable spirit and bold endurance, the martyrs who sleep in the Greyfriars' churchyard, and those who lie on Scotland's hills with nothing to mark their graves but a weathered stone, with its rude sketch of an open Bible, and

a naked sword, they neither prayed, nor laboured, nor bled, nor died in vain. And why? Why, but because they laid the foundations of our liberties deep in the Word of God. Therefore, we have a sovereign, but no slaves in this land; we have authority, but no oppression; we have rulers, but no tyrants; we have liberty without license, and religion without superstition; free trade, a free parliament, free justice, free thought; liberty, not the false, which is every man doing what he *will*, but the true, which is every man doing what he *ought*.

“He is the Freeman whom the Truth makes Free.”

V.

THE RELATION OF THE VISIBLE TO THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

The Church visible is to the Church invisible what the body is to the spirit—the medium of communication with the eternal world. As the body without the soul is dead, though it may, look life-like, even so is the visible Church without the invisible. The Presbyterians, I think, legislated too transcendently for the Church. We forget how much we are taught by visible things. We did not sufficiently value symbols. Popery makes the Church a body altogether. We forget too much that there is a visible Church; they forget that there is an invisible.

As for Church government, I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won't suit another. What does it signify whether a man reads with the gold spectacles of Episcopacy or with the silver ones of Presbytery, or with the pinchbeck ones of Independency, provided he does read, and reads better too with the one kind than with the other, and does not blind himself with the goggles of Popery? Though I hate schism, yet I do think that different governments are ordered in the wisdom of God, who knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust, to suit the different conditions of man. One man is born with huge veneration like a ridge on his head, ideality like hillocks; another with neither of these bumps, but in their stead causality or reasoning like potatoes, firmness like Ailsa Craig; another with combativeness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, like hen-eggs. Is it not a blessing that there is for the one an old cathedral with stone knights and “casements pictured fair,” and seats worn with successive generations, and fine bald-headed prelate; and that another can get a Presbyterian Church that will stand firm against Erastus, Court

of Sessions, kings, lords, and commons, and can hear long metaphysical sermons canvassing every system; and that the last can have his *say* in an independent church, and battle with minister and elder; while, in each they can hear what will make them wise unto salvation? All are spectacles for different eyes; and why fight?—Why force a man to see through your concave, or be forced to read through his convex? You will both read wrong, or not read at all.

I hatè schism; it is a great sin to have a visible Church unless you feel that it is only a door to the invisible one.

V I.

FAITH IN THE SPIRITUAL AND ETERNAL.

A very remarkable deputation was sent forth a long time ago, when Moses, with the children of Israel, was entering the Land of Promise. He sent twelve men to spy out the land, and they came back and gave a good account of it; but then they spoke of the tremendous difficulties—they spoke of the walled cities, the immense number of inhabitants, and the giants who were there, and said it was truly impossible for them to take it. The people said, "Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." But Moses said God was with them, and they were well able to overcome if they did not lose faith in God. And the people answered that these men should be stoned; and they took up stones to stone Moses, Aaron, Caleb, and Joshua. It might be a matter of speculation as to how the world and its future civilization would have been affected if the people had then turned back. God uttered these words when four men confessed His name in the wilderness, "I have pardoned; but as truly as I live all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord;" and the glory has been coming ever since, slowly and surely; but as surely as we live, come it will till the whole earth is filled. We measure events by our own little day; but who knows what the end will be! All is in the hands of God, as it was in times past; as it was in the times of Abraham. We know there is a right and a wrong, that the LORD reigns and will not fail us. If it be not right that men should know the Christian truth, the highest the world has ever yet seen, then I know not what is right or wrong. Believing this, and believing it because we see it and know it to be true, not because we have heard it with our ears; believing this we wait with patience, and we live in hope that all men will become brothers, and that every man will put his arm round his brother's

neck and say—"Come and share the kingdom with me." If we sink down from that high level to a lower, and devote our time to mere money, making of cotton, new railways, and such things, what shall the end be? I once read a story of an eagle winging its lofty way across the St. Lawrence in winter. He was soaring straight up to the high dome of Heaven, when suddenly he saw his quarry lying dead upon the ice. He descended and fixed his claws in his prey, and gorged himself and was satisfied. But while he was so occupied the ice had done its work, and he was frozen fast, and would fly no more. So it is with us. When a nation sinks down from the light of heaven, till all that is noble in it is frozen, its power is gone, and it can rise no more.

VII.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

Thy way, not mine, O LORD,
 However dark it be;
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
 I would not if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

The Kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine, so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

VIII.

HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across the way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer-dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-ploughed field;
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

IX.

WHO ARE THESE, AND WHENCE CAME THEY?

Not from Jerusalem alone,
To heaven the path ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From farthest realms extends
Frigid or torrid zone.

What matters how or whence we start?
One is the crown to all;
One is the hard but glorious race,
Whatever be our starting-place;
Rings round the earth the call
That says, Arise, Depart!

From the balm-breathing, sun-loved isles
Of the bright Southern Sea,
From the dead North's cloud-shadow'd pole
We gather to one gladsome goal,
One common home in thee,
City of sun and smiles.

The cold rough billow hinders none;
Nor helps the calm, fair main;
The brown rock of Norwegian gloom,
The verdure of Tahitian bloom,
The sands of Mizraim's plain,
Or peaks of Lebanon.

As from the green lands of the vine,
So from the snow-wastes pale,
We find the ever-open road
To the dear city of our God;
From Russian steppe, or Burman vale,
Or terraced Palestine.

Not from swift Jordan's sacred stream
 Alone we mount above;
 Indus or Danube, Thames or Rhone,
 Rivers unsainted and unknown;—
 From each, the home of love
 Beckons with heavenly gleam.

Not from grey Olivet alone
 We see the gates of light;
 From Morven's heath or Jungfrau's snow
 We welcome the descending glow
 Of pearl and chrysolite,
 And the unsetting sun.

Not from Jerusalem alone
 The Church ascends to God;
 Strangers of every tongue and clime,
 Pilgrims of every land and time,
 Throng the well-trodden road
 That leads up to the throne.

X.

HE LIVETH LONG, WHO LIVETH WELL.

He liveth long, who liveth well!
 All other life is short and vain;
 He liveth longest, who can tell
 Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long, who liveth well!
 All else is being flung away;
 He liveth longest, who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
 Who freely gave it, freely give,
 Else is that being but a dream,
 'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well,
Who wisdom *speaks*, must *live* it too;
He is the wisest, who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound by conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

UNITARIANISM.

I.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

And first, I may be asked what I mean by Inward Spiritual Freedom. The common and true answer is, that it is freedom from sin. I apprehend, however, that to many, if not to most, these words are too vague to convey a full and deep sense of the greatness of the blessing. Let me, then, offer a brief explanation; and the most important remark in illustrating this freedom is, that it is not a negative state, not the mere absence of sin; for such a freedom may be ascribed to inferior animals, or to children before becoming moral agents. Spiritual freedom is the attribute of a mind in which reason and conscience have begun to act, and which is free through its own energy, through fidelity to the truth, through resistance of temptation. I cannot therefore better give my views of spiritual freedom than by saying that it is moral energy or force of holy purpose put forth against the senses, against the passions, against the world, and thus liberating, the intellect, conscience, and will, so that they may act with strength and unfold themselves for ever. The essence of spiritual freedom is power. A man liberated from sensual lusts by a palsy would not therefore be inwardly free. He only is free who, through self-conflict and moral resolution, sustained by trust in God, subdues the passions which have debased him, and, escaping the thralldom of low objects, binds himself to pure and lofty ones. That mind alone is free which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts His law, written on the heart and in His word, as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reveals itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well-doing in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

It has pleased the all-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth by difficulty and allurements, to place us in a world where wrongdoing is often gainful, and duty rough and perilous, where many vices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences which menace the intellect and heart; and to be free is to withstand and conquer these.

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognises its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt, its own energies.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognises in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of His children, which delights in virtue and sympathises with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong-doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free which resists bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in His promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance for ever, which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

Such is the spiritual Freedom which Christ came to give. It consists in moral force, in self-control, in the enlargement of thought and affection, and in the unrestrained action of our best powers. This is the great good of Christianity, nor can we conceive a greater within the gift of God. I know that to many this will seem too refined a good to be proposed as the great end of society and government. But our scepticism cannot change the nature of things. I know how little this freedom is understood or enjoyed, how enslaved men are to sense, and passion, and the world; and I know, too, that through this slavery they are wretched, and that while it lasts no social institution can give them happiness.

II.

THE GREAT PURPOSE OF CHRISTIANITY.

My friends, I fear I have been guilty of repetition. But I feel the greatness of the truth which I deliver, and I am anxious to make it plain. Men need to be taught it perpetually. They have always been inclined to look to Christ for something better, as they have dreamed, than the elevation of their own souls. The great purpose of Christianity, to unfold and strengthen and lift up the mind, has been perpetually thrown out of sight. In truth, this purpose has been more than overlooked. It has been reversed. The very religion given to exalt human nature has been used to make it abject. The very religion which was given to create a generous hope, has been made an instrument of servile and torturing fear. The very religion which came from God's goodness to enlarge the human soul with a kindred goodness, has been employed to narrow it to a sect, to rear the Inquisition, and to kindle fires for the martyr. The very religion given to make the understanding and conscience free has, by a criminal perversion, served to break them into subjection to priests, ministers, and human creeds. Ambition and craft have seized on the solemn doctrines of an omnipotent God and of future punishment, and turned them into engines against the child, the trembling female, the ignorant adult, until the sceptic has been emboldened to charge on religion the chief miseries and degradation of human nature. It is from a deep and sorrowful conviction of the injuries inflicted on Christianity and on the human soul by these perversions and errors, that I have reiterated the great truth of this discourse. I would rescue our holy faith from this dishonour. Christianity has no tendency to break the human spirit or to make man a slave. It has another aim; and, as far as it is understood, it puts forth another power. God sent it from heaven, Christ sealed it with His blood, that it might give force of thought and purpose to the human mind, might free it from all fear but the fear of wrongdoing, might make it free of its fellow-beings, might break from it every outward and inward chain.

My hearers, I close with exhorting you to remember this great purpose of our religion. Receive Christianity as given to raise you in the scale of spiritual being. Expect from it no good any further than it gives strength and worth to your characters. Think not, as some seem to think, that Christ has a higher gift than purity to be-

stow, even pardon to the sinner. He does bring pardon. But once separate the idea of pardon from purity; once imagine that forgiveness is possible to him who does not forsake sin; once make it an exemption from outward punishment, and not the admission of the reformed mind to favour and communion with God; and the doctrine of pardon becomes your peril, and a system so teaching it is fraught with evil. Expect no good from Christ any farther than you are exalted by His character and teaching. Expect nothing from His cross, unless a power comes from it strengthening you to "bear His cross," to "drink His cup," with His own unconquerable love. This is its highest influence. Look not abroad for the blessings of Christ. His reign and chief blessings are within you. The human soul is His Kingdom. There He gains His victories, there rears His temples, there lavishes His treasures. His noblest monument is a mind redeemed from iniquity, brought back and devoted to God, forming itself after the perfection of the Saviour, great through its power to suffer for truth, lovely through its meek and gentle virtues. No other monument does Christ desire; for this will endure and increase in splendour when earthly thrones shall have fallen, and even when the present order of the outward universe shall have accomplished its work and shall have passed away.

III.

I belong to the Universal Church; nothing shall separate me from it. In saying this, however, I am no enemy to particular Churches. In the present age of the world, it is perhaps best that those who agree in theological opinions should worship together; and I do not object to the union of several such Churches in one denomination, provided that all sectarian and narrow feeling be conscientiously and scrupulously resisted. I look on the various Churches of Christendom with no feelings of enmity. I have expressed my abhorrence of the sectarian spirit of Rome; but in that, as in all other Churches, individuals are better than their creed; and, amidst gross error and the inculcation of a narrow spirit, noble virtues spring up, and eminent Christians are formed. It is one sign of the tendency of human nature to goodness, that it grows good under a thousand bad influences. The Romish Church is illustrated by great names. Her gloomy convents have often been brightened by fervent love to God and man. Her St. Louis, and Fénelon, and Massillon, and

Cheverus; her missionaries, who have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth; her sisters of charity, who have carried relief and solace to the most hopeless want and pain; do not these teach us that in the Romish Church the Spirit of God has found a home? How much, too, have other Churches to boast! In the English Church we meet the names of Latimer, Hooker, Barrow, Leighton, Berkeley and Heber; in the Dissenting Calvinistic Church, Baxter, Howe, Watts, Doddridge, and Robert Hall; among the Quakers, George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and our own Anthony Benezet, and John Woolman; in the Anti-Trinitarian Church, John Milton, John Locke, Samuel Clarke, Price, and Priestley. To repeat these names does the heart good. They breathe a fragrance through the common air. They lift up the whole race to which they belonged. With the Churches of which they were pillars or chief ornaments I have many sympathies; nor do I condemn the union of ourselves to these or any other Churches whose doctrines we approve, provided that we do it without severing ourselves in the least from the universal Church. On this point we cannot be too earnest. We must shun the spirit of sectarianism as from hell. We must shudder at the thought of shutting up God in any denomination. We must think no man the better for belonging to our communion; no man the worse for belonging to another. We must look with undiminished joy on goodness, though it shine forth from the most adverse sect. Christ's spirit must be equally dear and honoured, no matter where manifested. To confine God's love or His good Spirit to any party, sect, or name is to sin against the fundamental law of the Kingdom of God, to break that living bond with Christ's universal Church which is one of our chief helps to perfection.

IV.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

To learned Athens led by fame
 As once the man of Tarsus came,
 With pity and surprise,
 Midst idol-altars as he stood,
 O'er sculptured marble, brass and wood,
 He rolled his awful eyes.

But one, apart, his notice caught,
 That seemed with higher meaning fraught,

Graved on the wounded stone;
 Nor form nor name was there expressed;
 Deep reverence filled the musing breast,
 Pesusing, "To the God unknown."

Age after age has rolled away,
 Altars and thrones have felt decay,
 Sages and saints have risen;
 And, like a giant roused from sleep,
 Man has explored the pathless deep,
 And lightnings snatched from heaven.

And many a shrine in dust is laid,
 Where kneeling nations homage paid,
 By rock, or fount or grove;
 Ephesian Dian sees no more
 Her workmen fuse the silver ore,
 Nor Capitolian Jove.

E'en Salem's hallowed courts have ceased
 With solemn pomps her tribes to feast,
 No more the victim bleeds;
 To censers filled with rare perfumes,
 And vestments from Egyptian looms,
 A purer rite succeeds.

Yet still where'er presumptuous man
 His Maker's essence strives to scan,
 And lifts his feeble hands,
 Though saint and sage their powers unite
 To fathom that abyss of light,
 Ah! still *that altar* stands.

V.

CHURCH-DEDICATION HYMN.

Where ancient forests widely spread,
 Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
 On the lone mountain's silent head,
 There are Thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by Thee: but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where Thy own works of love are taught.

Here be they taught: and may we know,
That trust Thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal or woe,
Till deeper, fuller life unfold.

VI.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To Heaven and find acceptance there.

In this, Thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow
While circling years on years are rolled.

To Thee shall Age with snowy hair,
 And Strength and Beauty bend the knee,
 And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To Thee at last in every clime
 Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

VII.

SOUL-MUSIC.

O human heart! thou hast a song
 For all that to the earth belong,
 Whene'er the golden chain of love
 Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

O human heart! what deed of thine
 Could gain a kingdom so divine?
 'Twas asked but this, in accents mild—
 The gentle spirit of a child.

•
 O human heart! that singest still
 Through chastening good, misreckoned ill;
 Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,—
 The angel troubles but to heal.

O human heart! thou hast a song
 For all that to the earth belong,
 Whene'er the golden chain of love
 Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

VIII.

• THANKSGIVING.

Oh, I would sing a song of praise!
 Natural as the breeze
 That stirs amongst the forest-trees,

Whispering ever,
 Weary never,
 Summer's prime or wintry days—
 So should come my song of praise.

Oh, I would sing a song of praise!
 Sweet as breathing flowers
 That ope to greet the earlier hours;
 Never-ending
 Incense sending
 Up, to bless their parent rays—
 So should wake my song of praise.

Oh, I would sing a song of praise!
 Holy as the night
 When heaven comes to us in the light
 Of stars, whose gleaming
 Influence streaming
 Draws us upward while we gaze—
 So should rise my song of praise.

To Thee, O God, a song of praise!
 With breeze and bloom and star,
 To Thee, who made us what we are!
 Blessed Spirit,
 We inherit
 All from Thee; then let us raise
 Songs of praise—immortal praise!

IX.

DISMISSAL HYMN.

Part in peace! is day before us?
 Praise His name for life and light;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
 Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep 'thanksgiving,
 Rendering as we homeward tread
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises
 God our maker loveth best;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

X.

ASPIRATION.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me:
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou send'st to me,
 In mercy given:
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise:
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

XI.

THE HALLOWED PAST.

O hallowed memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.
In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease,
While stars yet prophesy
Of love and hope and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
Whose pulse of love beats strong,
The opening heavens new light reveal,
Glory to God their song,
While bursts confession forth,
That since the world began,
No miracle on earth
E'er matched the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
Light more than life doth stream,
We bless the faith that bids us trust
The heaven that we dream.
In death there is no fear,
There's radiance through the gloom,
While love and hope are here,
The angels of the tomb.

Then hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.

In vain shall man deny,
 Or bid your mission cease;
 The stars yet prophesy
 Of love and hope and peace.

XII.

SALVATION.

"Sing no more the song of Moses!"
 Sing a loftier, louder lay!
 For the time of twilight closes,
 And then dawns th' eternal day.
 A still nobler revelation
 Beams resplendent from above,
 Bearing on its wings "Salvation,"
 . Scattering truth and light and love.

"Sing no more the song of Moses!"
 Sing with a diviner breath!
 Fairer flowers than Sharon's roses
 Have been culled in Nazareth.
 Ancient fetters have been broken;
 Heaven^s is opened, earth is free;
 A sublimer voice hath spoken,
 "Come, ye weary ones, to me."

XIII.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is Love! His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Time and change are busy ever,
 Man decays and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never:
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

XIV.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

X V.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Hail to the Sabbath Day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

Lord, in Thy sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father, and our Friend.

But Thou art not alone,
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day Thine own,
., When men draw near their God.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight,
And grant us in those courts to pray,
Of pure, unclouded light.

X V I.

THE INWARD WHISPER.

Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd,
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discern'd
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmur'd by,
A voice from forth th' eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

And as upon the sacred page
Thine eye in rapt attention turn'd
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burn'd?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
And bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

XVII.

THE CELESTIAL CAROL.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin' and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love' song which they bring;—
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

XVIII.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches forth
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-Spring from on high;

O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" The lofty strain
The realms of ether fills,
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" The sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth; good will to men
From heaven's Eternal King."

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn,
And brightly on Moriah's brow
Crowned with her temple spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled.
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay:
"Glory to God, on earth be peace,
Salvation comes to-day!"

XIX.

IDEALS.

O Bright Ideals! how ye shine,
Aloft in realms of air!
Ye pour your streams of light divine
Above our low despair.

I've climbed and climbed these weary years
 To come your glories nigh;
 I'm tired of climbing, and in tears
 Here on the earth I lie.

As a weak child all vainly tries
 To pluck the evening star,
 So vain have been my life-long cries
 To reach up where ye are.

Shine on, shine on through earth's dark night,
 Nor let your glories pale!
 Some stronger soul may win the height
 Where weaker ones must fail.

And this one thought of hope and trust
 Comes with its soothing balm,
 As here I lay my brow in dust,
 *And breathe my lowly psalm,

That not for heights of victory won,
 But those I tried to gain,
 Will come my gracious Lord's "Well done,"
 And sweet effacing rain.

Then on your*awful heights of blue,
 Shine on, for ever shine;--
 I come! I'll climb, I'll fly to you,
 For endless years are mine.

X X.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

The summer day is closed--the sun is set:
 Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,

From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty Current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,

Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
 Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the still twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? O! beyond the bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being which begins
 At the dread threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

XXI.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

XXII.

FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine;
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,--these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

XXIII.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
•Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights^{*} by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

XXIV.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure.
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

X X V.

PROMETHEUS.

Of Prometheus, how undaunted
On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths are told and songs are chanted,
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition
Of that flight through heavenly portals,
The old classic superstition
Of the theft and the transmission
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration,
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture,—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearning,
In their passionate pulsations,
In their words among the nations,
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil for human culture ?
Through the cloud-rack, dark and trailing,
Must they see above them sailing
O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened ;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
That around their memories cluster,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplendent
With such gleams of inward lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,
Through the dreary darkness chaunted ;
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
Words that whispered, songs that haunted.

All the soul in rapt suspension,
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension,
With the fervour of invention,
With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
In such hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavour,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men for ever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
Honour and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms benighted,
As they onward bear the message.

XXVI.

ESSENTIAL RELIGION.

Thank God! the Theologian said,
The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled,
And most of all thank God for this;
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss or bleeds
For thoughts that men call heresies.
I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account,
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,

And as the Sermon on the Mount.
Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?
I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified!

For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

XXVII.

SUB PONDERE CRESCIT.

The hope of Truth grows stronger, day by day;
 I hear the soul of man around me waking,
 Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
 And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,
 Tossing huge continents in scornful play
 And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,
 That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder;
 The memory of a glory passed away
 Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
 Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
 And every hour new signs of promise tell,
 That the great soul shall once again be free,
 For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
 Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

XXVIII.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
 Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
 When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
 At the birth of each new Era, with a recognising start,
 Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
 And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
 Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
 And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God
 In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
 Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame;-
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's
chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness, 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his LORD is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, - they were souls that stood alone,
 While the men they agonised for hurled the contumelious stone,
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
 Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;—
 Was the "Mayflower" launched by cowards, steered by men behind
 their time?
 Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock
 sublime?

They were men of present valour, stalwart old iconoclasts,
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
 But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
 Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
 The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
 Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our "Mayflower", and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

THEISM.

I.

NATURAL RELIGION.

You will find that my exposition treats of nothing more than natural religion. It is very strange that we should stand in need of any other! By what means can I find out such necessity? In what respect can I be culpable for serving God agreeably to the dictates of the understanding He hath given me, and the sentiments He hath implanted in my heart? What purity of morals, what system of faith useful to man, or honourable to his Creator, can I deduce from any positive doctrines, that I cannot deduce equally as well from a good use of my natural faculties? Let any one show me what can be added, either for the glory of God, the good of Society, or my own advantage, to the obligations we are laid under by nature. Let him show me what virtue can be produced from any new worship, which is not also the consequence of mine. The most sublime ideas of the Deity are inculcated by reason alone. Take a view of the works of nature, listen to the voice within, and then tell me what God hath omitted to say to your sight, your conscience, your understanding? Where are the men who can tell us more of Him than He thus tells of Himself? Their revelations only debase the Deity, in ascribing to Him human passions. So far from giving us enlightened notions of the Supreme Being, their particular tenets, in my opinion, give us the most obscure and confused ideas. To the inconceivable mysteries by which the Deity is hid from our view, they add the most absurd contradictions. They serve to make man proud, persecuting, and cruel. Instead of establishing peace on earth, they bring fire and sword. I ask myself what good purpose all this contention serves, without being able to resolve the question. Art-

ificial religion presents to my view only the wickedness and miseries of mankind.

I am told indeed, that revelation is necessary to teach mankind the manner in which God should be served. As a proof of this, they bring the diversity of whimsical modes of worship which prevail in the world; and that without remarking that this very diversity arises from the practice of adopting revelations. Ever since men have taken it into their heads to make the Deity speak, every people make Him speak in their own way, and say what they like best. Had they listened only to what the Deity hath said to their hearts, there would have been but one religion on earth.

It is necessary that the worship of God should be uniform; I would have it so: but is this a point so very important that the whole apparatus of divine power was necessary to establish it? Let us not confound the ceremonials of religion with religion itself. The worship of God demands that of the heart; and this when it is sincere, is ever uniform. Men must entertain very ridiculous notions of the Deity indeed, if they imagine He can interest Himself in the gown and cassock of a priest, in the order of words He pronounces, or in the gestures and genuflexions he makes at the altar. Alas! my friend, where is the use of kneeling? Stand as upright as you may, you will always be near enough to the earth. God requires to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. This is a duty incumbent on men of all religions and countries. With regard to exterior forms, if their uniformity be expedient for the sake of peace and good order, it is merely an affair of government; the administration of which surely requires not the aid of revelation.

II.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

There is, then, a religion of humanity. Humanity adores a God—humanity hopes for a futurity. Idealised and personified perfection and progress; these are its primary, its essential doctrines—if doctrines they may be called—leading us to conceive of power and wisdom, of majesty and goodness, of law and order, of beneficent purpose and infallible execution. Humanity, with its hopes and its fears, its loves and its joys; humanity evolving its moral perceptions of the difference between right and wrong, feeling the beauty and power which there is in the one and not in the other; humanity calling to its aid the social principle, to cheer and encourage

the pilgrim in his course, looking abroad on nature as a father's work; cultivating even arduous virtues because they appear congruous with the Divine Father's plans, and thus accomplishing the great ends of being,—such is religion—simple, pure, and undefiled. And it fulfils the offices and functions of religion as no positive or specific system can fulfil them. It generates piety, enforces morality, proffers consolation. A piety not, indeed, venting itself in forms altogether unmeaning or darkly emblematical of something ill-understood—not a piety of grovelling apprehensions and servile deprecations; but springing from a heart at one with the true, the beautiful, and the lovely around it,—a heart consenting to the will and works of Deity,—a heart sympathising in that which is joyous therein, and offering its continuous tribute of thankfulness; feeling that if it has sometimes an unknown God, that is, a God but partially understood, it can never have a God limited, or thwarted, partial in his love for his creatures, or baffled in the graciousness of his providence. It elevates morality, raising our whole nature, and, as it were, purifying the moral taste within us, until deviation from its dictates is as abhorrent as discords to the musical ear, or as loathsomeness to those who have cultivated refinement of manners and of thought.

And repentance—repentance is not, with it, the base principle that would bargain for the crimes and offences that are past, that would purchase heaven by a treaty of self-punishment. Repentance, with it, is the opening of the heart to the mild and benignant influences of nature—an impatience of being any longer a discordant atom in that great system of things—a longing to be entirely at one with the life that is, and the life that is manifesting itself in progressive development.

This, I apprehend, is the soul of all peculiar systems of religion. It is in them, though obscured, though perverted. It is in them, whatever doctrines they may set up as peculiar and essential doctrines; and however, in their propagation of such dogmas, they may disregard these primary elements. True, indeed, they may tell us, that without believing this or that dogma man cannot be saved. But if salvation means the freedom of the soul from fetters of vice and ignorance,—if it means the gradually emancipating power of the human mind, as resulting from our constitution,—if it means this, salvation has been enjoyed by people of every tribe and of every country. It cannot be confined to the believers of any system, however exclusive its pretensions. Wherever we find the symptoms of a true, of a sincere, of a holy, of an aspiring and beneficent piety, there is religion in its practical form. We find them amongst Christ-

ians of the present day; we trace them in the records of those patriarchs who lived in the sternness of primeval Judaism, before Christianity with its peculiarities was made known to the world. We find them in idolaters who seem sunk below the specific systems most received in the world, and in the philosopher who believes that he rises above them. Jew and Greek, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, exhibit them. Search the spiritual annals of the world, and, imperfectly as they are preserved, we find that piety has existed everywhere.

“We cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around”

in Nature; nor can we go amongst the various demarcations of humanity, where the traces of piety and love are not to be discerned. That which is common cannot spring from peculiar and exclusive causes; we trace it to the common and universal cause,—we trace it to the great cause and source of all moral thought—to the human constitution; and, acting on that, in spite of the diversities of secondary and specific ideas, we see a common character given to the piety and the goodness of the most pious and the best, in all countries and through all ages.

III.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SAINT?

The tendency of religion is to make us feel more and more intensely our identity with conscious being. When we look onwards to futurity, its delight is not in eternal separation, not in contrasted elevations of glory and depressions of agony, but in the complacent contemplation of “all things in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and in the sea”,—of all beings, through all their various ranks and modifications,—uniting in that song of devotional praise which is the overflow—the glad overflow—of rejoicing and happy spirits. This is the best hope of religion. There is reason for looking with suspicion on all artificial modes of consecration or sanctification, especially when they are intended to answer earthly purposes, as well as to indicate what are supposed to be spiritual realities. If we cannot bear with pretensions that really have some basis in character, what shall we say to others in which there is no such reality, where the whole is conventionalism or fraud in its execution, and sordidness in its tendency? What shall we say of

consecrated burial-grounds, consecrated vestments, offices, and persons, and the consecration of churches—a ceremony which seems of late to have been growing upon us in the needless occasions of its repetition, and the superstitious mode of its performance? What are all these but innovations, gross, external, sordid, upon the use of terms which should not be used at all but as they are applied to the highest realities of existence? A consecrated church, or consecrated ground! Where is the power of pope or mitred bishop, of banded priests or formal recitation, to accomplish anything of the kind? In England, as in ancient Greece and in other countries, our poets are better expositors than our priests of what constitutes consecration or sanctification, whether it be a man's heart, or of the dust of the earth, or of the building which he erects thereon. We ask, in the words of a living bard,

“What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod,
To bow the knee?”

After beautifully touching on the sanctities of Affection and Patriotism, the poet thus returns to religion:

“Peace, Love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine;
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine;
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chant.”

And then, rising from his rebuke of these vanities to the “harmonies sublime” of God's own universal temple, he thus concludes:

“What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!

Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round,
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground!"

And such is the true sanctification. It is in whatever calls forth the best faculties of the mind, the deepest emotions of the heart, the noblest exertions of the active powers of man—it is in whatever, by sympathy, by stimulus, by the appropriate excitement which our constitution was framed to receive, purifies and elevates our moral being. Not by ceremony, but by the reflected holiness of the work, is the agency hallowed. Wherever nature puts forth its simplest blossoms; wherever it bears the commonest and humblest fruit that serves for man's subsistence, wherever it spreads abroad its most elemental diversities, the swelling of its hills and mountains, and the expanse of its vales, and the rolling and roaring of the restless ocean; in all its manifestations, from coloured leaf to glittering star—there is the true sanctification. Wherever labour, honest labour, plies its daily course, and continues, while bone and sinew and muscle will serve, in its appointed routine of useful productiveness, for the habitation, support, enjoyment, and pleasure of society—there, too, is the sanctification. Where mind speaks to mind, whether by oral or written communication; where intellect is fairly and truthfully exerted and its communications are enquiringly and gratefully received; wherever there is the intercourse which advances identification between the feeblest atom of rationality, and the amplest capacity of intellect,—there is the true sanctification. Wherever art, inspired by genius, and strengthened by the accumulations of science and the toil of industry, speaks to man's senses or to his imagination, in the painting, statue, or strain of music, rendering his enjoyment the means of ministering to spiritual as well as to external faculties, and cherishing the divine principle that is within him—there is sanctification. Wherever men coöperate together, asserting common rights, discharging common duties, and bringing individual powers, attainments, and influences into a common stock, by which wide and lofty objects may be realised, impossible for each of them separately, but laying the foundation of a yet nobler structure of civilisation than has hitherto been reared,—there, too, is true sanctification. Where thought broods over humanity, its course, progress, and destiny; where affection blesses life, and the grave gives dust to dust in hope,—there is true sanctification. In all these varied processes, as well as in the lowliest supplications ever offered, the

most glowing hymn of thanksgiving ever sung, the purest religious precepts ever enforced, or the beatific homage of heaven itself—there is the true sanctification, the beauty of holiness, the presence of Divinity.

IV.

WORLD-REDEEMERS.

A little child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child inquiring stood
In Israel's temple of its sages;
That child, by lessons wise and good,
Made pure the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to freedom still aspiring,—
Though nursed in superstition's chain,
If human minds be still inquiring,—

Then let not priest or tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing!

V.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

"Make us a god," said man:
Power first the voice obeyed;
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshippers dismayed;
Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

"Make us a god," said man:
Art next the voice obeyed;
Lovely, serene, and grand,
Uprose the Athenian maid;
The perfect statue Greece, with wreathed brows,
Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

"Make us a god," said man:
Religion followed Art,
And answered, "Look within;
God is in thine own heart -
His noblest image there, and holiest shrine;
Silent revere, and be thyself divine."

VI.

THE MARTYR'S LAST COMPANION.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness;
Christians fled in fear and sadness:
Mary stood the Cross beside:

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified:

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story
Mary stood the Cross beside.

And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the Cross beside.

VIL.

THE INVISIBLE IMMORTALS.

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see!
 Prophet-bards, whose awful word
 Shook the earth, "Thus saith the Lord,"
 And made the idols flee—
 A glorious company!

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see!
 Sons of wisdom, song and power,
 Giving earth her richest dower,
 And making nations free—
 A glorious company!

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see!
 Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
 "Sunshine in the shady place,"
 That made it life to be—
 A blessed company!

Call them from the dead—
 Vain the call will be;
 But the hand of death shall lay,
 Like that of Christ, its healing clay
 On eyes which then shall see
 That glorious company!

VIII.

PRAYER.

O Thou Infinite Spirit, who needest no words for man to hold his converse with Thee, we would enter into Thy presence, we would reverence Thy power, we would worship Thy wisdom, we would adore Thy justice, we would be gladdened by Thy love, and blessed by our communion with Thee. We know that Thou needest no sacrifice at our hands, nor any offering at our lips; yet we live in Thy world,

we taste Thy bounty, we breathe Thine air, and Thy power sustains us. Thy justice guides, Thy goodness preserves, and Thy love blesses us for ever and ever. O LORD, we cannot fail to praise Thee, though we cannot praise Thee as we would. We bow our faces down before Thee with humble hearts, and in Thy presence would warm our Spirits for a while, that the better we may be prepared for the duties of life, to endure its trials, to bear its crosses, and to triumph in its lasting joys.

We thank Thee for the world that is about us, now serene, enlightened by the radiance of day, now covered over with clouds and visited by storms, and in serenity and in storm still guarded and watched and blessed by Thee. We adore Thee who givest us all these things that we are, and promisest the glories that we are to become. For our daily life we thank Thee, for its duties to exercise our hands, for its trials and temptations to make strong our hearts, for the friends that are dear to us,—a joy to us in our waking hours, and in the visions of the night still present, and a blessing still.

We thank Thee, O LORD, for Thy tender providence which is over us all, for Thy loving-kindness which blesses the child and the old man, which regards the sinner with affection, and loveth still Thine holy child. Father, we know that we are wanderers from Thy way, that we forget Thy laws, that oft-times the world has dominion over us, that we are slaves to passion and to every sense. And yet we rejoice to remember that Thy kindness is not as our kindness, and Thy love is infinite, that Thou tenderly carest for Thy children, that Thou art the Shepherd of the sheep, and in Thy bosom bearest the feeble lambs, and gently leadest at last each wanderer back to its home.

We pray Thee that we may forgive ourselves for every sin we commit, that with penitence we may wash out the remembrance of wrong, and with wings of new resolution fly out of darkness in the midst of transgression, into the higher, brighter heaven of human duty, of human joy, and of the Christian's peace.

Teach us, O LORD, to use this world wisely and faithfully and well. In its daily duties and its trials may we find the school for wisdom, for goodness, and for piety. May we learn by every trial that Thou sendest, be strengthened by every cross, and when we stoop in sadness to drink bitter waters, may we rise refreshed and invigorated. Help us to live at peace with our souls, disturbing no string on this harp of a thousand chords, but attuning all to harmony, and in our life living one great triumphant hymn to Thee.

Withhold from us what is evil, though we beg mightily for it, and with tears and prayers. Help us to live in unity with our brother men, reconciling our interest to their interests, by faithfully discharging every duty, by patiently bearing with the weakness or the strength of our brothers, and loving them as we love ourselves. Teach us, Father, to love the unlovely, to love those who evil entreat us, to toil for those who are burdens in the world, and to seek to save them from ignorance, to reform them of their wickedness, and to hasten that time when all men shall recognize that Thou art their Father, and their brothers are indeed their brothers, and that all owe fidelity to Thee and loving-kindness to their fellow-men. Help us to live in unity with Thee, no sloth hiding us from Thy presence, no passion twining us aside from Thy counsel, but, with mind and conscience, with heart and soul, assimilating ourselves to Thee, till Thy truth dwells in our understanding, and Thy justice enlightens our conscience, and Thy love shines a beatitude and a blessed light in our heart and soul for ever and ever.

* In times of darkness, when men fail before Thee, in days when men of high degree are a lie, and those of low degree are a vanity, teach us, O LORD, to be true before Thee, not a vanity, but soberness and manliness, and may we keep still our faith shining in the midst of darkness, the beacon-light to guide us over stormy seas to a home and haven at last. Father, give us strength for our daily duty, patience for our constant or unaccustomed cross, and in every time of trial give us the hope that sustains, the faith that wins the victory and obtains satisfaction and fulness of joy.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. May Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us each day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is The kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

IX.

THE PARTY THAT IS NEITHER CATHOLIC NOR PROTESTANT.

This party has an Idea wider and deeper than that of the Catholic or Protestant,—namely, that God *still inspires men as much as ever; that He is immanent in spirit as in space*. For the present purpose, and to avoid circumlocution, this doctrine may be called SPIRITUALISM. This relies on no church, tradition, or Scripture,

as the last ground and infallible rule; it counts these things teachers, if they teach, not masters—helps, if they help us, not authorities. It relies on the divine presence in the soul of man; the eternal Word of God, which is TRUTH, as it speaks through the faculties He has given. It believes that God is near the soul, as matter to the sense; thinks of revelation not yet closed, nor God exhausted. It sees Him in Nature's perfect work; hears Him in all true Scripture, Jewish or Phœnician; feels Him in the aspirations of the heart; stoops at the same fountain with Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water. It calls God Father, not King; Christ brother, not Redeemer; Heaven home; Religion nature. It loves and trusts, but does not fear. It sees in Jesus, a man living manlike, highly gifted, and living with blameless and beautiful fidelity to God, stepping thousands of years before the race of man; the profoundest religious genius God has raised up; whose words and works help us to form and develop the native idea of a complete religious man. But He lived for Himself; died for Himself; worked out his own salvation;—and we must do the same, for one man cannot live for another, more than he can eat or sleep for him. It is no personal Christ, but the Spirit of Wisdom, Holiness, Love, that creates the well-being of man; a life at one with God. The divine incarnation is in all mankind.

The aim it proposes is a complete union of man with God, till every action, thought, wish, feeling, is in perfect harmony with the Divine Will. It makes Christianity not the point man goes through in his progress, as the Rationalist—not the point God goes through in His development, as the Supernaturalist; but ABSOLUTE RELIGION, the point where man's will and God's will are one and the same. Its SOURCE is absolute, its AIM absolute, its METHOD absolute. It lays down no creed, asks no symbol; reverences exclusively no time nor place, and therefore can use all time and every place. It reckons forms useful to such as they help: one man may commune with God through the bread and the wine, emblems of the body that was broke, and the blood that was shed, in the cause of truth; another may hold communion through the moss and the violet, the mountain, the ocean, or the scripture of suns which God has writ in the sky,—it does not make the means the end; it prizes the signification more than the sign. It knows nothing of that puerile distinction between Reason and Revelation; never finds the alleged contradiction between good sense and Religion. Its Temple is all space; its Shrine, the good heart; its Creed, all truth; its Ritual, works of love and utility; its Profession of faith, a divine life—

work without, faith within, love of God and man. It bids men do duty, and take what comes of it—grief or gladness. In every desert it opens fountains of living water; gives balm for every wound, a pillow in all tempests, tranquillity in each distress. It does good for goodness' sake; asks no pardon for its sins, but gladly serves out the time. It is meek and reverent of truth, but scorns all falsehood, though upheld by the ancient and honourable of the earth. It bows to no idols, of wood or flesh, of gold or parchment, or spoken wind; neither Mammon, neither the Church, nor the Bible, nor yet Jesus, but God only. It takes all helps it can get; counts no good word profane, though a heathen spoke it—no lie sacred, though the greatest prophet had said the word. Its redeemer is within—its salvation within; its heaven and its oracle of God. It falls back on perfect Religion; asks no more—is satisfied with no less. The personal Christ is its encouragement, for he reveals the possible of man. Its watchword is, *Be perfect as God*. With its eye on the Infinite, it goes through the striving and the sleep of life; equal to duty, not above it; fearing not whether the ephemeral wind blow east or west. It has the strength of the Hero, the tranquil sweetness of the Saint. It makes each man his own priest; but accepts gladly him that speaks a holy word. Its prayer in words, in works, in feeling, in thought, is this,—*THY WILL BE DONE!*—its Church that of all holy souls, the Church of the first-born, called by whatever name.

Let others judge the merits and defects of this scheme. It has never organized a Church; yet in all ages, from the earliest, men have more or less freely set forth its doctrines. We find these men among the despised and forsaken; the world was not ready to receive them. They have been stoned and spat upon in all the streets of the world. The "pious" have burned them as haters of God and man; the "wicked" called them bad names, and let them go. They have served to flesh the swords of the Catholic Church, and feed the fires of the Protestant. But flame and steel will not consume them;—the seed they have sown is quick in many a heart; their memory blessed by such as live divine. These were the men at whom the world opens wide the mouth, and draws out the tongue, and utters its impotent laugh; but they received the fire of God on their altar, and kept living its sacred flame. They go on the forlorn hope of the race; but Truth puts a wall of fire about them, and holds the shield over their head in the day of trouble. The battle of Truth seems often lost, but is always won. Her enemies but erect the bloody scaffolding where the workmen of God go up

and down, and with divine hands build wiser than they know. When the scaffolding falls, the temple will appear.

X.

THEISM.

The atheist looks out on a here without a hereafter, a body without a soul, a world without a heaven, a universe with no God; and he must needs fold his arms in despair, and dwindle down into the material selfishness of a cold and sullen heart. The popular theologian looks out on the world, and sees a body blasted by a soul, a here undermined by a hereafter of hell, arched over with a little paltry sounding-board of heaven, whence the elect may look over the edge and rejoice in the writhings of the worm unpitied beneath their feet. He looks out, and sees a grim and revengeful and evil God. Such is his sad whim. But the man with pure theism in his heart looks out on the world, and there is the infinite God everywhere as perfect cause, everywhere as perfect providence, transcending all, yet immanent in each, with perfect power, wisdom, justice, holiness and love, securing perfect welfare unto each and all.

On the shore of time, where Atheism sat in despair, and where Theology howled with delight at its dream of hell all crowded with torment at the end,—there sits Theism. Before it passes on the stream of human history, rolling its volumed waters gathered from all lands,—Ethiopian, Malay, Tartar, Caucasian, American,—from each nation, tribe, and family of men, and it comes from the infinite God, its perfect cause; it rolls on its waters by the infinite providence, its perfect protector. He knew at creation the history of empires, these lesser dimples on the stream; of Ellen and William, Cain and George, the bubbles on the water's face. He provided for them all, so that not a dimple deepens and whirls away, not a bubble breaks, but the perfect providence foresaw and forecared for it all. God is on the shore of the stream of human history,—infinite power, wisdom, justice, love; God is in the air over it, where floats the sparrow that fell, falling to its bliss,—in the waters, in every dimple, in each bubble, in each atom of every drop. And at the end the stream falls into the sea,—that Amazon of human history, under the line of providence, on the equator of the world,—falls into the great ocean of eternity; and not a dimple, that deepens and whirls away, not a bubble that breaks, not a single atom of a drop, is lost. All fall into the ocean of blessedness which is

the bosom of love; and then the rush of many waters sings out this psalm from human nature and from human history. "If God is for us, who can be against us?"

XI.

RELATION OF PIETY TO MANLY LIFE.

I know some men mock at the name of piety; I do not wonder at their scoff; for it has been made to stand as the symbol of littleness, meanness, envy, bigotry, and hypocritical superstition; for qualities I hate to name. Of what is popularly called piety there is no lack; it is abundant everywhere, common as weeds in the ditch, and clogs the wheels of mankind in every quarter of the world. Yet real piety, in manly quantity and in a manly form, is an uncommon thing. It is marvellous what other wants the want of this brings in; look over the long list of brilliant names that glitter in English history for the past three hundred years, study their aims, their outward and their inner life; explore the causes of their manifold defeat, and you will see the primal curse of all these men was lack of piety. They did not love truth, justice, or love; they did not love God with all their mind, and conscience, heart and soul. Hence came the failure of many a mighty-minded man. Look at the brilliant array of distinguished talent in France for the last five generations; what intellectual gifts, what understanding, what imagination, what reason, but with it all what corruption, what waste of faculty, what lack of strong and calm and holy life, in these great and famous men! Their literature seems marvellously like the thin, cold dazzle of Northern Lights upon the wintry ice. In our own country it is still the same; the high intellectual gift or culture is ashamed of religion, and flouts at God; and hence the faults we see.

But real piety is what we need; we need much of it,—need in the natural form thereof. Ours is an age of great activity. The peaceful hand was never so busy as to-day; the productive head never created so fast before. See how the forces of nature yield themselves up to man: the river stops for him, content to be his servant, and weave and spin; the ocean is his vassal, his toilsome bondsman; the lightning stoops out of heaven, and bears thoughtful burdens on its electric track from town to town. All this comes from the rapid activity of the lower intellect of man. Is there a

conscious piety to correspond with this,—a conscious love of truth and right and love,—a love of God? Ask the State, ask the Church, ask Society, and ask our homes.

The age requires a piety most eminent. What was religion enough for the time of the Patriarchs, or the Prophets, or the Apostles, or the Reformers, or the Puritans, is not enough for the heightened consciousness of mankind to-day. When the world thinks in lightning, it is not proportionate to pay in lead. The old theologies, the philosophies of religion of ancient times, will not suffice us now. We want a religion of the intellect, of the conscience, of the affections, of the soul,—the natural religion of all the faculties of man. The form also must be natural and new.

We want this natural piety in the form of normal human life,—morality, philanthropy. Piety is not to forsake, but possess the world; not to become incarnate in a nun and a monk, but in women and in men. Here are the duties of life to be done. You are to do them, do them religiously, consciously obedient to the law of God, not atheistically, loving only your selfish gain. Here are the sins of trade to be corrected. You are to show that a good merchant, mechanic, farmer, doctor, lawyer is a real saint, a saint at work. Here are the errors of philosophy, theology, politics, to be made way with. It is the function of piety to abolish these and supply their place with new truths all radiant with God. Here are the great evils of Church and State, of social and domestic life, wrongs to be righted, evils to be outgrown: it is the business of piety to mend all this. Ours is no age when Religion can forsake the broad way of life. In the public streets must she journey on, open her shop in the crowded square and teach men by deeds, her life more eloquent than any lips. Hers is not now the voice that is to cry in the wilderness, but in the public haunts of men must she call them to make straight their ways.

We must possess all parts of this piety,—the intellectual, moral, affectional,—yea, total piety. This is not an age when men in religion's name can safely sneer at philosophy, call reason "carnal," make mouths at immutable justice, and blast with their damnation the faces of mankind. Priests have had their day, and in dull corners still aim to protract their favoured and most ancient night; but the sun has risen with healing in his wings. Piety without goodness, without justice, without truth or love, is seen to be the pretence of the hypocrite. Can philosophy satisfy us without religion? Even the head feels a coldness from the want of piety. The greatest intellect is ruled by the same integral laws with the least, and needs

this fourfold love of God ; and the great intellects that scorn religion are largest sufferers from their scorn.

And man may attain this piety ; it lies level to all. Yet it is not to be won without difficulty, manly effort, self-denial of the low for the sake of the highest in us. Of you, young man, young maid, it will demand both prayer and toil. Not without great efforts are great heights won. In your period of passion you must subordinate instinctive desire to your reason, your conscience, your heart and soul ; the lust of the body to the spirit's love. In the period of ambition you must coördinate all that is personal or selfish with what is absolutely true, just, holy, and good. Surely this will demand self-denial, now of instinctive desire, now of selfish ambition. Much you must sacrifice. But you will gain the possession, the use, the development, and the joy of your own mind and conscience, heart and soul. You will never sacrifice truth, justice, holiness, or love. All these you will gain ; gain for ever. What inward blessedness will you acquire ! What strength, what tranquillity, what loveliness, what joy in God ! You will have your delight in Him ; He is in you. Is it not worth while to live so that you know you are in unison with God ; in unison, too, with men ; in quantity growing more, in quality superior ? Make the trial for manly excellence, and the result is yours, for time and for eternity.

XII.

INSPIRATION.

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty !

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

In the touch of earth it thrilled ;
Down from mystic skies it burned ;
Right obeyed and passions stilled,
Its eternal gladness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flow still in the prophet's word
 And the people's liberty!

XIII.

THE CITY OF GOD.

City of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime!
 The true thy chartered freemen are
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From Man's primeval youth!
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam the watch-fires through the night,
 With never-fainting ray!
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
 Unharmed upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

XIV.

TOLERATION.

Toleration is not the *opposite* of intolerance, but is the *counterfeit* of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes to itself the right

of withholding liberty of conscience, and the other of granting it. The one is the Pope armed with fire and faggot, and the other is the Pope selling or granting indulgences. The former is Church and State and the latter is Church and traffic.

But Toleration may be viewed in a much stronger light. Man worships not himself, but his Maker; and the liberty of conscience which he claims is not for the service of himself, but of his God. In this case therefore, we must necessarily have the associated idea of two things; the mortal who renders the worship, and the IMMORTAL BEING who is worshipped. Toleration, therefore, places itself, not between man and man, not between Church and Church, nor between one denomination of religion and another, but between God and man; between the being who worships and the BEING who is worshipped; and by the same act of assumed authority which it tolerates man to pay his worship, it presumptuously and blasphemously sets itself up to tolerate the Almighty to receive it.

Were a bill brought into any Parliament, entitled, "An act to tolerate or grant liberty to the Almighty to receive the worship of a Jew or a Turk", or "to prohibit the Almighty from receiving" it, all men would startle and call it blasphemy. Then would be an uproar. The presumption of toleration in religious matters would then present itself unmasked; but the presumption is not the less because the name of "*Man*" only appears to those laws, for the associated idea of the *worshipper* and the *worshipped* cannot be separated. Who then art thou, vain Dust and Ashes! by whatever name thou art called, whether a King, a Bishop, a Church, or a State, a Parliament, or anything else, that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and its Maker? Mind thine own concerns. If he believes not as thou believest, it is a proof that thou believest not as he believes, and there is no earthly power can determine between you.

With respect to what are called denominations of religion, if every one is left to judge of its own religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is wrong; but if they are to judge of each other's religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is right; and therefore all the world is right, or all the world is wrong. But with respect to religion itself, without regard to names, and as directing itself from the universal family of mankind to the Divine Object of all adoration, it is *man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart*; and though those fruits may differ from each other, like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.

THE ESSENCE OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

Having now treated at some length of faith and works, I propose, under the following observations, to collect what has been said into a brief summary.

I. That every man after death becomes his own love, and that the spirit of man is nothing but the affection which is of his love. Wherefore when a man becomes a spirit he thinks and thence speaks from his own affection, and he then also desires and imbibes the things which are of his affection or love, and those which are not of the affection or love, he turns away from and rejects. Yea, his face becomes successively the face of his affection or love, whence he is afterwards known, as likewise he is known from his speech, the tone of which is the tone of his affection. In a word, a man after death becomes his own love, or his own affection in a form. Wherefore when any one speaks against the affection which is of his love, or assaults it, his face is changed, and he himself also departs or vanishes suddenly away.

Inasmuch as all men after death are the substances or forms of their own love, therefore the universal heaven, which consists of angels who have been men, is distinguished into societies according to the genera and species of affections, thus according to all the differences and varieties thereof. In like manner hell, which also consists of spirits who have been men, is distinguished into societies according to the affections opposite to those that are heavenly, and according to all the differences and varieties thereof in general and in particular. That man after death is his own love or his own affection, which is of the love, has been hitherto unknown in the world; for it has been generally supposed that affection is of no

account,¹ but that thought is; and this because man has not the power of reflecting upon the affections, and the variations of them in himself, but only upon the thoughts and their varieties; for the latter he sees as it were inwardly in himself, but not his affections. And what does not reach the sight of his thought, and thereby become manifest, is not observed by him. He, however, who is wise can from his thoughts know his affections; for the latter manifest themselves in the former, when a man is in the freedom of his spirit and alone with himself. For he then thinks from the affection which is of his love. Nor is thought anything else but affection made visible in various forms by the influx of light. Wherefore if you take away affection, the thought immediately perishes; just as light does if you take away flame. From these considerations, it may be manifest how important it is to acquire for oneself heavenly love or affection. In what manner this is acquired, shall be shewn in what follows. Let it be observed that by affection is understood love in its continuity.

• II. That the whole life of man is the life of his love, and that the love and life with man make one, and are one, may appear from what has been said above, namely, that every one appears in the spiritual world with a countenance according to his love; that he speaks according to it, thinks, wills, desires, lusts, rejoices, and is sad, according to it, and that these are what constitute his life, and proceed from it. That this is the case appears plainly from spirits and angels, who are all men as well in countenance as body. For as soon as the love of any one is assaulted, he vanishes with his whole body, although he were sitting shut up in a chamber, as has been frequently seen by me. Hence it was evident, that an angel and spirit is not only affection in a human form, but also that his whole life from the head to the sole of the foot, or from his hat to his shoe, is nothing but affection which is love. Otherwise he could not have wholly disappeared from the eyes of those sitting with him. Inquiry was made whether his corporeal form with its members is also an affection which is of the love; and this was discovered to be the case with all and everything pertaining to them. The reason is, that the whole heaven, which, as was said above is distinguished and formed into societies, according to all the differences and varieties of affections, resembles one man, and all angels and spirits are thence human forms. Wherefore as heaven is a connecting together of all affections, so also is an angel and a spirit who are the least forms of heaven. Hence this mystery was made plain to me, and was also confirmed from heaven, that all and everything

of man, as well of his mind as of his body, are forms of love in a wonderful series, and that the organs of the cerebrum and face, likewise the members and viscera of the body, are perpetual contexts corresponding to the affections of heaven, in which its societies are. Hence also, another mystery besides was laid open to me, namely, that the affections and thoughts of the mind thence, spread and diffuse themselves into everything belonging to the body, as into the field of their excursion and circumgyration; which field and circumgyration is from the affection of the mind and its thought for uses, from which, in which, and to which, the members and viscera of the body are formed. The case herein is similar to what takes place with the affections and thoughts of the angels, which diffuse themselves in every direction into heaven and the societies thereof; and according to their extension is the wisdom of angels. But upon this subject more may be seen in the work concerning *Heaven and Hell*, namely, that all the angels are images of heaven, and thus as it were heavens in the least forms. That the whole heaven resembles one man, and that hence angels and spirits are human forms. That all thought from affection, proceeding from the angels, has extension into the Society of heaven, according to the quality of their love and wisdom.

III. Inasmuch as love constitutes the life of man, and man, according to his life acquired in the world, will live to eternity either in heaven or in hell, it is a point of the highest importance to know, how a heavenly love is acquired and made a matter of habit, in order that his life, which is to have no end, may be blessed and happy.

IV. There are two primary faculties of the life of man, namely, the will and the understanding. The will is the receptacle of all things of good, and the understanding is the receptacle of all things of truth from the good. Man cannot be reformed except by these two faculties of his life, and by their being filled from good and truths. Reformation is effected in this order. First, man must stock the memory from the knowledges and cognitions of truth and good, by which he must acquire for himself the light (*lumen*) of reason; and above all he is to learn that God is one, that the LORD is the God of heaven and earth, that there is a heaven and a hell, that there is a life after death, and that the Word is holy.

V. He is in the next place to learn what evils are sins; first from the Decalogue, and afterwards from the Word everywhere. And he is to think that they are sins against God, and that therefore they hold back and separate man from heaven, and condemn and sen-

tence him to hell. Hence it is, that the first [part] of reformation is to desist from sins, to shun them, and at length to become averse to them; but in order to desist from them, to shun them, and to become averse to them, he must beseech the LORD for aid. He must also shun and hold them in aversion, because they are against the Word, thus against the LORD, and thence against heaven; and because they are in themselves infernal.

VI. In so far as a man shuns evils, and is averse to them because they are sins, and thinks concerning heaven, his salvation, and eternal life; in the same degree he is adopted of the LORD, and conjoined to heaven, and is gifted, to the same extent, with spiritual affection; which is such that he not only desires to know truths, but also to understand them, likewise to will and to do them.

VII. Thus man is reformed by the Lord. And in so far as man then knows and understands truths, and also wills and does them, to the same extent he becomes a new man, in other words, is a regenerate man, and becomes an angel of heaven, who possesses heavenly love and life.

VIII. His love and life are altogether such as are the works of his will; and the works of the will are according to the truths which are applied to life. The knowledges of truth and good, which man has acquired for himself from infancy, and from which he has filled his memory, do not live in him, until he begins to be affected with truths because they are truths, and also to will and do them. Previous to this they only stand outside the life of man.

IX. By God works are understood, all and everything which a man does after he has become averse to evils because they are sins against God; for then he no longer does and works them of himself, but from the LORD. He then also learns every day what he is to do. He has likewise a clear discernment of goods and evils, and shuns the latter and does the former with prudence, intelligence, and wisdom. So far concerning love, which constitutes the life of man. Something shall now be said concerning faith.

X. The ancients knew not what faith is; but in place of faith they had truth. For truth, when it is perceived, or seen in the understanding, and thus acknowledged, is believed from itself. Wherefore it cannot be said of it that one is to *have* faith in it, inasmuch as faith *is* in it. For example, suppose any one to see a tree or flower in a garden, and another were to say to him, that he should believe, or have faith, in the existence of the tree and flower, and that it is such a tree and such a flower; would not he answer, Why do ye desire me to believe, or have faith in this, when I myself see

it? Hence it is, that the angels of the third heaven, inasmuch as they perceive truths from good, are not willing even to make mention of faith, yea, neither to know that it exists. Neither do the angels of the second heaven acknowledge the term faith; inasmuch as they see truths from the light of truth, wherewith their understanding is enlightened. They wonder and smile, when they hear any one say, that the understanding is to be held captive under obedience to faith, and that faith is to be had in things not perceived and not seen. They then say that by this means what is false might be believed, and by confirmations be placed as in light, and truth itself as in darkness; and thus truth might be played with by what is false, as one plays with a ball.

XI. When the world could no longer see truths from the love of them and from the light thereof, owing to their becoming natural and external, then faith began to be made mention of; and everything of faith began to be called truth, although not perceived or seen, but only affirmed by some leader of thought, and confirmed from passages of the Word not understood. This is the State in, which the Churches are at this day in the Christian world; in each of which it is believed, that the doctrinals of their faith are true. And this belief for no other reason, than that they are held by the Church of their country. That notwithstanding it is neither perceived nor seen whether they be true, is evident from the many discussions, disputings, opinions and heresies concerning them, in general and in particular, both at home and abroad.

XII. So long as faith was conjoined to works, and charity was acknowledged in an equal degree with faith, or above it, so long the Church was in truths from the Word, although but in few, because they did not see them. As soon, however, as faith was separated from charity, the Church lapsed from truths into falsities, and at length into a faith, which has destroyed all the truths of the Church. This faith is the faith of justification and salvation by the merit of the LORD with the Father. For since this faith alone, this faith separated, moreover, from the goods of life, which are good works, saves; what need is there of truths, which teach the way and lead to heaven? Live and believe however you will, and merely hold that faith, and you shall be saved. But let me tell thee, my reader, that all who live that faith are in natural love separate from spiritual love; and natural love separated from it is the love of self and the world, and thence the love of all evils, and from the evils the love of all falsities; and that all such are so void, and of the same time so blind, that they do not know even one genuine truth of the

Church, nor do they see one in the Word, although they have it and read it. Several of them also are such that they have no desire to know or see truth of any kind.

' XIII. The reason is, that no truth can possibly exist, still less anything that can be called faith, with man, unless he will and do it; for previous to this it is not a truth of the life, but only a truth of the memory, which is without the man and not within him; and what is without him is dissipated. Hence it is evident, that faith without works is not faith, unless it be a faith of falsity from evil, which is a dead faith, such as reigns in hell.

MORAVIAN.

I.

CHRISTMAS.

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

II.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean,
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion,
O'er river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never,
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

III.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

For ever with the LORD!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my roving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

•
I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, the He,
Remember'd or forgot,
The LORD, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

POSITIVISM.

I.

POSITIVE RELIGION.

Thus the true social existence consists more in the continuity of succession than in the solidarity of the existing generation. The living are, by the necessity of the case, always more and more, under the government of the dead: such is the fundamental law of the human order.

To grasp it more fully, we must distinguish two successive lives in each true servant of Humanity: the one, temporary but conscious, constitutes life properly so called; the other, unconscious but permanent, does not begin till after death. The first, being always bodily, may be termed *objective*; especially in contrast with the second, which, leaving each one to exist only in the heart and mind of others, deserves the name of *subjective*. This is the noble immortality, necessarily disconnected with the body, which Positivism allows our *soul*, preserving this valuable term to designate the sum of our intellectual and moral functions, without any allusion to a corresponding entity.

According to this lofty conception, the true human race is composed of two masses, both of which are always essential, while the proportion between them is constantly varying, with a tendency to strengthen the power of the dead over the living in every actual operation. If the action and its result are most dependent on the objective element, the impulse and the rule are principally due to the subjective. Largely endowed by our predecessors, we hand on gratuitously to our successors the whole domain of man, with an addition which becomes smaller and smaller in proportion to the amount received. This necessary gratuitousness meets with a worthy reward in the subjective incorporation by which we shall be able to perpetuate our services under an altered form.

Such a theory seems at the present day to be the last effort of the human intellect under systematic guidance ; yet its germ, anterior to all such guidance, is always traceable in the most remote forms of man's evolution, and was already recognised by the most ancient poets. The smallest tribe, nay, even every family of any consideration, soon looks on itself as the essential stock of this composite and progressive existence whose only impassable limits, in space and time, are those of the normal constitution of the planet it occupies. Though the Great Being is not yet sufficiently formed, its most extensive conflicts never concealed its gradual evolution, which, rationally judged, supplies now the only possible basis of our ultimate unity. Even under the Christian egoism, which dictated to the stern St. Peter the characteristic maxim, "*As strangers and pilgrims,*" we see the admirable St. Paul even then by feeling anticipating the conception of Humanity, in this touching but contradictory image, "*we are every one members of one another.*" It devolved on the Positivist principle to disclose the one trunk to which, by the law of their being, belong all these members which were instinctively confounded.

The Woman.—I feel compelled, my father, to admit this fundamental conception, whatever difficulties it still presents. But I am frightened at my own insignificance in presence of such an existence, the immensity of which reduces me to nothing more completely than did of old the majesty of a God with whom, though feeble, I felt myself in some definite and direct relation. Now that you have mastered me by the ever-growing preponderance of the new Supreme Being, I need to have re-awakened in me the just consciousness of my individuality.

The Priest.—This will follow, my daughter, from a more complete appreciation of the Positive doctrine. It is sufficient if we see that, whilst Humanity as a whole always constitutes the principal motor of all our operations, physical, intellectual, or moral, the Great Being can never act except through individual instruments. This is why the objective part of the race, notwithstanding its increasing subordination to the subjective, must always be indispensable for the subjective to exercise any influence. But on analysing this collective participation, we find it ultimately the result of the free concurrence of purely individual efforts. Herein we have what should raise each worthy individuality in presence of the new Supreme Being more than could be the case in respect to the old. In fact, this latter had no real need of any of our services except to give Him vain praises, the childish eagerness for which tended to degrade

Him in our eyes. Remember this conclusive verse of the *Imitation* :

I am necessary to thee, thou art useless to me.

Tu mei indiges

Non ego tui indigeo

Imitatio Christi, iv, 12, 38, 39 (ed. Hirsche).

Doubtless but few men are warranted in thinking themselves indispensable to Humanity: such language is only applicable to the true authors of the principal steps in our progress. Still every noble human being may and should habitually feel the utility of his personal coöperation in this immense evolution, which must cease at once should all the individual coöperators have simultaneously disappeared. The development and even the preservation, of the Great Being must then always depend on the free services of its different children, though the inactivity of any one in particular, generally speaking, admits of an adequate compensation.

II.

ALTRUISM THE ALL-COMPREHENDING PRINCIPLE OF MORAL LIFE.

Although every human function is necessarily discharged by an individual organ, its true nature is always social; since the share of the individual agent in it is always subordinate to the indivisible contribution of contemporaries and predecessors. Everything we have belongs then to Humanity; for everything comes to us from her—life, fortune, talents, information, tenderness, energy, etc. A poet never suspected of subversive tendencies put into the mouth of Titus this decisive sentence, a sentence really worthy of such a mouthpiece:

So che tutto è di tutti; e che nè pure

Di nascer meritò chi d'esser nato

Crede solo per se.

Metastasio, *Clem. de Tito*, Act ii. Sc. 10.

I know that all is from all; and that not even did he deserve to be born, who thinks himself born for himself alone. Similar anticipations might be found in the oldest writings. Thus, Positivism, when condensing all human morality into *living for others*, is, in reality, only systematising the universal instinct, after having raised the scientific spirit to the social point of view, unattainable by the synthesis of theology or metaphysics.

The whole of the Positive education, intellectual as well as affective, will familiarise us thoroughly with our complete dependence on Humanity, so as to make us duly feel that we are all necessarily meant for her unintermitting service. In the preparatory period of life, when incapable of useful action, every one owns his powerlessness as regards his chief wants, the habitual supply of which he sees to come from others. At first he believes himself indebted for it to his family only, which feeds, calls for, instructs him, etc. But before long he discerns a higher providence, of which his mother is for him merely the special minister and the best representative. The institution of language alone would be enough to reveal it to him. For its construction is beyond any individual power, and is solely the result of the accumulated efforts of all the generations of men, notwithstanding the diversity of idioms. Moreover, the least gifted man feels himself continually indebted to Humanity for quantities of other accumulations, material, intellectual, social, and even moral.

When this feeling is sufficiently clear and vivid during the preparation, it is able later to resist the sophisms of the passions to which real life, theoretic or practical, gives occasion. The exertions we habitually make then tend to make us ignore the true providence, whilst overrating our own value. But reflection can always dispel this ungrateful illusion, in those who have been properly brought up. For it is enough if they observe that their success in any work whatever depends mainly on the immense coöperation which their blind pride forgets. The most skilful man with the best directed activity can never pay back but a very slight portion of that which he receives. He continues, as in his childhood, to be fed, protected, developed, etc., by Humanity. Only, her agents are changed, so as no longer to stand out distinct to his view.

Instead of receiving all from her through his parents, she then conveys her benefits through a number of indirect agents, most of whom he will never know. To live for others is seen to be, then, for all of us, the everduring duty which follows with rigorous logic from this indisputable fact, the living by others. Such is, without any exaltation of sympathy, the necessary conclusion from an accurate appreciation of reality, when philosophically grasped as a whole.

The Woman.—I am happy, my father, to find thus systematically sanctioned a disposition for which at times I reproached myself as due to an exaggeration of my feelings. Before I became Positivist, I used often to say: "*What pleasures can be greater than those of devotedness to others?*" Now I shall be able to defend this holy

principle against the sneers of egoists, and perhaps raise in them emotions which will prevent their doubting it.

The Priest.—You have, my daughter, unaided, anticipated the chief characteristic of Positivism. It consists in finally condensing, in one and the same formula, the law of duty and the law of happiness, hitherto asserted by all systems to be irreconcilable, although the instinct of men always aimed at reconciling them. Their necessary harmony is a direct consequence of the existence in our nature of the feelings of benevolence, as demonstrated by science, in the last century, on a survey of the whole animal world, where the respective participation of the heart and the intellect is more easily traced.

Besides that our moral harmony rests exclusively on altruism, altruism alone can procure us also life in the deepest and truest sense. Those degraded beings, who in the present day aspire only *to live*, would be tempted to give up their brutal egoism had they but once really tasted what you so well call the pleasures of devotedness. They would then understand that to live for others affords the only means of freely developing the whole existence of man; by extending it simultaneously to the present in the largest sense, to the remotest past, and even to the most distant future. None but the sympathetic instincts can have unimpeded scope, for in them each individual finds himself aided by all others, who, on the contrary, repress his self-regarding tendencies.

This is how happiness will necessarily coincide with duty. No doubt, the fine definition of virtue by a moralist of the eighteenth century (Duclos), as *an effort over oneself in favour of others*, will always remain applicable. Our imperfect nature will indeed always need a real *effort* to subordinate to our sociality the personality which is constantly stimulated by the conditions of our existence. But the triumph once gained it tends of itself, not to mention the power of habit, to gain strength and to grow by virtue of the incomparable charm inherent in sympathy whether of feeling or in act.

It is then felt that true happiness is above all the result of a worthy submission, the only sure basis of a large and noble activity. Far from grieving over the sum of the fatalities to which we are subjected, we exert ourselves to strengthen the order they form by imposing on ourselves rules of our own creation, which may more successfully contend with our egoism, the main source of human misfortune. When such rules are freely instituted, we soon find, according to the admirable precept of Descartes, that they deserve as much respect as the laws not within our choice, which have less moral efficacy.

The Woman.—Such a view of human nature makes me at length see, my father, that it is possible to give an essentially altruistic character even to the rules which concern our personal existence, rules hitherto always grounded on selfish prudence. The wisdom of antiquity summed up morals in this precept: *Do to others as you would be done unto*. However precious at the time this general rule, all it did was to regulate a purely personal calculation. This character recurs if you sift it in the great Catholic formula: *Love your neighbour as yourself*. Not only is egoism thus sanctioned and not compressed, but it is excited directly by the motive on which the rule is based, *the love of God*, without any human sympathy, not to say that such *love* was generally but another expression for fear. Still, when we compare the two precepts, we see in them a great advance. For the first only bore upon acts, whereas the second presses on to the feelings which direct them. Still, this moral improvement remains very incomplete, so long as love in the theological sense retains its stain of selfishness. Positivism alone becomes at once both noble and true, when it calls on us to *live for others*. This definitive formula of human morality sanctions explicitly only the instincts of benevolence, the common source of happiness and of duty. But implicitly it sanctions the personal instincts, as necessary conditions of our existence, provided they are subordinated to the former, with this sole limitation, their continuous satisfaction is even enjoined on us, so as to fit ourselves for the real service of Humanity, whose we are entirely.

MODERN ORIENTAL RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS.

A.—SIKKHISM.

I.

THE ONE INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND ADORABLE.

His name is Verity,¹ the Creator of all things, fearless, void of enmity, the timeless entity, not womb-born, self-existent.

By the favour of the Guru!

1. In primal eternity, the True One was; at the creation of the world, the True One still was; the True One now is; O Nānak! The True One still will be (in the future). By repeated meditation (knowledge of the True One) is not attained; though I meditate a hundred thousand times. By prolonged⁶ silence it is not attained, though I persevere in mental abstraction. The hunger of the hungry is not appeased, though I collect together the wealth of the universe. There may be thousands of dexterities, yea, a hundred thousand, but no one (of them) accompanies (the soul after death). How can one become True? how break down the environment of falsity? We should walk in obedience to (God's) command, and by his favour, O Nānak, in accordance with what is written.

2. The existence of Form is by his command; but his decree is unalterable. The presence of life (in these forms) is by his command; by his command is expansion.² By his command there is high and low; by his command the allotted pain and pleasure are experienced. By his command to some is the gift (of salvation); by his command

~~That~~ That is, the really existent, that which is ever true.

That is, God creates everything which has form; and he regulates which forms shall be endowed with life; he also imparts the power of growth or expansion.

another constantly wanders (in a series of transmigrations). All are subject to his command; no one is beyond his command. If one reflects on his commands, then no one can utter the word "I." ¹

3. Who can celebrate (God's) power? Who has the power (to do so)? Who can celebrate his liberality? Who knows his attributes? Who knows his excellent qualities, his greatness, and his course of action? Who can describe the difficult thoughts of his wisdom? Who can declare that (God) will prepare a body (or) ashes? Who can state which body the soul next may assume? Who can declare his cognoscence and his omniscience? Who can declare that he saw (God) in the very presence? The end of (his description) comes not by statements and phrases; millions and millions (of people) have again and again uttered (his praises). He gives gifts; this one by constantly accepting them, becomes fatigued. ² Age after age they go on enjoying (the benefits which God has conferred). That commander continues to send his commands on their path; O Nanāk! unconcernedly he expands. ³

4. That Master is True; his name is True; he is beyond the nature of language. They speak; they ask; the giver gives gifts to each corporeal being. What should we place before him in return, by which his Court may be seen? ⁴ What speech should be uttered by the mouth, by hearing which He may bestow his love? At early dawn reflect on the greatness of the True Name. By destiny comes raiment; by (God's favourable) glance is the gate of salvation. ⁵ O Nānak! thus it is known, that he himself is true in all (things).

5. He cannot be established; he cannot be made; he himself is void of passion. By whom he is worshipped, honour is obtained. O Nānak! the abode of excellencies should be praised. He should be praised, listened to; his nature should be borne in mind. He ⁶ puts away misery; he brings happiness to his home. From the mouth of God is sound; from the mouth of God is the Veda; in the mouth of God it remains contained. God is Siva; God is Vishnu; Brahma; God is Mother Pārbatī. If I knew, would I not tell? the

¹ That is, he cannot regard "I" as independent; for all entities are but manifestations of the One Entity.

² The gifts are beyond the capacity for reception.

³ That is, God develops his processes without reference to anything beyond his own purposes.

⁴ That is, by which we may gain the right of entering his presence.

⁵ That is, outside matters come in the usual course; but salvation by the special grace of God.

⁶ That is, the worshipper.

story cannot be told! O Teacher! let me know the One! the One Giver to all creatures is not to be forgotten by me.

II.

ALL NAUGHT WITHOUT GOD.

1. He who has not worshipped God, has wasted his life. Nānak says, O heart! worship God; as a fish worships water.¹

2. Why are you steeped in this intoxication of sensualities, not having the least regret? Nānak says, O heart! worship God, lest thou fall into the snare of the Destroyer.

3. Youthfulness went for nothing; he got a little bodily gratification. Nānak says, Worship God, O heart! life is passing away.

4. He became old; he reflected not that Death was (nearly) arrived. Nānak says, O silly man! why not worship God?

5. Wealth, wife, prosperity,—all which thou hast considered thine own,—among these there is no (constant) companion. Nānak says, Recognize (this) truth.

6. The Saviour of the fallen, the Remover of fear, God, the Friend of the friendless; He should be known, says Nānak, who for ever abideth with you.

7. Thou hast not loved him who gave to thee body and wealth. Nānak says, O foolish man! why (art thou) still wavering and needy?

8. He who has bestowed (upon thee) body, wealth, prosperity, comfort, and good houses. Nānak says, Listen, O heart! why dost thou not remember God?

9. God is the giver of all happiness; there is no other than Him. Nānak says, Listen, O heart! in remembering Him salvation is attained.

10. O thou, my friend! worship him, by remembering whom salvation is obtained. Nānak says, Listen, O heart, life is ever diminishing.

11. He formed the body consisting of elements; know this, O clever, wise one! it is absorbed into that from which it was produced; understand (this) O Nānak!

12. Saints have proclaimed aloud that God dwells in each individual body. Nānak says, Worship him, O heart! (and thou wilt) cross over the ocean of existence.²

¹ That is, as a fish is wholly immersed in water.

² That is, be freed from further transmigrations, and, therefore, attain salvation.

13. He who is unaffected by happiness and misery, covetousness, fascination, and pride; (of him) Nānak says, Listen O, heart! he is in, the likeness of God.

14. He who is indifferent to praise and blame to whom gold and iron are the same; (of him) Nānak says, Listen, O heart! he is in the likeness of God.

15. To whom there is no such thing as pleasure or grief; to whom friend and foe are the same; (of him) Nānak says, Listen, O heart! esteem him emancipated.

16. He who occasions fear to no one, nor experiences fear (himself), Nānak says, Speak of him as a wise one, O heart!

17. He who has abandoned all sensual objects, and has attained the condition of indifference to worldly affairs; (of him) Nānak says, Listen, O heart! on that man's forehead prosperity (is written).

18. In the present age of the world the name of God destroys fear and removes hardness of heart. O Nānak! the actions of him who worships night and day become indeed very fruitful.

19. He who has abandoned the delusion of self-hood,¹ and has become indifferent to all things; (of him) Nānak says, Listen, O heart! in his body God dwells.

20. The breathing soul who has abandoned (the notion that) "I am I,"² and recognizes the creating God, Nānak says, That man is emancipated; deem this true, O heart!

21. O tongue! praise the virtues of the Guardian of Kinc. O ears! listen to the name of God. Nānak says, Listen, O heart! fall not into the abode of Death.

22. The living creature who abandons self-hood, covetousness, infatuation, and conceit; (of him) Nānak says, He saves himself and saves others.

23. Esteem the world like sleeping and awakening (from sleep); in these (conditions) there is nothing true, O Nānak! without God.

24. Night and day a living creature constantly wavers, because of delusion; among millions, O Nānak! (there may be) someone in whose heart God is.

25. Nānak says, Listen, O Friend! as bubbles constantly arise

¹ That is, the delusion that anything proceeds from onself, and not from God.

² That is, the delusion that self is, in itself, anything; the acme of knowledge being that "I am That;" a recognition that there is but one universal self or soul, of which each apparently individual soul is a manifestation and an indivisible portion.

from water, and disappear, (again), just so is the process of world-formation effected.

26. Blinded by the delusion of intoxication¹ the living being has no rationality. Nānak says, Without the worship of God, the snare of Death falls on him.

27. If thou desirest happiness take refuge ever in God. Nānak says, Listen, O heart! it is hard to obtain a human body (as a suitable asylum).

28. Through delusion, fools and ignorant people hurry on. Nānak says, Without the worship of God, life is passed uselessly.

29. The living creature who day and night worships, esteem him a form of God. God is not in everyone. Nānak says, Deem this true.

30. The living creature in whose mind the worship of God is not alone, O Nānak, esteem that body as a pig and a dog.

31. Man wants something; but it turns out altogether different. While thinking of the deception, O Nānak! the neck fell into the snare.

32. After performing pilgrimages, fasting, and alms-giving, if he fix pride in his heart he goes profitless, O Nānak! like elephant-bathing.²

33. The mind, being entangled in delusion, forgot the name of God. Nānak says, What is the use of life, without the worship of God?

34. The living creature, blinded by the delusion of intoxication, does not think of God. Nānak says, Without the worship of God, the snare of Death falls on him.

35. In prosperity there are many associates; in adversity there is no one. Nānak says, Worship God, O heart! he is the Eternal Helper.

36. Birth after birth (I) revolved round and round; but the fear of death was not removed. Nānak says, Worship God, O heart! that fearlessly thou mayest obtain an (eternal) abode.

37. I continued making many efforts; but the pride of my heart was not obliterated. O Nānak! by hard-heartedness I was fettered; save me, O God!

38. Childhood, youth and age, understand as three ages. Nānak says, Esteem them all profitless without the worship of God.

39. That which was to be done was not done; I fell into the

¹ The intoxication here alluded to is the intoxication of conceit or ignorance.

² It is the habit of elephants to throw mud over themselves after bathing.

snare of covetousness. Nānak says, The time slipped away; why art thou grieving now, O blind one!

40. The heart is absorbed in delusion; it issues not (from this absorption), O Friend! as a painted figure does not leave the wall, says Nānak.

41. Many efforts have been made for happiness; none for misery. Nānak says, Listen, O heart! what pleases God, that will take place (in despite of those efforts).

42. As a dog never abandons the house of his master; Nānak says, In this way worship God, with one mind and one heart.

43. The world is roaming about as a beggar; God is a giver to all. Nānak says, O heart, remember him (that thy) purposes may be accomplished.

44. Why do you entertain false pride? Esteem the world as a dream. In these (things) there is nothing of thine. Nānak has made this statement.

45. Thou art proud of the body which vanishes in a moment. "O Friend! that creature who has declared the glory of God, Nānak says, is a world-conqueror.

46. Esteem that man saved in whose heart is the remembrance of God; between that man and God there is no interval. Nānak says, Deem this true.

47. The head shook, the feet tottered, the eyes were deprived of lustre. Nānak says, In this way things went on, still he did not taste the delight of God.¹

48. I have particularly noticed that, in the world, no one is anyone's.² Nānak says, The worship of God (alone) is enduring; bear that in mind.

49. The creation of the world is all falsity; understand this, O Friend! Nānak says, It endures not; it is like a wall of sand.

50. Rāma is gone; Rāvana is gone; of whom there were great households. Nānak says, Nothing is enduring; the world is like a dream.

51. "Be anxious about that which may not take place;" this is the way of the world. Nānak says, None is enduring.

52. Whatever has sprung up will perish, sooner or later. Nānak says, Celebrate the excellence of God; abandon all perplexity.

53. Strength is gone; bonds have fallen on me; remedy is out

¹ That is, he grew old, but neglected his eternal welfare.

² That is, all earthly relationships are transitory.

of the question. Nānak says, Now God is my refuge; like an elephant, he will be my helper.

54. I praised the name of God in my breast; of whom there is no equal; by remembering whom the difficulty is removed, and revelation is effected.¹

55. Friends and companions all abandoned me; no one maintained companionship. Nānak says, In this calamity the sole support is God.

56. The Name has endured; the Holy One has endured; God has endured. Nānak says, In his world, whoever repeated the confession of God (has endured).²

57. Strength there is; bonds are loosened; everything is a remedy; everything is in your hand; you are become the sole helper.

III.

AS THE SOWING; SO THE REAPING.

O King! thou whom the Creator has placed upon the throne; how meet it would have been hadst thou not acted iniquitously to the people! Look! how aggressively thou hast acted towards me!

Inasmuch as I am dwelling on a rocky mount, I have never besieged thy village or town. Thou, in the first place, imprisoned and killed my innocent father, Tegh Bahādur; then, with the aid of the petty sovereigns, thou didst send forces against me; then thou hast killed my young sons, and thousands of Sikhs. Thou hast killed my wives and robbed my treasuries; therefore remember that this injustice which is in thy house,³ is not in the bosom of God. There truth is truth; that is the justice.⁴ There the king and the worm are equal. If thou hast this conceit,—“I, being even a king, am eating a piece of barley-bread by the labour of my own hands;” then look to horses; they, after undergoing great labour, always at length eat barley-corn. If thou sayest, “I am reading the Qur,ān;” then what is that? because, as long as one does not purify his heart with actions, (mere) tongue-reading of the Qur,ān is of no use. It is quite evident that the fires of Hell blaze up once and a quarter

¹ Meaning that God is revealed by His Name.

That is, God and His Holy Name, and the result of worshipping Him, are all that is enduring in the transitory and illusive universe.

² “House” here means “bosom” or “heart”

⁴ That is, in the bosom of God justice is administered according to truth.

for him.¹ If thou hast this idea—"I shall escape the pains of hell because of devotion;" then hear! It is not called devotional to repeat four *riwāḍ*, its² with the mouth, but true devotion is called the subduing of one's own heart. Thou, on the contrary, with the intoxication of sovereignty, art keeping on puffing up thy heart. Look! thou, for the pleasure of thy heart, hast killed thy own father and brothers. What sort of devotion is this? If thou hast this conceit,—"The Prophet will save me from the fire of Hell;" then listen! All the prophets have said thus, "We shall save those who shall obey our precepts, that is, who abandon wickedness, and come back to good deeds." Then, when thou dost not even conform to his injunctions, how will the Prophet save thee?

Therefore, remember, that for thee punishment is ready in the presence of God. If thou hast this pride, "I am firm in the law of the Prophet, because, by pulling down Vaishnava temples and Saiva temples I have caused the abandonment of idolatry;" then listen! Thou hast not caused it to be abandoned, but thou hast increased idolatry; because, formerly, when temples were in existence, the Hindūs were certain that when they wished they could come and worship; but now that thou hast pulled down the temples, all the Hindūs have put idols in each individual house, because until they worship, they neither eat nor drink. If thou hast this pride, "People honour me;" then listen! Self-seekers praised even Pharaoh, but he did not escape from the fire of Hell at the last. If thou hast this hope, "God who is compassionate will save me through kindness;" then listen! If thou hast not shown kindness to the people,—nay, if thou standest prepared to injure them,—how should God show kindness to thee? This can never be, that one should plant a poison-tree and expect to eat mangoes. It is rather thus, that whatsoever seed a man sows, he obtains only corresponding fruit.

IV.

THE FINAL PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

1. The empty body is fearsome when the soul departs from it; the burning fire is extinguished, smoke issues not from it, the five (elements), filled with pain, have wept, destroyed by the second con-

¹ That is, his condemnation is greater than that of those who do not read the Word.

² Forms of Muhammadan prayer.

dition.¹ O fool, pray to God, remembering his excellence. Egotism and selfishness are fascinating; everything is ruined by conceit.

2. They who, engaged in some other occupation, have forgotten the Name (of God) by attachment to duality² they are consumed and dead; within them is the fire of thirst. Those preserved by the Teacher are saved; others are cheated and deceived by their occupations.

3. Dead is friendship, love is gone, dead are enmity and opposition; occupation is exhausted, the *ego* is dead, (so is) the delusion of self-hood and anger. By deeds the True One is obtained; the disciple is always in restraint.

4. By true work the True One is obtained; by the counsel of the Teacher He is obtained. That man is neither born, nor dies, nor comes, nor goes. O Nānak! the first at the door will be rewarded with honour in the Court (of God).³

¹ That is, when the next state after this life has brought on dissolution of the chemical constituents of humanity, all its activities being suppressed, how fearsome is the empty carcass of one who has lost his opportunities of doing his duty.

² Duality is the belief that there is something else than God; thirst implies insatiable covetousness.

³ That is, the true man is released from further transmigrations; and he who is most eager in the service of God will be specially rewarded.

B.—BRAHMO-SOMAJ.

I.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

• Let us sing the glory of the New Dispensation, the latest Revelation of our heavenly Father unto us. His children and servants in India.

Blessed are they who believe in the New Gospel, for they shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The New Dispensation is the harmony of all scriptures and all saints and all sects.

It is the harmony of reason and faith, of inspiration and science, of devotion and duty.

It is the harmony of the ascetic and the householder, of the east and the west, of the ancient and the modern.

It is the harmony of the Veda and the Purana, of the Old Testament and the New Testament.

It is the harmony of yoga and bhakti.

It is the harmony of youth and age, of man and woman.

It is an explanation of the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation.

It is an explanation of the symbolic rites of Baptism and Sacrament, Hom and Jhanda.

It is an explanation of pantheism and polytheism.

It is an explanation of the philosophy of the Hindu pantheon with its millions of divinities.

It is the Church of the One Supreme, and tolerates not the least idolatry.

It is the Church of Universal Brotherhood, and tolerates not the least sectarianism.

It is the religion of an ever-working and ever-watchful Providence.

It is the religion of universal inspiration.

It is the religion of God-consciousness.

It is the religion of a Speaking and Teaching God.

It is the religion of pure science.

It is a protest against every form of deception, superstition, lying and imposture.

It is a protest against all manner of sin and iniquity.

It is Apostolic Faith.

It is the communion of Saints.

It is Christ's Kingdom of heaven.

It is the dawn of the Satya Yug or the Golden Age of universal peace.

It is the return of the world to primitive infancy and innocence.

It is the advance of the world into regenerated and second manhood.

It is the union of all flesh with the Son of God.

It is the immediate intercommunion of divinity and humanity without mediators.

It is the mystic dance of all saints and prophets in the heart.

It is the return of exiled Buddhism to India.

It is Hindustan's pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

It is the union of the Vedas and the Puranas.

It is a joint festival of Hindu and Mohamedan devotees.

It is a meeting place for *amirs* and *faqirs*.

It is the old man's return to childhood.

It is the reconciliation of reason and faith after centuries of separation.

It is an international exhibition of whatsoever is excellent in different countries and climes.

It is the Encyclopædia of universal religion.

It is all nations singing in unison under the Grand Bandmaster.

It is heaven's return visit to the earth.

It is the resurrection of ancient prophets and apostles.

It is Christ's second advent.

It is Asia's protest against Europe's agnosticism.

It is Europe's protest against Asia's mysticism.

It is the worship of Harmony.

It is the equilibrium of forces in the spirit-world.

It is the balance of power among the reigning prophet chiefs of the world.

It is the science of religion.

It is the reconciliation of apparent contradictions.

It is the invisible Westminster Abbey, where the enmities of fifty generations lie buried and forgotten.

It is the philosophy of the Trinity.

It is the Third Testament.

Is is the advent of the promised Comforter.

II.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW?

Is NOT 'seeing' the Spirit-God new? Is not 'hearing' His Spirit-whispers new? Is not the worship of the Supreme spirit as Mother new? Are not interviews with Moses and Socrates new? Are not pilgrimages to Faraday and Carlyle new? Is not the vow of taking no thought for the morrow, amid nineteenth century civilization, new? Is not Yoga, which is always conscious of duality, new? Is not the doctrine 'I and my brother are one' new? Is not the golden rule 'Do unto others more than you would have them do to you' new? Is not the absorption of prophets and saints new? Is not the chain of logical sequence which binds all dispensations new? Is it not new to regard the Hindu devotees of the New Dispensation as apostles and spiritual descendants of Christ and Paul? Is not the eclecticism new, which blends together in perfect harmony the deepest communion, the most advanced philosophy, the most enthusiastic philanthropy, the sweetest love, the strictest asceticism? Is not the science of religion new, which connects the prayers and prophecies, the asceticism and inspiration of all religions by common laws and universal principles? Is it not new to combine Catholic, Protestant, Baptist and Methodist in Christ, and Christ, Moses, and Socrates in God? Is it not new to be an ascetic householder, a mystical scientist, a wise enthusiast, an inspired worker?

III.

AIMS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

Unless people know the sundry important purposes which the Church of the New Dispensation is designed and destined to subserve in the economy of Providence they can hardly form a correct idea of the nature of this great movement in India. Those who look upon it as a mere Hindu reformed Church or a Hindu edition of Western Deism must make endless blunders and hazard absurd opinions regarding its past, present and future. Nor can those critics form a correct estimate of it who regard it as a man-made system of faith, a product of human ingenuity. The New Dispensation is

Heaven's gift to the world in the fulness of time. And Providence in giving to a sinful world this heavenly faith has certain deep and important objects to fulfil. Let us see what these purposes are. It is the object of the Church of the New Dispensation:

1. To reconcile and harmonize the various systems of religion in the world.
2. To make all Churches in the East and the West one undivided and universal Church of God.
3. To trace the unity of all Dispensations.
4. To trace the line of logical succession among all the prophets in ancient and modern times.
5. To reduce the truths of all scriptures to one eternal and unwritten scripture.
6. To establish universal brotherhood by uprooting caste.
7. To give a rational explanation of the symbolism and the sacramentalism in which the ideas of great minds are fossilized.
8. To construct the Science of Religion by adopting the comparative method.
9. To found Christ's Kingdom of heaven.
10. To kill idolatry by taking its life and spirit out of it.
11. To explain polytheism, pantheism, and monotheism in relation to each other.
12. To explain the mystery of the Trinity and to show unity in Trinity.
13. To reconcile ancient faith and modern science.
14. To reconcile philosophy and inspiration.
15. To reconcile asceticism and civilization.
16. To reconcile pure Hinduism and pure Christianity.
17. To harmonize the East and West, Asia and Europe, antiquity and modern thought.
18. To keep ever open the portals of Heaven's Inspiration.
19. To establish the doctrines of atonement, incarnation, communion of Saints, Scriptural infallibility, apostolical succession, yoga and inspiration upon a new basis.
20. To turn men's hearts from physical to moral miracles.
21. To make science supersede supernaturalism.
22. To preach Christ as the Son of God, as the Logos in all prophets before and after him.
23. To honour Socrates as the teacher of Self-knowledge, Moses as the teacher of Old-Testament Ethics, Buddha as the teacher of Nirvana, Mahomet as the teacher of the Unity of God, Chaitanya as the teacher of Loving Devotion.

24. To educate man and woman and give them a sweet and heavenly home.

25. To bring down religion from the clouds of man's daily life on earth.

26. To make the home and the bank as sacred as the Church.

27. To put down all manner of sin and promote all manner of purity by the power of prayer.

28. To exalt purity above doctrine, life above profession, spirit above letter.

IV.

THE IDEAL MAN.

Mere prayers and struggles without a definite ideal generally prove fruitless. Man reels and staggers, turns to the right and to the left, in spite of his loftiest devotions and holiest endeavours, unless he is steadied by the attractions of a fixed object of pursuit. Let us fix our destination, and the vessel of life glides steadily towards it. The followers of the New Dispensation ought to keep constantly before their mind's eye, the Ideal Man of the New Dispensation. The Minister wishes and suggests that wherever our brethren assemble for daily worship, the picture of the Ideal Man should be clearly set forth and his attributes and qualifications repeated day after day, as then the congregation will bear in mind their distinct mission and earnestly strive after it with singleness of purposes. As the priest reads, the members of the congregation shall say, Aye or Nay, in their hearts according as they have realized or not the particular virtues enunciated in the text. The following description of the Ideal Man is recommended for general use.

[*The Priest*.:—Dearly beloved brethren, these are the virtues of the Man of the New Dispensation. Say if ye have attained these virtues.]

I love and honour woman as the daughter of God, and cherish no unchaste thoughts or inclination.

I love and forgive my enemies, and provocation never makes me angry.

I rejoice in the prosperity of others and am not jealous or envious.

I am humble and lowly, and there is no pride or vanity in my

heart, neither pride of rank, nor pride of wealth, nor pride of learning, nor pride of power, nor pride of piety.

I am an ascetic; I take no thought for the morrow; I seek not, I touch not the earth's treasures. Only that which comes from Providence I receive.

I serve those entrusted to my guardianship to the best of my ability, and always strive to train my wife and children to righteousness and devotion.

I am just and give every man his due. I pay bills and wages in due time.

I speak nothing but the truth, and hate all manner of lying.

I am kind to the poor and anxious to relieve sufferings. I contribute regularly to charities according to my resources.

I love others and labour always to promote the welfare of mankind. I am not selfish. My heart is set on God and on things above. I am not worldly-minded.

I believe in One God and wholly discountenance idol-worship.

I believe in universal brotherhood and do not recognise caste.

I value and accept truth in all sects and in all scriptures, and am above the sin of sectarianism. I believe that truth and holiness are confined to no Church.

I believe in all the dispensations of God and in all the prophets and saints through whom He has spoken at sundry times.

I believe in science as God's revelation, and hate everything that is unscientific.

I always cultivate the eclectic religion of the New Dispensation in its many-sided aspects, love, communion, asceticism, wisdom, work, and never seek any one of these to the exclusion of the rest.

To Christ and other masters I am intensely loyal. To faith I add personal attachment and reverence.

I am always trying to establish in myself and in the world the harmony of all creeds, the science of religion.

I have seen my God, and heard Him, and am exceedingly *happy* in Him.

I am all things to all men. To me says—

A Christian: Verily thou art a Christian, and not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

A Hindu: Thou art a genuine Hindu and the Rishis dwell in Thee.

A Buddhist: I look upon thee as one of us, and already nirvana smiles on thy face.

A Jew: Thou art a pure Theist and a strict Jew, and Jehovah is thy God.

A Mahomedan: We hail thee as a believer in Islam and a follower of our Prophet.

A Yogi: Thou art like a venerable Yogi absorbed in tranquil communion.

A Bhakta: In rapturous love thou art verily a Vaishnava; for thou art intoxicated with devotion to Hari.

A Guyana: Thy wisdom is deep and among philosophers I would give thee an exalted place.

A Karmi: Surely thou belongest to the body of Karmis or workers, for thou art unwearied in philanthropy and thou always goest about doing good.

A Vairagi: To me thou art none other than a self-denying ascetic, and thy life proclaims thee a faquir.

• Thus they all claim me, they all honour me. Blessed be the New Dispensation!

C.--BÁBÍISM.

I.

ADMONITIONS.

O child of Earth! Verily I say the most heedless of [God's] servants is he who contends in speech, and seeks priority over his brother. Say, O brethren! Adorn yourselves with deeds not with words.

O possessor of two eyes! Close one eye, and open one eye. Close—namely, on the world and those who dwell therein; open—namely, to the Beauty of Holiness of the Beloved!

O moving dust! I know thee well, though thou despairest of me. The sword of sinfulness hath hewn down the Tree of thine hope. I am ever nigh unto thee, though thou art ever far removed from me; and I have chosen unfading glory for thee, but thou hast desired infinite abasement for thyself. Return at length, while there is time, and suffer not the opportunity to pass away.

O child of the Spirit! Break thy cage, and soar, like the Phoenix of Love, into the atmosphere of Holiness! Forego self, and rest with the Spirit of the Most Merciful in the Plain of Divine Sanctity!

O my servant! Deliver thyself from the bonds of self, and free thyself from the prison-house of passion. Make good use of thine opportunity; for thou wilt not again behold this time, nor find again this occasion.

O Companion of the Heavenly Throne! Hear no evil, and see no evil. Debase not thyself, neither utter lamentation; that is to say, speak no evil, that thou may'st hear none; exaggerate not the fault

of another, that thy fault may not be exaggerated; be not content that another should be humbled, that thine abasement may not become manifest. Then, with clean heart, pure mind, hallowed bosom, and a soul disentangled, be free during the days of thy life, which are accounted as less than a moment, that, by freedom from this mortal body, thou may'st return to the Paradise of Ideals, and may'st find a place in the Kingdom of Eternity.

O brothers! Speak one another fair, and lift up your hearts from the world. Be not proud of your wealth, neither be ashamed of your poverty. I swear by my Beauty that I created all of earth, and thereunto will I assuredly cause all to return.

O children of earth! Inform the rich of the daily groanings of the poor, lest these, through the heedlessness of those, fall into destruction, and continue without portion from the Life-tree of wealth. Bounty and kindness are amongst my attributes; blessed is he who is adorned with my attributes!

O ye who are puffed up with pride by reason of your perishable wealth! Know that wealth is a strong barrier between the Seeker and the Object Sought, and between the Lover and his Beloved! Never will the rich man attain nearness to God, or enter into the City of Contentment and Resignation, save in but a few cases. Well is it, then, with that rich man whom wealth withholdeth not from the Kingdom of Eternity and depriveth not of Everlasting Riches! I swear by the Most Great Name that the light of that rich man illumines the people of heaven as doth the sun the dwellers upon earth!

O ye rich ones of the earth! The poor are in your midst as a trust on my part. Keep ye, then, my trust well; and think not only of your own comfort.

O my son! The conversation of the wicked increaseth sorrow; but the conversation of the just cleanseth stains from the heart. Whosoever would seek intimacy with God, let him seek intimacy with the Friends of God; and whosoever would hear the Word of God, let him hear the Words of God's elect.

Say, O dwellers upon earth! Know for a surety that a sudden calamity pursueth you, and a mighty punishment followeth after you.

Imagine not that the sins which ye have committed are blotted out from our sight. I swear by my Beauty that all your deeds are recorded on tablets of chrysolite with a broad Pen!

O sinners! My long-suffering hath made you bold, and my patience hath led you into heedlessness, so that ye hasten along fearful and perilous paths on the fire-steeds of fearless passion, as though ye accounted me heedless or deemed me inadvertent.

O children of pleasure! A pleasant place is the Plain of True Being, if thou wilt enter it; and a good couch is the Couch of the Everlasting, if thou wilt ascend above this fleeting world; and sweet is the rapture of intoxication [of the Spirit], if thou wilt drain the goblet of Ideals from the hands of God's servant. If thou wilt attain to these degrees, thou shalt be free from mortality, decay, sorrow, and affliction.

O my servant! Thy likeness is like unto a well-tempered sword, which is in a tarnished scabbard, wherefore its worth is hidden from the armourers. Draw it forth, then, from the sheath of lust and passion, that thy temper may be manifest and clear to the dwellers upon earth!

O my servant! The basest of men are those who appear devoid of fruit in the earth: in truth these are accounted as the dead; nay, the dead are accounted more excellent in God's sight than these slothful and careless souls.

The best of men are those who earn by honest labour, and spend for themselves and their kindred, in love to God, the Lord of the Worlds.

O child of uprightness! What lover will tarry save in the land of his Beloved? And what seeker will seek rest apart from the object of his search? The life of the faithful lover is in meeting, and his death in parting. Their breasts are bereft of patience, and their hearts are cleansed of self-control: they will forfeit a hundred thousand lives, and will hasten to the Abode of the Beloved.

O child of mine handmaiden! [Hitherto] guidance hath ever been by words, but in this time it is by deeds; that is to say, all holy deeds must be manifested in the human frame; for in words all

participate, but pure and holy deeds are peculiar to our Friends. Strive, then, with your whole soul to be distinguished in your deeds from other men: thus do we counsel you in a Tablet Holy and Bright.

O my servants! Ye are the trees of my garden: ye must display fruits wonderful and beyond compare, so that ye may be advantaged, and through you others. Therefore is it incumbent upon all to engage in handicrafts and means of bread-winning: these are the means unto wealth, O people of discernment. And verily all things are dependent on their means and on God's Grace, whereby He enricheth you. Trees without fruit have been and are meet for the fire.

O child of existence! Remember me in my earth that I may remember thee in my heaven, that thine eyes may be refreshed thereby, and that mine eyes may be refreshed.

O sons of man! Know ye wherefore we created you of one earth? That ye might not vaunt yourselves one over another, and that ye might meditate continually on your creation. As we have created you of one substance, so ought ye to be as one soul, in such wise that ye should walk as with one foot, and eat as with one mouth, and dwell in one earth, until the Signs of God's Unity and the Gems of Emancipation become apparent in your natures, your deeds, and your works. This is my counsel unto you, O people of the Light! Be advised thereby, that ye may gather the fruits of holiness from a Tree of Glory difficult of approach.

O child of the spirit! Know for a surety that he who exhorts mankind unto uprightness and withal committeth sin himself is not of me, even though he be called after my name.

II.

HE IS THE SUPREME OBJECT.

Be not occupied with self: think about the reformation of the world and the purification of the nations. The reformation of the world and the purification of the nations are of the number of good, pure actions, and pleasing, well-approved qualities. Good deeds are the helpers of the religion, and good qualities its promoters. O Unitarians! lay hold of the fear of God: this is what this oppressed one enjoineeth, and what the Sovereign Lord hath chosen.

III.

ALL DEPENDENT ON DIVINE GRACE.

Shall that which any one hath of wealth endure unto him, or avail him to-morrow with him who holdeth his forelock? ¹ If any should look on those who sleep under slabs and keep company with the dust, can he distinguish the bones of the king's skull from the knuckles of the slave? No, by the King of kings! Or doth he know governors from herdsmen, or discern the wealthy and rich from him who was without shoes or carpet? By God, distinction is removed, save for him who fulfilled righteousness and judged uprightly. Where are the doctors, the scholars, the nobles? Where is the keenness of their glances, the sharpness of their sight, the subtlety of their thoughts, the soundness of their understandings? Where are their hidden treasures and their apparent gauds, their bejewelled thrones and their ample couches? Alas! All hath been laid waste, and the decree of God hath rendered them as scattered dust! Emptied is what they treasured up, and dissipated is what they collected, and dispersed is what they concealed: they have become [such that] thou seest naught but their empty places, their gaping roofs, their uprooted beams, their new things waxed old. As for the discerning man, verily wealth will not divert him from regarding the end; and for the prudent man, riches will not withhold him from turning toward [God] the Rich, the Exalted. Where is he who held dominion over all whereon the sun arose, and who spent lavishly and sought after curious things in the world and what is therein created? Where is the lord of the swarthy squadron and the yellow standard? Where is he who ruled in Zawrá;² and where he who wrought injustice in [Damascus] the Spacious?³ Where are they at whose bounty treasures were afraid, at whose open-handedness and generosity the ocean was dismayed? Where is he whose arm was stretched out in rebelliousness, whose heart turned away from the Merciful One? Where is he who used to make choice of pleasures and cull the fruits of desires? Where are the dames of the bridal chambers, and the possessors of beauty? Where are their waving branches and

¹ Kur'án, XCVI, 15, 16; and CXI, 2.

² By *Zawrá* ("the Crooked") Bagdad, the capital of the 'Abbásid caliphs, is meant.

³ *Al-Feyhá* ("the Spacious") is an epithet designating Damascus. Mu'áwiya, Yezíd, and the Omayyad caliphs generally, are here alluded to.

their spreading boughs, their lofty palaces and trellised gardens? Where is the smoothness of the expanses thereof and the softness of their breezes, the rippling of their waters and the murmur of their winds, the cooing of their doves and the rustling of their trees? Where are their laughing hearts and their smiling teeth? Woe unto them! They have descended to the abyss and become companions to the pebbles; to-day no mention is heard of them nor any sound; nothing is known of them nor any hint. Will the people dispute it while they behold it? Will they deny it when they know it? I know not in what valley they wander erringly: do they not see that they depart and return not? How long will they be famous in the low countries and in the high, descend and ascend? 'Is not the time yet come to those who believe for their hearts to become humble for the remembrance of God?' Well is it with that one who hath said or shall say, 'Yea, O LORD, the time is ripe and hath come,' and who severeth himself from all that is. Alas! naught is reaped but what is sown, and naught is taken but what is laid up, save by the grace of God and His favour. Hath the earth conceived him whom the veils of glory prevent not from ascending into the Kingdom of his LORD, the Mighty, the Supreme? Have we any good works whereby defects shall be removed or which shall bring us near unto the LORD of causes? We ask God to deal with us according to His grace, not His justice, and to make us of those who turn toward Him and sever themselves from all beside Him.

IV.

COUNSELS FOR THE FAITHFUL.

Ye are forbidden sedition and strife in the books and epistles; and herein I desire naught save your exaltation and elevation, whereunto beareth witness the heaven and its stars, the sun and its radiance, the trees and their leaves, the seas and their waves, and the earth and its treasures. We ask God to continue His saints and to strengthen them unto that which beftteth them in this blessed, precious and wondrous station, and we ask Him to assist those who surround me to act according to that whereunto they have been commanded on the part of the Supreme Pen.

The fairest tree of knowledge is this sublime word:—'Ye are all the fruit of one tree and the leaves of one branch.' Pride is not for him who loves his country, but for him who loves the [whole] world.

Verily he who educateth his son, or one of the sons [of another], it is as though he educated one of my sons. Upon him be the splendour of God, and His grace, and His mercy which preceded the worlds.

O people of Behá! Ye have been and are the dawns of affection and the day-springs of divine grace: defile not the tongue with cursing or execration of any one, and guard the eye from that which is not seemly. Shew forth that which ye have: if it be accepted, the object is attained; if not, interference is vain: *leave him to himself, [while] advancing toward God, the Protecting, the self-subsistent.* Be not a cause of grief, much less of strife and sedition. It is hoped that ye will be nurtured in the shade of the lote-tree of Divine Grace, and practise that which God desireth. Ye are all leaves of one tree and drops of one sea.

MISCELLANEOUS AND UNCLASSIFIED.

I.

THE DIVINE LAW.

Inasmuch as the intellect is the best part of our being, it is evident that we should make every effort to perfect it as far as possible if we desire to search for what is really profitable to us. For an intellectual perfection the highest good should consist. Now, since all our knowledge, and the certainty which removes every doubt, depend solely on the knowledge of God;—firstly, because without God nothing can exist or be conceived; secondly, because so long as we have no clear and distinct idea of God we may remain in universal doubt—it follows that our highest good and perfection also depend solely on the knowledge of God. Further, since without God nothing can exist or be conceived, it is evident that all natural phenomena involve and express the conception of God as far as their essence and perfection extend, so that we have greater and more perfect knowledge of God in proportion to our knowledge of natural phenomena: conversely (since the knowledge of an effect through its cause is the same thing as the knowledge of a particular property of a cause) the greater our knowledge of natural phenomena, the more perfect is our knowledge of the essence of God (which is the cause of all things). So then, our highest good not only depends on the knowledge of God, but wholly consists therein; and it further follows that man is perfect or the reverse in proportion to the nature and perfection of the object of his special desire; hence the most perfect and the chief sharer in the highest blessedness is he who prizes above all else, and takes especial delight in, the intellectual knowledge of God, the most perfect Being.

Hither, then, our highest good and our highest blessedness aim—

namely, to the knowledge and love of God; therefore the means demanded by this aim of all human actions, that is, by God in so far as the idea of Him is in us, may be called the commands of God, because they proceed, as it were, from God Himself, inasmuch as He exists in our minds, and the plan of life which has regard to this aim may be fitly called the law of God.

The nature of the means, and the plan of life which this aim demands, how the foundations of the best states follow its lines, and how man's life is conducted, are questions pertaining to general ethics. Here I only proceed to treat of the Divine law in a particular application.

As the love of God is man's highest happiness and blessedness, and the ultimate end and aim of all human actions, it follows that he alone lives by the Divine law who loves God not from fear of punishment, or from love of any other object, such as sensual pleasure, fame, or the like; but solely because he has knowledge of God, or is convinced that the knowledge and love of God is the highest good. The sum and chief precept, then, of the Divine law is to love God as the highest good, namely, as we have said, not from fear of any pains and penalties, or from the love of any other object in which we desire to take pleasure. The idea of God lays down the rule that God is our highest good—in other words, that the knowledge and love of God is the ultimate aim to which all our actions should be directed. The worldling cannot understand these things, they appear foolishness to him, because he has too meagre a knowledge of God, and also because in this highest good he can discover nothing which he can handle or eat, or which affects the fleshly appetites wherein he chiefly delights, for it consists solely in thought and the pure reason. They, on the other hand, who know that they possess no greater gift than intellect and sound reason, will doubtless accept what I have said without question.

II.

HUMAN FREEDOM.

Most people seem to believe that they are free, in so far as they may obey their lusts, and that they cede their rights, in so far as they are bound to live according to the commandments of the divine law. They therefore believe that piety, religion, and, generally, all things attributable to firmness of mind, are burdens, which, after death, they hope to lay aside, and to receive the reward for their

bondage, that is, for the piety and religion; it is not only by this hope, but also, and chiefly, by the fear of being horribly punished after death, that they are induced to live according to the divine commandments, so far as their feeble and infirm spirit will carry them.

If men had not this hope and this fear, but believed that the mind perishes with the body, and that no hope of prolonged life remains for the wretches who are broken down with the burden of piety, they would return to their own inclinations, controlling everything in accordance with their lusts, and desiring to obey fortune rather than themselves. Such a course appears to me not less absurd than if a man, because he does not believe that he can by wholesome food sustain his body for ever, should wish to cram himself with poisons and deadly fare; or if, because he sees that the mind is not eternal or immortal, he should prefer to be out of his mind altogether, and to live without the use of reason; these ideas are so absurd as to be scarcely worth refuting.

PROP. XLII. *Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; neither do we rejoice therein, because we control our lusts, but, contrariwise, because we rejoice therein, we are able to control our lusts.*

PROOF.—Blessedness consists in love towards God (V. xxxvi. and note), which love springs from the third kind of knowledge (V. xxxii Coroll.); therefore this love (III. iii. lix.) must be referred to the mind, in so far as the latter is active therefore (IV. Def. viii.) it is virtue itself. This was our first point. Again, in proportion as the mind rejoices more in this divine love or blessedness, so does it the more understand (V. xxxii.); that is (V. iii. Coroll.), so much the more power has it over the emotions, and (V. xxxviii.) so much the less is it subject to those emotions which are evil; therefore, in proportion as the mind rejoices in this divine love or blessedness, so has it the power of controlling lusts. And, since human power in controlling the emotions consists solely in the understanding, it follows that no one rejoices in blessedness, because he has controlled his lusts, but, contrariwise, his power of controlling his lusts arises from this blessedness itself. Q.E.D.

Note.—I have thus completed all I wished to set forth touching the mind's power over the emotions and the mind's freedom. Whence it appears, how potent is the wise man, and how much he surpasses the ignorant man, who is driven only by his lusts. For the ignorant man is not only distracted in various ways by external causes without ever gaining the true acquiescence of his spirit, but moreover lives, as it were, unwitting of himself, and of God, and of things, and as soon as he ceases to suffer, ceases also to be.

Whereas the wise man, in so far as he is regarded as such, is scarcely at all disturbed in spirit, but, being conscious of himself, and of God, and of things, by a certain eternal necessity, never ceases to be, but always possesses true acquiescence of his spirit.

If the way which I have pointed out as leading to this result seems exceedingly hard, it may nevertheless be discovered. Needs must it be hard, since it is so seldom found. How would it be possible, if salvation were ready to our hand, and could without great labour be found, that it should be by almost all men neglected? But all things excellent are as difficult as they are rare.

III.

HOPE.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day,
For ever beheld on our race to a goal
Shining golden afar on the way.
Thro' age and thro' youth goes the world; yet befall
What there may, still doth Man hope The Better in all.

Sweet guide into life that his destiny grants,
Hope hovers glad infancy o'er;
She shines on the young with the light that enchants—
On the old with the smiles that restore;
And his eyes, as they close, still the chancel can brave,
And, weary with life, he plants Hope on the grave.

It is not a smiling delusion that shames;
Nor a folly that Reason should scorn;
'Tis the voice of the heart which so loudly proclaims,
That we for the Better were born.
And that which the inner voice bids us believe
Can never the Hope of a Spirit deceive!

IV.

THE WORDS OF BELIEF.

Three words will I name thee—around and about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth in the Man shall for ever be o'er
When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is free! by his chart of creation is free,
 Though born amid fetters—still free-born the same.
 Whatever the roar of the rabble may be—
 Whatever the frantic misuse of the claim—
 It is not the freeman whose strength should appal,
 'Tis the wrath of the slave when he bursts from his thrall!

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
 And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;
 And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
 Yet ever again to the godlike way,
 To the *Science* of good though the Wise may be blind,
 Yet the *Practice* is plain to the childlike mind.

And high over Space, over Time, is a God,
 A Will never rocking, like Man's, to and fro;
 A Thought that abides, though unseen the abode,
 Inweaving with life its creations below;
 Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
 But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit!

Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about
 From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
 Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
 But a voice from within must their oracle be;
 And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,
 Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

V.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE HEART.

Margaret.

Dost thou believe in God?

Faust.

My darling, who dares say,

Yes, I in God believe?

Question or priest or sage, and they
 Seem, in the answer you receive,
 To mock the questioner.

Margaret.

Then thou dost not believe?

Faust.

Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!
 Him who dare name
 And who proclaim,
 Him I believe?
 Who that can feel,
 His heart can steel,
 To say: I believe him not?
 The All-embracer,
 All-sustainer,
 Holds and sustains he not
 Thee, me, Himself?
 Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
 Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
 And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
 Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
 Do I not gaze into thine eyes?
 Nature's impenetrable agencies,
 Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
 Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
 Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
 Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be;
 And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
 Then call it, what thou wilt,—
 Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
 I have no name for it!
 'Tis feeling all;
 Name is but sound and smoke
 Shrouding the glow of Heaven.

Margaret.

All this is doubtless good and fair;
 Almost the same the parson says,
 Only in slightly different phrase.

Faust.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
 This is the utterance of the human heart;
 Each in his language doth the like impart.

VI.

THE SCALE OF REVERENCE.

Wilhelm had now reached the gate of a wooded vale, surrounded with high walls: on a certain sign the little door opened, and a man of earnest and imposing look received our traveller. The latter found himself in a large, beautifully umbrageous space, decked with the richest foliage, shaded with trees and bushes of all sorts; while stately walls and magnificent buildings were discerned only in glimpses through this thick natural boscaige. A friendly reception from the Three, who by-and-by appeared, at last turned into a general conversation, the substance of which we now present in an abbreviated shape.

"Since you intrust your son to us," said they, "it is fair that we admit you to a closer view of our procedurc. Of what is external you have seen much, that does not bear its meaning on its front. What part of this do you chiefly wish to have explained?"

"Dignified, yet singular gestures of salutation I have noticed, the import of which I would gladly learn: with you, doubtless, the exterior has a reference to the interior, and inversely; let me know what this reference is."

"Well-formed, healthy children," replied the Three, "bring much into the world along with them: Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty: often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can discover it yourself, speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

The Three, after a suitable pause, exclaimed: "*Reverence!*" Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. "*Reverence!*" cried they a second time. "All want it, perhaps you yourself."

"Three kinds of gestures you have seen; and we inculcate a threefold Reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its highest force and effect. The first is Reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully towards Heaven, that is what we have enjoined on young children; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second; Reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and,

as it were, tied together, that down-turned, smiling look, announce that we are to regard the Earth with attention and cheerfulness: from the bounty of the Earth we are nourished: the Earth affords unutterable joys; but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blameably or blamelessly; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely; should dead involuntary matter do him hurt; then let him well consider it, for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil, the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now, at last, he stands forth, frank and bold; not selfishly isolated; only in combination with his equals does he front the world. Farther we have nothing to add."

"I see a glimpse of it!" said Wilhelm, "are not the mass of men so marred and stunted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this, soon comes to be indifferent towards God, contemptuous towards the world, spiteful towards his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation, corrupts into self-conceit and presumption. Allow me, however," continued he, "to state one difficulty. You say that reverence is not natural to man: now, has not the reverence or fear of rude people for violent convulsions of Nature, or other inexplicable mysteriously-foreboding occurrences, been heretofore regarded as the germ out of which a higher feeling, a purer sentiment, was by degrees to be developed?"

"Nature is indeed adequate to fear," replied they; "but to reverence not adequate. Men fear a known or unknown powerful being: the strong seeks to conquer it, the weak to avoid it; both endeavour to get quit of it, and feel themselves happy when for a short season they have put it aside and their nature has in some degree restored itself to freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom; from freedom he is driven back to fear, and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or rather he never so submits himself: it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only in some peculiarly favoured individuals unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account too have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business

of all true Religions; whereof there are likewise only three, according to the objects towards which they direct our devotion."

The men paused; Wilhelm reflected for a time in silence; but feeling in himself no pretension to unfold the meaning of these strange words, he requested the sages to proceed with their exposition. They immediately complied. "No religion that grounds itself on fear," said they, "is regarded among us. With the reverence, to which a man should give dominion in his mind, he can, in paying honour, keep his own honour; he is not disunited with himself, as in the former case. The Religion which depends on reverence for what is above us, we denominate the Ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear: all Heathen religions, as we call them are of this sort, whatsoever names they may bear. The Second Religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the Philosophical; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower, and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise.

Here, as he surveys with clear sight his relation to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race; his relation likewise to all other earthly circumstances and arrangements necessary or accidental, he alone, in a cosmic sense, lives in Truth. But now we have to speak of the Third Religion, grounded on reverence for what is beneath us: this we name the Christian, as in the Christian religion such a temper is with most distinctness manifested: it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the Earth, and let it be beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace; but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognise these things as divine; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to honour and love them as futherances, of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages: but the trace is not the goal; and this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde; and we may say, that the Christian religion having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution."

"To which of these religions do you specially adhere?" inquired Wilhelm.

"To all the three," replied they: "for in their union they produce what may be called the true religion. Out of those Three Reverences springs the highest reverence, reverence for oneself, and

those again unfold themselves from this; so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced: nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence, without being again by self-conceit and presumption drawn down from it into the vulgar level."

"Such a confession of faith, developed in this manner, does not repulse me," answered Wilhelm; "it agrees with much that one hears now and then in the course of life; only, you unite what others separate."

To this they replied: "Our confession has already been adopted though unconsciously, by a great part of the world."

"How then, and where?" said Wilhelm.

"In the Creed!" exclaimed they: "for the first Article is Ethnic, and belongs to all nations; the second Christian, for those struggling with affliction and glorified in affliction; the third, in fine, teaches an inspired Communion of Saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise. And should not therefore the Three Divine Persons, under the similitudes and names of which these threefold doctrines and commands are promulgated, justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, "for having pleased to lay all this before me in such clearness and combination, as before a grown-up person, to whom your three modes of feeling are not altogether foreign. And now, when I reflect that you communicate this high doctrine to your children, in the first place as a sensible sign, then with some symbolical accompaniment attached to it and at last unfold to them its deepest meaning, I cannot but warmly approve of your method."

"Right," answered they: "but now we must show you more, and so convince you the better that your son is in no bad hands. This, however, may remain for the morrow; rest and refresh yourself, that you may attend us in the morning, as a man satisfied and unimpeded, into the interior of our Sanctuary."

VII.

A DREAM OF CHAOS.

The object of this composition must serve as the excuse for its boldness.

Man denies the existence of God with as little feeling as most

of us grant it. Even in our true systems, we only collect words, counters, and medals, as the avaricious accumulate cabinets of coins; and it is not until long after, that we exchange the words for sentiments, our coins for enjoyments. A man may believe in the immortality of the soul for twenty years, but only in the twenty-first, in some great moment, is he astonished at the rich substance of his belief, at the warmth of this naphtha-spring.

Even so was I horror-struck at the poisonous vapour which meets the heart of one who enters for the first time into the atheistic seminary, as though it would suffocate it. It would cause me less pain to deny immortality than the existence of the Deity. In the former case, I lose nothing but a world concealed by a fog: in the latter case, I lose the present world, namely, its Sun. The whole spiritual universe is split[?] and shattered by the hand of Atheism into countless quicksilver points of individual existences, which twinkle, melt into one another, and wander about, meet and part, without unity and consistency. No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns, until he himself crumbles away from the dead body.

The whole world lies before him like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone which is half-buried in the sand, and the universe is the cold iron mask of the shapeless eternity.

Another aim of my composition is, to frighten some of the reading or deep-read professors; for verily these people, since they have become day-labourers in the waterworks and mining operations of the critical philosophy, weigh the existence of God as apathetically and as cold-heartedly as though it were a question of the existence of the kraken or the unicorn.

To others, who are not so far advanced as these deep-read professors, I may observe that it is no inconsistency to unite a belief in immortality with a belief in Atheism, for the same necessity which, in this life, threw the bright dewdrop of my individual existence into a flower-cup, and beneath a sun, can repeat it in a second life; indeed, it is easier to embody me a second time than the first time.

When we are told in childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep reaches near unto the soul, and even darkens our dreams, the dead rise out of *their* sleep and mimic the religious service of the living in the churches, we shudder at death on account of the dead; and in the loveliness of night we turn away our gaze from the long

narrow windows of the silent church, fearing to examine whether their glitter proceeds from the moonbeams, or not.

Childhood, and especially its terrors and raptures, once more assume wings and brightness in our dreams, and play like glow-worms in the little night of the soul. Crush not these little fluttering sparks! Leave us even our dark painful dreams, as relieving middle tints of reality! And what could compensate us for those dreams, which bear us away from beneath the roar of the waterfall into the mountain-heights of childhood, where the stream of life, yet silent in its little plain, and a mirror of heaven, flowed toward its precipices?

Once on a summer evening I lay upon a mountain in the sunshine, and fell asleep; and I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard, having been roused by the rattling wheels of the tower-clock, which struck eleven. I looked for the sun in the void night-heaven; for I thought that it was eclipsed by the moon. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were opened and shut by invisible hands. Shadows cast by no one flitted along the walls, and other shadows stalked erect in the free air. No one slept any longer in the open coffins but the children. A grey, sultry fog hung suspended in heavy folds in the heavens, and a gigantic shadow drew it in like a net, even nearer and closer and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; beneath me the first step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church was heaved up and down by two incessant discords, which struggled with one another, and in vain sought to unite in harmony. Sometimes a grey glimmer flared up on the windows, and, molten by the glimmer, the iron and lead ran down in streams. The net of fog and the reeling earth drove me into the temple, at the door of which brooded two basilisks with twinkling eyes, in two poisonous nests. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom were impressed all the centuries of years. The shadows stood congregated round the altar; and in all the breast throbbed and trembled in the place of a heart. One corpse alone, which had just been buried in the church, lay still upon its pillow, and its breast heaved not, while upon its smiling countenance lay a happy dream; but on the entrance of one of the living he awoke, and smiled no more. He opened his closed eyelids with a painful effort, but within there was no eye; and in the sleeping bosom, instead of a heart, there was a wound. He lifted up his hands, and folded them in prayer, but the arms lengthened out and detached themselves from the body, and the folded hands fell down apart. Aloft, on the church-dome, stood the dial-

plate of Eternity; but there was no figure visible upon it, and it was its own index; only a black finger pointed to it, and the dead wished to read the time upon it.

A lofty, noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, now sank down from above upon the altar, and all the dead exclaimed—"Christ! is there no God?" and he answered, "There is none!" The whole shadow of each dead one, and not the breast alone, now trembled, and one after another was severed by the trembling.

Christ continued:—"I traversed the worlds. I ascended into the suns, and flew with the milky ways through the wilderness of the heavens; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud—"Father, where art thou?"—but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss, and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for he is not!"

The shadows grew pale and melted, as the white vapour formed by the frosts melts and becomes a warm breath, and all was void. Then there arose and came into the temple—a terrible sight for the heart—the dead children who had awakened in the churchyard, and they cast themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, "Jesus! have we no Father?" and he answered with streaming eyes, "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father."

Thereupon the discords shrieked more harshly; the trembling walls of the temple split asunder, and the temple and the children sunk down, and the earth and the sun followed; and the whole immeasurable universe fell rushing past us; and aloft upon the summit of infinite Nature stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe, chequered with thousands of suns, as into a mine dug out of the Eternal Night, wherein the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky ways the veins of silver.

And when Christ beheld the grinding throng of worlds, the torch-dances of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral-banks of beating hearts; and when he beheld how one sphere after another poured out its gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a drop of water strews gleaming lights upon the waves, sublime, as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the Nothingness, and to the empty Immensity, and said: "Frozen, dumb Nothingness! cold, eternal

Necessity! Insane Chance! Know ye what is beneath you? When will ye destroy the building and me? Chance! Knowest thou thyself when with hurricanes thou wilt march through the snow-storm of stars and extinguish one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of the constellations shall cease to glisten as thou passest by. How lovely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I alone am in company with myself. O Father! O Father! where is thine infinite bosom that I may be at rest? Alas, if every being is its own father and creator, why cannot it also be its own destroying angel? . . . Is that a man near me? Thou poor one! Thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its beams upon the dust-clouds composed of the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus ye exist, cloudy, tottering images! Look down into the abyss over which clouds of ashes are floating by. Fogs full of worlds arise out of the sea of death. The future is a rising vapour, the present a falling one. Knowest thou thy earth?" Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Alas! I too was once like you: then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and still gazed joyfully from the mountains into the infinite expanse of heaven; and I pressed my wounded heart on his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death: 'Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding shell, and lift him up to thy heart.' Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall amid blossoms, radiance and tears, upon your knees and lift up your blessed hands, and call out to the open heaven, amid a thousand tears of joy, 'Thou knowest me too; thou Infinite One, and all my wounds, and thou wilt welcome me after death, and wilt close them all!' Ye wretched ones! after death they will not be closed . . . when the man of sorrows stretches his sore wounded back upon the earth to slumber towards a lovelier morning, full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, behold, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite Father! Mortal who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, or thou art lost for ever!"

And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I beheld the raised rings of the giant serpent of Eternity, which had couched itself round the universe of worlds, and the rings fell, and she enfolded the universe doubly. Then she wound herself in a thousand folds round Nature, and crushed the worlds together, and grinding them, she squeezed the infinite temple into one churchyard church—and all became narrow, dark, and fearful, and a bell-hammer

stretched out to infinity was about to strike the last hour of Time, and split the universe asunder—when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy, that it could again worship God; and the joy, and the tears, and the belief in him, were the prayer. And when I arose, the sun gleamed deeply behind the full purple ears of corn, and peacefully threw the reflection of its evening blushes on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora. And between the heaven and the earth a glad fleeting world stretches out its short wings and lived like myself in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me flowed sweet peaceful tones, as from evening bells.

VIII.

PROGRESS DIVINELY ORDERED.

There comes one day a golden age, which every wise and virtuous man even now enjoys, and when men will find it easier to live well because they will find it easier to live indeed,—when men will have, not more pleasure (for this honey they draw from every flower and leaf-louse), but more virtue,—when the people will take part in thinking, and the thinker in working, in order that he may save himself the need of Helots,—when military and judicial murder shall be condemned, and only occasionally cannon-balls shall be turned up with the plough. When that time comes, then will a preponderance of good no more stop the machine by frictions. When it comes, then will the necessity no longer lie in human nature of degenerating again and again breeding tempests (for heretofore the noble element has merely kept up a flying fight with the overpowering evil), just as, according to Forster, even on the hot island of St. Helena there are no storms.

When this festal day comes, then will our children's children be no more. We stand now in the evening and see at the close of our dark day the sun go down with a red-hot glory, and promise us behind the last cloud the still, serene sabbath-day of humanity; but our posterity have yet to travel through a night full of wind, and through a cloud full of poison, till at last over a happier earth an eternal morning-wind full of blossom-spirits, moving on before the sun, expelling all clouds, shall breathe on men without a sigh. Astronomy promises the earth an eternal vernal equinox; and history promises it a higher one; perhaps the two eternal springs may coincide.

Since man disappears among men, we downcast ones must erect ourselves before humanity. When I think of the Greeks, I see that our hopes move faster than fate.—As one travels by night with lights over the icy Alps, in order not to be terrified at the abysses and at the long road, so does fate spread night around us, and hand us only torches for the way immediately before us, that we may not worry ourselves about the chasms of the future, and the distance, of the goal.—There were centuries when humanity was led with bandaged eyes—from one prison to another;—there were other centuries when spectres rattled and overturned all night long, and in the morning nothing was disturbed; there can be no other centuries except those in which individuals die, but nations rise and in which nations decay, but mankind rises: when mankind itself sinks and falls to ruins, and ends with the scattering of the globe in a dusty cloud.... what shall console us?

A veiled eye behind the bound of time, an infinite heart beyond the world. There is a higher order of things than we can demonstrate,—there is a Providence in the world's history and in every one's life which reason has the boldness to deny, and which the heart has the boldness to believe;—there must be a Providence, which, according to other rules than we have hitherto assumed, links this confused earth as daughter-land to a higher city of God,—there must be a God, a Virtue and an Eternity.

IX.

SPIRIT OF NATURE!

Spirit of Nature! no!
 The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
 Alike in every human heart.
 Thou, aye, erectest there
 Thy throne of power unappealable:
 Thou art the judge beneath whose nod
 Man's brief and frail authority
 Is powerless as the wind
 That passeth idly by.
 Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
 The show of human justice,
 As God surpasses man.

Spirit of Nature! thou
 Life of interminable multitudes;
 Soul of those mighty spheres
 Whose changeless path thro' Heaven's deep silence lie;
 Soul of that smallest being,
 The dwelling of whose life
 Is one faint April sun-gleam;—
 • Man, like these passive things,
 Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth:
 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
 Which time is fast maturing,
 Will swiftly, surely come:
 And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,
 Will be without a flaw
 Marring its perfect symmetry.

X.

MORAL PERFECTNESS.

There is a nobler glory, which survives
 Until our being fades, and solacing
 All human care, accompanies its change;
 Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,
 And, in the precincts of the palace, guides
 Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime;
 Imbues his lineaments with dauntlessness,
 Even when, from power's avenging hand, he takes
 Its sweetest, last, and noblest title—death;
 —The consciousness of good, which neither gold,
 Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,
 Can purchase; but a life of resolute good,
 Unalterable will, quenchless desire
 Of universal happiness, the heart
 That beats with it in unison, the brain
 Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change
 Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs
 No mediative signs of selfishness,
 No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,
 • No balancings of prudence, cold and long;

In just and equal measure all is weighed,
One scale contains the sum of human weal,
And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek
The selfish for that happiness denied
To aught but virtue! Blind and hardened, they,
Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
Who covet power they know not how to use,
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give,—
Madly they frustrate still their own designs;
And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy
Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,
Pining regrets, and vain repentances,
Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade
Their valueless and miserable lives.

But hoary-headed selfishness has felt
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave:
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease, and woe,
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell
Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years.

XI.

MUTABILITY.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings,
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free:
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but Mutability.

XII.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing,
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state?
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom, why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost and Heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavour:
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see--
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
'And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came:
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead,
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard: I saw them not:
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing,
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me:
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight

Outwatched with me the envious night:
 They know that never joy illumed my brow,
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou, O awful Loveliness,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past: there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my outward life supply
 Its calm, to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself and love all human kind.

XIII.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold: —
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."
 The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

XIV.

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

XV.

OPPORTUNITY.

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,
The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;
But, if once you let the ripe moment go,
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

XVI.

FAITH AND THE FUTURE.

We believe in one God; the Author of all existence; the absolute living Thought, of whom our world is a ray, the universe an incarnation.

We believe in a general, immutable law: a law which constitutes our mode of existence; embraces the whole series of possible phenomena; exercises a continuous action upon the universe, and all therein comprehended, but in its physical and moral aspect.

As every law assumes an aim to be reached, we believe in the progressive development of the faculties and forces—faculties in action—of all living things towards the unknown aim. Were this not so, the law would be useless, and existence unintelligible.

Every law being interpreted and versified by its *subject*, we believe in Humanity—the collective and continuous Being that sums up and comprehends the ascending series or organic creations; the most perfect manifestation of the thought of God upon our globe—as the sole interpreter of the law.

We believe that harmony between the subject and the law being the condition of all normal existence, the known and immediate aim of all endeavour is the establishment of this harmony in ever-increasing completeness and security, through the gradual discovery and comprehension of the law, and identification of its subject with it. We believe in association—which is but the reduction to *action* of our faith in one sole God, and one sole law, and one sole aim—as the only means we possess of realising the truth; as the method of progress; the path leading towards perfection. The highest possible degree of human progress will correspond to the discovery and application of the vastest formula of association.

We believe, therefore, in the Holy Alliance of the Peoples as being the vastest formula of association possible in our epoch;—in the *liberty* and *equality* of the peoples, without which no true association can exist;—in *nationality* which is the *conscience* of the peoples, and which, by assigning to them their part in the work of association, their function in humanity, constitutes their mission upon earth, that is to say, their *individuality*; without which neither liberty nor equality are possible; in the sacred *Fatherland*, cradle of nationality; altar and workshop of the individuals of which each people is composed. And since the law is one; since it governs alike the two aspects, internal and external, of the life of each being; the

two modes—personal and relative—subjective and objective—of every existence,—we hold the same creed with regard to each people, and the individuals of which it is composed, that we hold with regard to humanity, and the nations of which it is composed.

As we believe in the association of the peoples, so do we believe in the association of the individuals of which each people is composed: we believe that it is their sole method of progress, the principle destined to predominate over all their institutions, and the pledge of their harmony of action.

As we believe in the liberty and equality of the peoples, so do we believe in the liberty and equality of the men of every people, and in the inviolability of the human *Ego*, which is the conscience of the individual; and assigns to him his part in the secondary association; his function in the nation, his special mission of citizenship within the sphere of the Fatherland.

And as we believe in Humanity as the sole interpreter of the law of God, so do we believe in the people of every state as the sole master, sole sovereign, and sole interpreter of the law of humanity, which governs every national mission. We believe in the people, one and indivisible; recognising neither castes nor privileges, save those of genius and virtue; neither *proletariat* nor aristocracy, whether landed or financial; but simply an aggregate of faculties and forces consecrated to the well-being of all, to the administration of the common substance and possession, the terrestrial globe. We believe in the people, one and independent; so organized as to harmonize the individual faculties with the social idea; living by the fruits of its own labour, united in seeking after the greatest possible amount of general well-being, and in respect for the rights of individuals. We believe in the people bound together in brotherhood by a common faith, tradition, and idea of love; striving towards the progressive fulfilment of its special mission; consecrated to an apostolate of duties; never forgetful of a truth once attained; but never sinking into inertness in consequence of its attainment; revering the word of past generations, yet bent on using the present as a bridge between the past and the future; adoring revelations rather than revealers, and capable of the gradual solution of the problem of its destiny on earth.

God and his law; Humanity and its work of interpretation, progress, association, liberty, and equality;—these, with that dogma of the PEOPLE; which is the vital principle of the republican party, are all united in our belief. No achievement of the past is rejected. Before us is the evolution of a future in which the two eternal

elements of every organisation—the individual and humanity, liberty and association—will be harmonised; in which one whole synthesis, a veritable religious formula, will—without suppressing any in favour of the rest—embrace all the revelations of progress, all the holy ideas that have been successively transmitted to us by providential design.

When, in the presence of the Young Europe now arising, all the altars of the old world shall be overthrown, two new altars will be raised upon the soil made fruitful by the divine Word.

And the hand of the initiator-people shall inscribe upon one the *Fatherland*, upon the other *Humanity*. As children of the same mother, as brethren gathered together, the peoples shall assemble around those altars, and make sacrifice in peace and love.

And the incense of those altars shall ascend to heaven in two columns, which shall gradually approach each other, until they unite on high, in God.

And whensoever they shall be divided in their ascent, there shall be fratricide on earth: and mothers shall weep on earth and angels shall weep in heaven."

XVII.

THE DUTIES OF MAN.

The first real, earnest religious Faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds, will transform the whole of our actual social organisation, because every strong and earnest faith tends to apply itself to every branch of human activity; because in every epoch of its existence the *earth* has ever tended to conform itself to the Heaven in which it then believed; and because the whole history of Humanity is but the repetition—in form and degree varying according to the diversity of the times—of the words of the Dominical Christian Prayer: *Thy Kingdom come on Earth as it is in Heaven*, Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. Let these words—better understood and better applied than in the past—be the utterance of your faith, your prayer, O my brothers! Repeat them, and strive to fulfil them. No matter if others seek to persuade you to passive resignation and indifference to earthly things, if they preach submission to every temporal authority, however unjust, by quoting to you—without comprehending them—the words "*Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*"

Nothing is of Cæsar unless it be such in conformity with the law of God. Cæsar—that is to say, the Temporal power or Civil government—is but the administrator and executive, as far as it lies in its power, of the design of the Almighty. Whosoever it is false to its mission and trust, it is, I do not say your *right*, but your *duty* to change it. For what purpose are you placed here, if it be not to work out the providential design in your own sphere, and according to your means? To what purpose do you profess to *believe* in that Unity of the human race which is the necessary consequence of the Unity of God, if you do not strive to verify it, by destroying the arbitrary divisions and enmities that still separate the different tribes of Humanity.

What avails it to *believe* in human liberty—the basis of human responsibility—if you do not labour to overthrow all the obstacles that impede the first and destroy the second? Why do we talk of fraternity, while we allow any of our brethren to be trampled on; degraded or despised?

The earth is our workshop. We may not curse it, we are bound to sanctify it. The material forces that surround us are our instruments of labour; we may not reject them, we are bound to direct them for good.

But this we cannot do alone, without God.

I have spoken to you of duties: I have told you that consciousness of your rights will never suffice you as a permanent guide on the path towards perfection; it will not even suffice to procure for you the continuous progressive improvement in your condition which you seek and desire.

Now, apart from God, whence can you derive duty? Without God, whatsoever system you may attempt to lean upon, you will find it has no other foundation or basis than force—blind, tyrannical, brute force. There is no escape from this.

Either the development of human things depends upon a providential law which we are all bound to seek to discover and apply, or it is left to chance, to passing circumstances, and to that man who contrives best to turn these to account.

We must either obey God or serve man; whether one man or many, matters little.

If there be not a governing mind, supreme over every human mind, what shall preserve us from the dominion of our fellow-men, whenever they are stronger than ourselves?

If there be not one holy inviolable law, uncreated by man, what rule have we by which to judge whether a given act be just or unjust?

In the name of whom, or of what, shall we protest against inequality and oppression?

. Without God there is no other rule than that of *fact*, the accomplished fact, before which the materialist ever bows his head, whether its name be Buonaparte or Revolution.

How can we expect men to sacrifice themselves, or to suffer martyrdom, in the name of our individual opinions?

Can we transform theory into practice, abstract principle into action, on the strength of interests alone?

Be not deceived. So long as we endeavour to teach sacrifice as individuals or on whatever theory our mere individual intellect may suggest, we may find adherents in words, never in act. That cry only, which has resounded in all great and noble revolutions, the "*God wills it, God wills it*" of the Crusades, will have power to rouse the inert to action, to give courage to the timid the enthusiasm of sacrifice to the calculations of the present will vanish before, the grandeur of the future.

Without God you may compel, but not persuade; you may become tyrants in your turn, you cannot be Educators or Apostles.

XVIII.

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THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE PEOPLE.

Of the evils which are upon the earth, some will always exist, for they arise from the imperfections of man's present state; others will gradually disappear, because as man advances along the road traced for him by God, and as he draws nearer to Him by an evolution which begins here below and is continued elsewhere, he will become by degrees less imperfect; and the past, in this respect, is of good augury for the future.

Thus there will always be sickness and bodily sufferings; but they will diminish in proportion as the causes which chiefly give rise to them—poverty, vice, the abuse of good things intended by Providence for our use—shall themselves diminish.

There will always be moral pain and suffering; but they will diminish in proportion as man, living a more spiritual life, more master of himself, of his disordered passions, of his lower impulses, shall depart less from the eternal laws of order, which, governing at once his thoughts, his love, his actions, establish within him a holy harmony, a peace which nothing can disturb.

Death, although so much feared, I do not count as an evil; for it

is only ignorance and remorse that fear it. Death, so far from being an evil, is the chief good, since it is the passage to a better state, to a higher existence, an ascending transformation, and not, as it seems to the senses, deceived by appearances, a destruction. When the garment is worn out, the true man disengages himself from it, and, free from the bonds which weighed him down, from the veils which hid the true light from him, he soars, glorious and spiritualised, towards regions of more perfect beauty.

Besides the evils inherent in our earthly condition, in the imperfection, irremediable here below, of each one of us, there are other evils arising from social conditions, and these are neither the least numerous, nor those which oppress least the human race. But exactly in proportion as a man emancipates himself from ignorance and from the instincts which incline him to evil, so does he modify the evils arising from the corruption of society, or, in other words, make society itself more perfect, which society, in its turn, presents to men new possibilities of improvement; so that by means of this reciprocal action and reaction of the individual upon society, and of society upon the individual, is accomplished at once social and individual progress, from which, by a more perfect conformity of the actions of each man to divine law of his nature, results general order and well-being.

Nevertheless it is important that we should not deceive ourselves as to this well-being, by imagining that there can exist for man a state of absolute contentment called happiness, in which his desires being fully satisfied, can rest and cease. No illusion is vainer or more dangerous than this false idea. Desire is eternal in man, because it tends inevitably to an illimitable, immeasurable good, or rather to God, who is Himself the Infinite Good.

Nothing finite can satisfy it, it ever aspires to something beyond; and if, misled by a vain hope, we have fancied that some earthly good can satisfy the deep craving of the heart, then, failing even to find that good, all others become distasteful to us, we can no longer enjoy them, and we fall below our own nature, through foolishly wishing to raise ourselves above it.

The good things within our reach, necessarily finite, are linked together by a development identical with our own development in the essential True and Good, that is to say, in God. And since our development is bound up with that of the whole creation, and since the development of creation has for its aim the outward manifestation of God, it follows that our own development is but the fulfilment of a function, and that, consequently, our good

necessarily and directly depending upon that function, is in proportion to our knowledge of the laws of universal order, as to our fidelity in obeying them; an obedience which is called virtue.

Hence two consequences of equal importance:

First, that to endeavour to make men better, is to endeavour to make them happier, and to endeavour to make them happier, is to make them better:

Second, that it is not true that the sufferings arising from the vices of society will be always the same, and that any attempt to remedy them is vain. For humanity moves not in a fatal circle; it is incessantly developing, it passes incessantly from one imperfect stage to another which is less imperfect, ever drawing nearer to the infinite goal whither it tends; wherefore it was said unto men from the beginning: "Be ye perfect even as God is perfect."

You, therefore, who fear the burden of the day, think not that this burden beneath which you bend shall never be lightened. Only by degrees can you enjoy the blessings destined for you by Him who watches lovingly over all His creatures; each of these blessings prepares and brings with it that which is to succeed it. Everything has its appointed time. Now you are in winter, but spring shall come, when you shall see that which you have sown grow and flourish; summer shall come, which shall ripen it, and autumn when you shall reap with joy.

XIX.

RELIGIOUS AGNOSTICISM.

At this point my task comes to an end, and you will entrust to others that of narrating to you the wonderful story of the feudal Church, its greatness and its abuses. Some other guide will then show you the reaction against these abuses, Protestantism in its turn dividing the Latin Church, and in a sense returning to the primitive conception of Jesus. Each of these great pages of history will have its own charm and its own lesson. That of which I have told you the tale is full of grandeur. We are impartial only towards the dead. As long as Catholicism was a hostile power, a danger to liberty and the human mind, it was right to contend against it. Still, when history is used as a weapon of war, it is never well told. Our age is the age of history, for it is the age of doubt as to matters of dogma; it is the age in which the enlightened mind, refusing to enter upon the discussion of systems, says to itself: "If, ever since

the birth of reason, so many creeds have claimed to set forth the whole truth, and those claims have always been adjudged to be vain, is it likely that I should be more fortunate than so many others, and that the truth should have waited for my coming to make its final self-revelation?" There is no final revelation: there is only a pathetic attempt of that poor disinherited creature man, to make his fate tolerable. But the just inference from this is not disdain, but goodwill. Whoever thinks that he has anything to teach us as to our destiny and our end, ought to be welcome. Recall to your memories the judicious and discreet advice of the Northumbrian chief to the assembly which was debating the adoption of the doctrine brought by the Roman missionaries:

"I will tell you O King, what methinks man's life is like. Sometimes, when your hall is lit up for supper on a wild winter's evening, and warmed by a fire in the midst, a sparrow flies in by one door, takes shelter for a moment in the warmth, and then flies out again by another door, and is lost in the stormy darkness. No one in the hall sees the bird before it enters, nor after it has gone forth; it is only seen while it hovers near the fire. Even so, I ween, as to our brief span of our life in this world: what has gone before it, what will come after it--of this we know nothing. If the strange teacher can tell us, by all means let him be heard."

Alas! the missionaries of Rome did not bring with them even the minimum of certainty with which the old Northumbrian chief, like the true sage which he was, resolved to be content. Happy he who allows himself to fall asleep to the idle sound of the threats which formerly terrified the human conscience, and now ought only to lull it to deep rest. One thing alone is certain: the Fatherly smile which every now and then gleams through Nature, bearing witness that an Eye looks down upon us, that a Heart follows us. Let us beware of every absolute formula which may one day become an obstacle to the free development of our minds. There is no religious communion which does not still possess the gifts of life and of grace; but it is on condition that humble docility is followed by sympathetic adhesion.

XX.

THE VALUE OF SCIENCE.

Candidly speaking, I fail to see how, without the ancient dreams, the foundations of a happy and noble life are to be relaid. The hypothesis that the true sage would be he who, barring to himself

all distant horizons, would confine himself to the perspective of mere vulgar gratification, this perspective, I say, is absolutely repugnant to us. However, man's happiness and noble aims have rested before now on false foundations. The wisest thing to do, then, is to go on enjoying the supreme gifts vouchsafed to us, life and the faculty of seeing the reality. Science will always remain the gratification of the noblest craving of our nature; curiosity will always supply man with the sole means of improving his lot. It protects him against error, though it may not reveal the truth to him, but there is an advantage in being certain of not being duped. Man fashioned according to this discipline is on the whole a better man than the instinctive man of the ages of faith. He is not subject to the errors to which the uncultured fatally yield, he is more enlightened, he commits fewer crimes, he is less sublime, but he is also less ridiculous. All this, it will be said, is not worth the heaven science takes away from us. First of all, who knows whether it does take it away; secondly, people are none the poorer for being robbed of bogus shares and false banknotes. A little true science is better than a great deal of bad science. One is less liable to error by confessing one's ignorance than by fancying that one knows a great many things one knows not.

Consequently I was right at the outset of my intellectual career firmly to believe in science and to make it the object of my life. If I had to begin again I should do exactly as I have done, and during the little time that remains to me I shall go on as I began.

Immortality means to labour at a lasting work. According to the primitive Christian idea, the true one, only those shall rise again who have contributed to the divine work; furthering God's kingdom on earth. The punishment of the wicked and frivolous will be utter annihilation. Here a formidable objection starts up against us. Can science be more everlasting than humanity whose end is written down from the very fact of its having had a beginning? It matters not; human reason has not been engaged consecutively for more than a hundred years on the problems of matters mundane. It has already made some wonderful discoveries that have increased man's power a hundred, nay, a thousandfold. What then will it be a hundred thousand years hence? And pray remember that no truth is ever lost, that no error ever strikes root. All this makes us feel secure. We are really afraid of nothing except of the falling-in of the sky, and even if the sky came crushing down we should still go to sleep quietly with the thought, "The Being of whom we were the transitory blossom has always been, always will be."

XXI.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

To those who, placing themselves at this point of view of the subject, shall ask me, Is this God or is he not? "Oh, God," I shall answer, "it is he who is, and all the rest which appears to be." Supposing even that for us philosophers another word was preferable, beyond that, abstract words do not sufficiently clearly express the real existence. It would be an immense inconvenience to us thus to divide altogether the poetic sources of the past, and to separate us by our language from the simple people who worship so well after their manner. The word God being in possession of the respect of humanity, this word having for itself a long prescription, and having been employed in all beautiful poetry, it would be to overturn all the habits of language, to abandon it. Tell the simple to live according to their aspirations for the truth, beauty, and good morality, these words would not have any sense for them. Tell them to love God, not to offend God, and they will understand you thoroughly. God, providence, immortality, so many good old words, a little dull perhaps, but philosophy will interpret them in a sense more and more refined, although she will never replace them with advantage. Under one form or another, God will always be the summary of our suprasensible needs, the category of the ideal, that is to say (the form under which we conceive the ideal), as space and time are the categories of the body (that is to say, the forms under which we conceive the body). In other terms, man placed before beautiful, good, or true things, goes out of himself; and, suspended by a celestial charm, his puny personality becomes nothing—he is exalted, he is absorbed. What is that if it be not adoration.

XXII.

THE WAY TO LASTING PEACE.

We must create the heavenly kingdom, that is the ideal one, within ourselves. The time is past for the creation of miniature worlds, refined Thélèmes, based upon mutual affection and esteem; but life, well understood and well lived, in a small circle of persons who can appreciate one another, brings its own reward. Communion of spirit is the greatest and the only reality. This is why my

thoughts revert so willingly to those worthy priests who were my first masters, to the honest sailors who lived only to do their duty, to little Noémi who died because she was too beautiful, to my grandfather who would not buy the national property and to good Master Système, who was happy inasmuch as he had his hour of illusion. Happiness consists in devotion to a dream or to a duty; self-sacrifice is the surest means of securing repose. One of the early Buddhas who succeeded Sakya-Mouni obtained the *nirvana* in a singular way. He saw one day a falcon chasing a little bird. "I beseech thee," he said to the bird of prey, "leave this little creature in peace; I will give thee its weight from my own flesh." A small pair of scales descended from the heavens, and the transaction was carried out. The little bird settled itself upon one side of the scales, and the saint placed in the other platter a good slice of his flesh, but the beam did not move. Bit by bit the whole of his body went into the scales, but still the scales were motionless. Just as the last shred of the holy man's body touched the scale the beam fell, the little bird flew away and the saint entered into *nirvana*. The falcon, who had not, all said and done, made a bad bargain, gorged itself on his flesh.

The little bird represents the unconsidered trifles of beauty and innocence which our poor planet, worn out as it may be, will ever contain. The falcon represents the far larger proportion of egotism and gross appetites which make up the sum of humanity. The wise man purchases the free enjoyment of what is good and noble by making over his flesh to the greedy, who, while engrossed by this material feast, leave him and the free objects of his fancy in peace. The scales coming down from above represent fatality, which is not to be moved, and which will not accept a partial sacrifice, but from which, by a total abnegation of self, by casting it a prey, we can escape, as it then has no further hold upon us.

The falcon, for its part is content when virtue, by the sacrifices which she makes, secures for it greater advantages than it could obtain by the force of its own claws. Desiring a profit from virtue, its interest is that virtue should exist; and so the wise man, by the surrender of his material privileges, attains his one aim, which is to secure free enjoyment of the ideal.

XXIII.

ESSENTIAL CHARACTER OF THE WORK OF JESUS.

Christianity, the product of a spontaneous movement of perfect souls, freed at its inception from all dogmatic restraints, and having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, reaps still; despite the reverses it has encountered, the fruits of this excellent origin. In order to renew itself it has only to return to the Gospel. The Kingdom of God, such as we conceive it, differs materially from the supernatural apparition that early Christians hoped to see appear in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of a pure and virtuous life. He created a heaven of pure souls, where is to be found, what we seek in vain for on earth,—the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute holiness, total abstractions from the pollutions of this world, in fine, liberty, which society eschews as an impossibility, and which can only find full scope in the domain of mind. The great Master of those who take refuge in this ideal Kingdom of God is still Jesus. He was the first to proclaim the sovereignty of the mind; the first to say, at least through his acts: "My kingdom is not of this world." The foundation of true religion is verily his work.* Since him, it only remains to fructify and develop it.

"Christianity" has thus become almost synonymous with "religion." All that one may attempt, outside this grand and noble Christian tradition, is futile. Jesus founded the religion of humanity, just as Socrates founded philosophy, and Aristotle science. There was philosophy before Socrates, and science before Aristotle. But since the times of Socrates and Aristotle philosophy and science have made immense progress; yet it has all been reared upon the foundations they laid down. Similarly, before Jesus religion had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus it has achieved great conquests; yet we have not advanced, and never will improve upon the essential principle Jesus created; he fixed for ever the idea of pure worship. The religion of Jesus in this sense is not limited. The Church has had its epochs and its phases; it has enveloped itself in creeds which have lasted and can only last for a time: Jesus, on the other hand, has founded absolute religion, which excludes nothing, determines nothing unless it be sentiment. His creeds are not fixed dogmas, but ideas susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek in vain for a theological proposition in the Gospel.

All professions of faith are travesties of the idea of Jesus, just as the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, in proclaiming Aristotle the only master of a completed science, perverted the teachings of Aristotle. Aristotle, if he had taken part in the debates of the schools, would have repudiated this narrow doctrine; he would have allied himself to the party of progressive science as against the routine which shielded itself under his authority; he would have applauded his opponents. Similarly, if Jesus were to return among us, he would recognise as disciples, not those who pretend to embody his teachings in a few catechismal phrases, but those who labour as he laboured. The eternal glory, in all great things, is to lay the first stone. It may be that in modern "Physics," and "Meteorology" we may not discover a word of the treatises of Aristotle which bear these titles; but Aristotle remains no less the founder of natural science. Whatever may be the transformations of dogma, Jesus will ever be the creator of the pure spirit of religion; the Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. No matter what revolution takes place, nothing will prevent us attaching ourselves in religion to the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which is enshrined the name of Jesus. In this sense we are Christians, even when we separate ourselves on almost all points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us.

And this great foundation was indeed the personal work of Jesus. To make himself adored to this degree, he must have been adorable. Love is only kindled by an object worthy of it, and we should know nothing of Jesus, if it were not for the passion he inspired in those around him, which obliges us still to affirm that he was great and pure. The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy of the first Christian generation is only explicable, on the supposition that at its inception there existed a man of transcendent greatness. Our civilisations, governed by minute restrictions, cannot give us any idea of the power of man at periods in which the originality of each one had a far freer development. Let us imagine a recluse dwelling in the mountains near our capitals, coming out from time to time in order to present himself at the palaces of sovereigns, brushing the sentinels aside, and, with an imperious tone, announcing to kings the approach of revolutions of which he had been the promoter. The bare idea provokes a smile. Yet, such was Elias; Elias the Tishbite, in our days, would not be able to pass the gate of the Tuilleries. The preaching of Jesus, and his free activity in Galilee, do not deviate less completely from the social conditions to which we are accustomed. Free from our polished conventional-

ities, exempt from the uniform education which refines us, but which so greatly dwarfs our individuality, these mighty souls carried a surprising energy into action. They appear to us like the giants of a heroic age, which could not have been real.

This is a profound error! Those men were our brothers; they were of our stature, felt and thought as we do. But the breath of God was free in them; with us, it is restrained by the iron bonds of a mean society, and condemned to an irremediable mediocrity.

Let us place, then, at the highest summit of human greatness the person of Jesus. Let us not be led astray by sneers in the presence of a legend which keeps us always in a superhuman world. The life of Francis d'Assisy is, too, only a tissue of miracles. Has anyone ever doubted, though, of his existence, and of the part he played? Let us say no more that the glory of founding Christianity belongs to the multitude of the first Christians, and not to him whom legend has deified. The inequality of men is much more marked in the East than with us. It is no rarity to see spring up there, in the midst of a general atmosphere of wickedness, characters whose greatness astonishes us. So far from Jesus having been made by his disciples, he appeared in everything superior to his disciples. The latter, St. Paul and St. John excepted, were men without invention or genius. St. Paul himself, bears no comparison with Jesus and as to St. John, such obscurity shrouds the school to which he attached himself, that we must always speak with great reserve of the personal part he played. Hence the immense superiority of the Gospels among the writings of the New Testament. Hence the painful fall we experience in passing from the history of Jesus to that of the apostles. The Evangelists themselves, who have transmitted to us the image of Jesus, are so much beneath him of whom they speak, that they constantly disfigure him, not being able to attain to his height. Their writings are full of errors and contradictions. We feel in each line a discourse of divine beauty, told by narrators who do not understand it, and who substitute their own ideas for those they have only half grasped. On the whole, the character of Jesus, far from having been embellished by his biographers, has been marred by them. Criticism, in order to find what he was, needs to discard a series of errors, which prove the mediocre minds of the disciples. The latter painted him as they understood him, and often in thinking to exalt him, they have in reality debased him. Is it more just to say that Jesus was wholly indebted to Judaism, and that his greatness is only that of the Jewish people? No one is more disposed than myself to place high this unrivalled people, whose par-

ticular heritage seems to have been to contain amongst them the extremes of good and evil. Jesus, doubtless, sprung from Judaism; but he proceeded from it as Socrates did from the schools of the sophists, as Luther proceeded from the Middle Ages, as Lamennais from Catholicism, as Rousseau from the eighteenth century. A man belongs to his age and race even when he reacts against his age and race. Far from continuing Judaism, Jesus represents the rupture with the Jewish spirit. The supposition that his idea in this respect could lead to equivocation, is disproved by the general direction of Christianity after him. The chief tendency of Christianity has been to separate itself more and more from Judaism. Its perfection depends on its returning to Jesus, but certainly not in returning to Judaism. The great originality of the founder remains then unchallenged; his glory does not admit of any legitimate sharer.

This sublime person, who each day still presides over the destiny of the world, may be called divine, not in the sense that Jesus has absorbed all the divine, but in the sense that Jesus is the person who has impelled his fellow-men to make the greatest step towards the divine. Humanity in its totality presents an assemblage of low beings, selfish, superior to the animal only in the single particular that its selfishness is more reflective. Still, from the midst of this uniform depravity, pillars rise towards the sky, and testify to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of these pillars that show to man whence he comes, and whither he ought to tend. In him was concentrated all that is good and elevated in our nature. He was not without sin; he had to conquer the same passions that we have to combat; no angel of God comforted him, except it was his good conscience; no Satan tempted him, more than each one bears in his heart. In the same way that many of his great qualities are lost to us, in consequence of the lack of intelligence of his disciples, it is also probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has any one made the interest of humanity predominate to the same extent in his life over the littlenesses of self-love. Unreservedly devoted to his idea, he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that, towards the end of his life, the universe existed no longer for him. It was by this transport of heroic will that he conquered heaven. There never was a man who so completely trampled under foot family, the pleasures of this world, and all temporal care. He lived only for his Father and the divine mission with which he believed himself charged.

What has the future in store for us? Will great originality be born again, or will the world henceforth content itself by following

the paths opened by the bold original minds of antiquity? We do not know. In any case, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew itself, his history will provoke endless pious tears, his sufferings will subdue the stoutest hearts; all ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, no one has been born who is greater than Jesus.

XXIV.

THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA.

However closely the veil of Mâyâ may envelope the mind of the bad man, *i.e.*, however firmly he may be involved in the *principium individuationis*, according to which he regards "his person as absolutely different and separated by a wide gulf from all others, a knowledge to which he clings with all his might, as it alone suits and supports his egoism, so that knowledge is almost always corrupted by will, yet there arises in the inmost depths of his consciousness the secret presentiment that such an order of things is only phenomenal, and that their real constitution is quite different. He has a dim foreboding that, however much time and space may separate him from other individuals and the innumerable miseries which they suffer, and even suffer through him, and may represent them as quite foreign to him, yet in themselves, and apart from the idea and its forms, it is the one will to live appearing in them all, which here failing to recognize itself, turns its weapons against itself, and by seeking increased happiness in one of its phenomena, imposes the greatest suffering upon another. He dimly sees that he, the bad man, is himself this whole will; that consequently he is not only the inflicter of pain but also the endurer of it, from whose suffering he is only separated and exempted by an illusive dream, the form of which is space and time, which, however, vanishes away; that he must in reality pay for the pleasure with the pain, and that all suffering which he only knows as possible really concerns him as the will to live, inasmuch as the possible and actual, the near and the distant in time and space, are only different for the knowledge of the individual, only by means of the *principium individuationis*, not in themselves. This is the truth which mythically, *i.e.*, adapted to the principle of sufficient reason, and so translated into the form of the phenomenal, is expressed in the transmigration of souls. Yet it has its purest expression, free from all foreign admixture, in that obscurely felt yet insoluble misery called remorse. But this

springs also from a second immediate knowledge, which is closely bound to the first—the knowledge of the strength with which the will to live asserts itself in the wicked individual, which extends far beyond his own individual phenomenon, to the absolute denial of the same will appearing in other individuals. Consequently the inward horror of the wicked man at his own deed, which he himself tries to conceal, contains, besides that presentiment of the nothingness, the mere illusiveness of the *principium individuationis*, and of the distinction established by it between him and others; also the knowledge of the vehemence of his own will, the intensity with which he has seized upon life and attached himself closely to it, even that life whose terrible side he sees before him in the misery of those who are oppressed by him, and with which he is yet so firmly united, that just on this account the greatest atrocity proceeds from him himself, as a means for the fuller assertion of his own will. He recognises himself as the concentrated manifestation of the will to live, feels to what degree he is given up to life, and with it also to innumerable sufferings which are essential to it, for it has infinite time and infinite space to abolish the distinction between the possible and the actual, and to change all the sufferings which as yet are merely *known* to him into sufferings he has *experienced*.

The millions of years of constant rebirth certainly exist, like the whole past and future, only in conception; occupied time, the form of the phenomenon of the will, is only the present, and for the individual time is ever new: it seems to him always as if he had newly come into being. For life is inseparable from the will to live, and the only form of life is the present. Death (the repetition of the comparison must be excused) is like the setting of the sun, which is only apparently swallowed up by the night, but in reality, itself the source of all light, burns without intermission, brings new days to new worlds, is always rising and always setting. Beginning and end only concern the individual through time, the form of the phenomenon for the idea.

Outside time lies only the will, Kant's thing-in-itself, and its adequate objectification, the Idea of Plato. Therefore suicide affords no escape; what every one in his inmost consciousness *wills*, that must he *be*; and what every one *is*, that he *wills*. Thus, besides the merely felt knowledge of the illusiveness and nothingness of the forms of the idea which separate individuals, it is the self-knowledge of one's own will and its degree that gives the sting to conscience. The course of life draws the image of the empirical character, whose original is the intelligible character,

and horrifies the wicked man by this image. He is horrified all the same whether the image is depicted in large characters so that the world shares his horror, or in such small ones that he alone sees it, for it only concerns him directly. The past would be a matter of indifference, and could not pain the conscience if the character did not feel itself free from all time and unalterable by it, so long as it does not deny itself. Therefore things which are long past still weigh on the conscience. The prayer, "Lead me not into temptation," means, "Let me not see what manner of person I am." In the might with which the bad man asserts life, and which exhibits itself to him in the sufferings which he inflicts on others, he measures how far he is from the surrender and denial of that will, the only possible deliverance from the world and its miseries. He sees how far he belongs to it, and how firmly he is bound to it; the *known* suffering of others has no power to move him; he is given up to life and *felt* suffering. It remains hidden whether this will ever break and overcome the vehemence of his will.

This exposition of the significance and inner nature of the *bad*, which as mere feeling, *i. e.*, not as distinct, abstract knowledge, is the content of *remorse*, will gain distinctness and completeness by the similar consideration of the *good* as a quality of human will, and finally of absolute resignation and holiness, which proceeds from it when it has attained its highest grade. For opposites always throw light upon each other, and the day at once reveals both itself and the night, as Spinoza admirably remarks.

XXV.

SIGNIFICANCE OF DENIAL OF THE WILL.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is, moreover, only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated. We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge, content to have reached the

utmost limit of the positive. We have recognised the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will, and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces of Nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished; that constant strain and effort without end and without rest at all the grades of objectivity, in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in gradation; the whole manifestation, of the will; and finally, also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object; all are abolished. No will: no idea, no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing, our nature, is indeed just the will to live, which we ourselves are as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world, in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates; then, instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition, and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never satisfied and never dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when, on the one hand, we have recognised incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and, on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history and, with the stamp of inner truth, by art, we must

banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final good, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge, that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but, conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world, which is so real, with all its suns and milky-ways—is nothing.

XXVI.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

There is only one inborn error, and that is, that we exist in order to be happy. It is inborn in us because it is one with our existence itself, and our whole being is only a paraphrase of it, nay, our body is its monogram. We are nothing more than will to live and the successive satisfaction of all our volitions is what we think in the conception of happiness.

As long as we persist in this inborn error, indeed even become rigidly fixed in it through optimistic dogmas, the world appears to us full of contradictions. For at every step, in great things as in small, we must experience that the world and life are by no means arranged with a view to containing a happy existence. While now by this the thoughtless man only finds himself tormented in reality, in the case of him who thinks there is added to his real pain the theoretical perplexity why a world and a life which exist in order that one may be happy in them answer their end so badly. First of all it finds expression in pious ejaculations, such as; "Ah! why are the tears on earth so many?" etc., etc. But in their train come disquieting doubts about the assumptions of those preconceived optimistic dogmas. One may try if one will to throw the blame of one's individual unhappiness now upon the circumstances, now upon other men, now upon one's own bad luck, or even upon one's own awkwardness, and may know well how all these have worked together to produce it; but this in no way alters the result that one has missed the real end of life, which consists indeed in being happy. The consideration of this is, then, often very depressing, especially if life is already on the wane; hence the countenances of almost all elderly persons wear the expression of that which in English is called disappointment. Besides this, however, hitherto every day of

our life has taught us that joys and pleasures, even if attained, are in themselves delusive, do not perform what they promise, do not satisfy the heart, and finally their possession is at least embittered by the disagreeables that accompany them or spring from them; while, on the contrary, the pains and sorrows prove themselves very real, and often exceed all expectation. Thus certainly everything in life is calculated to recall us from that original error, and to convince us that the end of our existence is not to be happy. Indeed, if we regard it more closely and without prejudice, life rather presents itself as specially intended to be such that we shall not feel ourselves happy in it, for through its whole nature it bears the character of something for which we have no taste, which must be endured by us, and from which we have to return as from an error that our heart may be cured of the passionate desire of enjoyment, nay, of life, and turned away from the world. In this sense, it would be more correct to place the end of life in our woe than in our welfare. For the considerations at the conclusion of the preceding chapter have shown that the more one suffers the sooner one attains to the true end of life, and that the more happily one lives the longer this is delayed. The conclusion of the last letter of Seneca corresponds with this: *bonum tunc habebis tuum, quum intelliges infelicissimos esse felices*; which certainly seems to show the influence of Christianity. The peculiar effect of the tragic drama also ultimately depends upon the fact that it shakes that inborn error by vividly presenting in a great and striking example the vanity of human effort and the nothingness of this whole existence, and thus discloses the profound significance of life; hence it is recognised as the sublimest form of poetry. Whoever now has returned by one or other path from that error which dwells in us *a priori*, that *πρωτονψευδος* of our existence, will soon see all in another light, and will now find the world in harmony with his insight, although not with his wishes. Misfortunes of every kind and magnitude, although they pain him, will no longer surprise him, for he has come to see that it is just pain and trouble that tend towards the true end of life, the turning away of the will from it. This will give him indeed a wonderful composedness in all that may happen, similar to that with which a sick person who undergoes a long and painful cure bears the pain of it as a sign of its efficacy. In the whole of human existence suffering expresses itself clearly enough as its true destiny. Life is deeply sunk in suffering, and cannot escape from it; our entrance into it takes place amid tears, its course is at bottom always tragic, and its end still more so. There is an unmis-

takable appearance of intention in this. As a rule man's destiny passes through his mind in a striking manner, at the very summit of his desires and efforts, and thus his life receives a tragic tendency by virtue of which it is fitted to free him from the passionate desire of which every individual existence is an example, and bring him into such a condition that he parts with life without retaining a single desire for it and its pleasures. Suffering is, in fact, the purifying process through which alone, in most cases, the man is sanctified, *i. e.*, is led back from the path of error of the will to live. In accordance with this, the salutary nature of the cross and of suffering is so often explained in Christian books of edification, and in general the cross, an instrument of suffering, not of doing, is very suitably the symbol of the Christian religion. Nay, even the Preacher, who is still Jewish, but so very philosophical, rightly says: "Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better" (Eccles. vii. 3). Under the name of the *δεύτερος πλους* I have presented suffering as to a certain extent a substitute for virtue and holiness; but here I must make the bold assertion that, taking everything into consideration, we have more to hope for our salvation and deliverance from what we suffer than from what we do. Precisely in this spirit Lamartine very beautifully says in his "*Hymne à la douleur*," apostrophising pain:

*"Tu me traites sans doute en favori des cieux,
Car tu n'épargnes pas les larmes à mes yeux.
Eh bien! je les reçois comme tu les envoies,
Tes maux seront mes biens, et tes soupirs mes joies.
Je sens qu'il est en toi, sans avoir combattu,
Une vertu divine au lieu de ma vertu,
Que tu n'es pas de la mort l'âme, mais sa vie,
Que ton bras, en frappant, guérit et vivifie!*

If, then, suffering itself has such a sanctifying power, this will belong in an even higher degree to death, which is more feared than any suffering. Answering to this, a certain awe, kindred to that which great suffering occasions us, is felt in the presence of every dead person, indeed every case of death presents itself to a certain extent as a kind of apotheosis or canonisation; therefore we cannot look upon the dead body of even the most insignificant man without awe, and indeed, extraordinary as the remark may sound in this place, in the presence of every corpse the watch goes under arms. Dying is certainly to be regarded as the real aim of life: in the moment of death all that is decided for which the whole course of

life was only the preparation and introduction. Death is the result, the *résumé* of life, or the added up sum which expresses at once the instruction which life gave in detail, and bit by bit; this, that the whole striving whose manifestation is life was a vain, idle, and self-contradictory effort, to have returned from which is a deliverance. As the whole, slow vegetation of the plant is related to the fruit, which now at a stroke achieves a hundredfold what the plant achieved gradually and bit by bit, so life, with its obstacles, deluded hopes, frustrated plans, and constant suffering, is related to death, which at one stroke destroys all, all that man has willed, and so crowns the instruction which life gave him. The completed course of life upon which the dying man looks back has an effect upon the whole will that objectifies itself in this perishing individuality, analagous to that which a motive exercises upon the conduct of the man. It gives it a new direction, which accordingly is the moral and essential result of the life. Just because a sudden death makes this retrospect impossible, the Church regards such a death as a misfortune, and prays that it should be averted. Since this retrospect, like the distinct fore-knowledge of death, as conditioned by the reason, is possible only in man, not in the brute, and accordingly man alone really drinks the cup of death, humanity is the only material in which the will can deny itself and entirely turn away from life. To the will that does not deny itself every birth imparts a new and different intellect,—till it has learned the true nature of life, and in consequence of this wills it no more.

XXVII.

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

But though we do not now inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us, as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose, ground in each decade or generation; they never

blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all prevailing opinions outwardly undisturbed, while it does not absolutely interdict the exercise of reason by dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought. A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the general principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it, are either mere conformers to common-place, or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative, do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles, that is, to small practical matters, which would come right of themselves, if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then: while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculations on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

Those in whose eyes this reticence on the part of heretics is no evil, should consider in the first place, that in consequence of it there is never any fair and thorough discussion of heretical opinions; and that such of them as could not stand such a discussion, though they may be prevented from spreading, do not disappear. But it is not the minds of heretics that are deteriorated most, by the ban placed on all enquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed, by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold vigorous independent

train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness, and subtle and refined understanding, who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing. No one can be a great thinker who does not recognise that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think. Not that it is solely, or chiefly, to form great thinkers that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much and even more indispensable, to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There have been, and may again be, great individual thinkers, in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there never has been, nor ever will be, in that atmosphere, an intellectually active people. Where any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended. Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulse given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to something of the dignity of thinking beings. Of such we have had an example in the condition of Europe during the times immediately following the Reformation; another, though limited to the continent and to a more cultivated class in the speculative movement of the latter half of the eighteenth century; and a third, of still briefer duration, in the intellectual fermentation of Germany during the Goethian and Fichtean period. These periods differed widely in the particular opinions which they developed; but were alike in this, that during all three the yoke of authority was broken. In each, an old mental despotism had been thrown off and no new one had yet taken its place. The impulse given at these three periods has made Europe what it now is. Every single improvement which has taken place

either in the human mind or in institutions, may be traced distinctly to one or other of them. Appearances have for some time indicated that all three impulses are well-nigh spent; and we can expect no fresh start, until we again assert our mental freedom.

XXVIII.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O lovely voices of the sky,
 That hymned the Saviour's birth!
 Are ye not singing, still on high,
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
 O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light! whose beams
 That hour heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head;
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining light!

O star! which led to Him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free;
 Where art thou?—'Midst the hosts above
 May we still gaze on thee?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim—
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to Him!

XXIX.

INVOCATION.

Answer me, burning stars of night!
 Where is the spirit gone,

That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?—
And the stars answered me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die!"

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if *thou* its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?—
And the wind murmured in reply,
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer, have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered--"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in the heart
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds and stars their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust to Heaven!"

XXX.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care;
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer:—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumns huc shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season - *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth - and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

XXXI.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath no leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea --
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

XXXII.

PROGRESS.

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still,
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
 Will ripens into deed;
 As cave-drops swell the streams,
 Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
 And sorrow tracketh wrong
 As echo follows song,
 On, on, for ever!

By night like stars on high
 The hours reveal their train;
 They whisper and go by;
 I never watch in vain:
 Moves one, move all:
 Hark to the footfall!
 On, on, for ever!

They pass the cradle-head
 And there a promise shed;
 They pass the moist new grave
 And bid rank verdure wave;
 They bear through every clime
 The harvests of all time,
 On, on, for ever!

XXXIII.

HUMAN LIFE'S MYSTERY.

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
 We build the house where we may rest,
 And then, at moments, suddenly
 We look up to the great wide sky,
 Inquiring wherefore we were born,
 For earnest or for jest?

The senses folding thick and dark
 About the stifled soul within,
 We guess diviner things beyond,
 And yearn to them with yearning fond;
 We strike out blindly to a mark
 Believed in, but not seen.

We vibrate to the pant and thrill
 Wherewith Eternity has curled
 In serpent-twine about God's seat:
 While, freshening upward to His feet,
 In gradual growth His full-leaved will
 Expands from world to world.

And, in the tumult and excess
 Of act and passion under sun,
 We sometimes hear—oh soft and far,
 As silver star did touch with star,
 The Kiss of Peace and Righteousness
 Through all things that are done.

God keeps His holy mysteries
 Just on the outside of man's dream;
 In diapason slow, we think
 To hear their pinions rise and sink,
 While they float pure beneath His eyes,
 Like swans adown a stream.

Abstractions, are they, from the forms
 Of His great beauty? exaltations
 From His great glory? strong previsions
 Of what we shall be? intuitions
 Of what we are—in calms and storms
 Beyond our peace and passions?

Things nameless! which, in passing so,
 Do stroke us with a subtle grace;
 We say, 'Who passes?'—they are dumb;
 We cannot see them go or come,
 Their touches fall soft, cold, as snow
 Upon a blind man's face.

Yet, touching so they draw above
 Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown,
 Our daily joy and pain advance
 To a divine significance,
 Our human love—O mortal love,
 That light is not its own!

And sometimes horror chills our blood
To be so near such mystic things,
And we wrap round us for defence
Our purple manners, moods of sense —
As angels from the face of God
Stand hidden in their wings.

And sometimes through life's heavy swound
We grope for them, with strangled breath
We stretch our hands abroad and try
To reach them in our agony;
And widen, so, the broad life-wound
Soon large enough for death.

XXXIV.

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved, sleep,

'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep.

His dew's drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His belovèd, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall!
'He giveth His belovèd, sleep.'

XXXV.

RIGHT WORK THE MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT.

And then calm, equal, smooth with weights of joy,
 His voice rose, as some chief musician's song
 Amid the old Jewish temple's *Sclah-pause*,
 And bade me mark how we two met at last
 Upon this moon-bathed promontory of earth,
 To give up much on each side, then take all.
 'Beloved,' it sang, 'we must be here to work;
 And men who work can only work for men.
 And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
 Humanity and so work humanly,
 And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
 As God did first.'

'But stand upon the earth,'

I said, 'to raise them, (this is human too,
 'There's nothing high which has not first been low.
 My humbleness, said One, has made me great!)
 As God did last.'

'And work all silently

And simply,' he returned, 'as God 'does all;
 Distort our nature never for our work,
 Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs,
 The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
 Works best for men,—as God in Nazareth.'

He paused upon the word, and then resumed:
 'Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience.
 Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold.
 Less mapping out of masses to be saved,
 By nations or by sexes. Fourier's void,
 And Comte absurd,—and Cabet, puerile.
 Subsist no rules of life outside of life,
 No perfect manners, without Christian souls:
 The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver
 Unless He had given the life, too, with the law.'

I echoed thoughtfully—‘The man, most man,
Works best for men, and, if most man indeed,
He gets his manhood plainest from his soul:
While obviously this stringent soul itself
Obeys the old law of development,
The spirit ever witnessing in ours,
And Love, the soul of soul, within the soul,
Evolving it sublimely. First, God’s love.’

‘And next,’ he smiled, ‘the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery’s counterpart.
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life,
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to: human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calix holds the multitude of leaves,
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbour-loves
And civic—all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart!’
‘Alas,’ I cried, ‘it was not long ago,
You swore this very social rose smelt ill.’

‘Alas,’ he answered, ‘is it a rose at all?
The filial’s thankless, the fraternal’s hard,
The rest is lost. I do but stand and think,
Across the waters of a troubled life
This Flower of Heaven so vainly overhangs,
What perfect counterpart would be in sight
If tanks were clearer. Let us clean the tubes,
And wait for rains. O poet, O my love,
Since I was too ambitious in my deed
And thought to distance all men in success,
(Till God came on me, marked the place and said,
Ill-doer, henceforth keep within this line,
Attempting less than others,—and I stand
And work among Christ’s little ones, content),
Come thou, my compensation, my dear sight,
My morning-star, my morning,—rise and shine,
And touch my hills with radiance not their own.
Shine out for two, Aurora, and fulfil
My falling-short that must be: work for two,
As I, though thus restrained, for two, shall love!
Gaze on, with inscient vision toward the sun,

And, from his visceral heat, pluck out the roots
Of light beyond him. Art's a service,—mark:
A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied, night and day
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards,
To open, so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still through these to those,
And bless thy ministration. The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.
Now press the clarion on thy woman's lip,
(Love's holy kiss shall still keep consecrate)
And breathe thy fine keen breath along the brass,
And blow all class-walls level as Jericho's
Past Jordan,—crying from the top of souls,
To souls, that, here assembled on earth's flats,
They get them to some purer eminence
Than any hitherto beheld for clouds:
What height we know not,—but the way we know,
And how by mounting ever, we attain,
And so climb on. It is the hour for souls,
That bodies, leavened by the will and love,
Be lightened to redemption. The world's old,
But the old world waits the time to be renewed,
Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken, and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men;
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new economics, new laws
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood: He shall make all new.'

XXXVI.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

So had it lasted, concludes the Wanderer, so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Death-song, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in battle's splendour), and through that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured. Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-day, after such perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then it was that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No has said: Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);' to which my whole Me now made answer: *I am not thine, but Free, and for ever hate thee!*

"It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual Newbirth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly therefore began to be a man.

XXXVII.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

To me, in this our life, says the Professor, which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gaugest to the bottom, it is simply this: Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee rather.—Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a "feast of shells," for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one Appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had enough for thee!—If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, "to a certain extent, applied Christianity," surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely, the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by

Action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*" which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

• May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your "America is here or nowhere"? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a Kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine Moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Even to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

XXXVIII.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our *MÆ*; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself, will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body, and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunterlike climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. 'But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"

XXXIX.

THE HERO AS PROPHET.

Ah no: this deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes and open social deep soul, had other thoughts in him than ambition. A silent great soul; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. The great Mystery of Existence, as I said, glared in upon him, with its terrors, with its splendours; no hearsays could hide that unspeakable fact, "Here am I!" Such *sincerity*, as we named it, has in very truth something of divine. The word of such a man is a Voice direct from Nature's own Heart. Men do and must listen to that as to nothing else,—all else is wind in comparison. From of old, a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wandering, has been in this man: What am I? What *is* this unfathomable Thing I believe in, which men name Universe? What is Life; what is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern sandy solitudes answered not. The great Heaven rolling silent overhead, with its blue-glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer!

It is the thing which all men have to ask themselves; which we too have to ask, and answer. This wild man felt it to be of *infinite* moment; all other things of no moment whatever in comparison. The jargon of argumentative Greek sects, vague traditions of Jews, the stupid routine of Arab idolatry: there was no answer in these. A Hero, as I repeat, has this first distinction, which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole Heroism, That he looks through the shows of things into *things*. Use and wont, respectable hearsay, respectable formula: all these are good, or are not good. There is something behind and beyond all these, which all these must correspond with, be the image of, or they are—*Idolatries*; 'bits of black wood pretending to be God;' to the earnest soul a mockery and abomination. Idolatries never so gilded, waited on by heads of the Korcish, will do nothing for this man. Though all men walk by them, what good is it? The great Reality stands glaring there upon *him*. He there has to answer it, or perish miserably. Now, even now, or else through all Eternity never! Answer it; *thou* must find an answer.

XL.

THE PROBLEM.

I like a church; I like a cowl;
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles;
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 Ilis awful Jove young Phidias brought;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe:
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting the morn each annual cell?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone,
 And Morning opes with haste her lids

To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,--
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
To younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

XI.I.

THE CELESTIAL LOVE.

But God said,
 "I will have a purer gift;
 There is smoke in the flame;
 New flowerets bring, new prayers uplift,
 And love without a name.
 Fond children, ye desire
 To please each other well;
 Another round, a higher,
 Ye shall climb on the heavenly stair,
 And selfish preference forbear;
 And in right deserving,
 And without a swerving
 Each from your proper state,
 Weave roses for your mate.

"Deep, deep are loving eyes,
 Flowed with naphtha fiery sweet;
 And the point is paradise,
 Where their glances meet: .
 Their reach shall yet be more profound,
 And a vision without bound:
 The axis of those eyes sun-clear
 Be the axis of the sphere:
 So shall the lights ye pour amain
 Go, without check or intervals,
 Through from the empyrean walls
 Unto the same again."

Higher far,
 Upward into the pure realm,
 Over sun and star,
 Over the flickering Dæmon film,
 Thou must mount for love;
 Into vision where all form
 In one only form dissolves;
 In a region where the wheel
 On which all beings ride
 Visibly revolves;

Where the starred, eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term;
Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.

There Past, Present, Future, shoot
Triple blossoms from one root;
Substances at base divided,
In their summits are united;
There the holy essence rolls,
One through separated souls;
And the sunny Æon sleeps
Folding Nature in its deeps,
And every fair and every good,
Known in part, or known impure,
To men below,
In their archetypes endure.
The race of gods,
Or those we erring own,
Are shadows flitting up and down
In the still abodes.
The circles of that sea are laws
Which publish and which hide the cause.

Pray for a beam
Out of that sphere,
Thee to guide and to redeem.
Oh, what a load
Of care and toil,
By lying use bestowed,
From his shoulders falls who sees
The true astronomy,
The period of peace.
Counsel which the ages kept
Shall the well-born soul accept.
As the overhanging trees
Fill the lake with images,—
As garment draws the garment's hem,
Men their fortunes bring with them.
By right or wrong,

Lands and goods go to the strong.
Property will brutally draw
Still to the proprietor;
Silver to silver creep and wind,
And kind to kind.

Nor less the eternal poles
Of tendency distribute souls.
There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek, but find.
They give and take no pledge or oath,—
Nature is the bond of both:
No prayer persuades, no flattery fawns,—
Their noble meanings are their pawns.
Plain and cold is their address,
Power have they for tenderness;
And, so thoroughly is known
Each other's counsel by his own,
They can parley without meeting;
Need is none of forms of greeting;
They can well communicate
In their innermost estate;
When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed.
Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves
Do these celebrate their loves:
Not by jewels, feasts and savors,
Not by ribbons or by favors,
But by the sun-spark on the sea,
And the cloud-shadow on the lea,
The soothing lapse of morn to mirk,
And the cheerful round of work.
Their cords of love so public are,
They intertwine the farthest star:
The throbbing sea, the quaking earth,
Yield sympathy and signs of mirth;
Is none so high, so mean is none,
But feels and seals this union;
Even the fell Furies are appeased,
The good applaud, the lost are eased.

Love's hearts are faithful, but not fond,

Bound for the just, but not beyond;
 Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
 Of self in other still preferred,
 But they have heartily designed
 The benefit of broad mankind.
 And they serve men austere-ly,
 After their own genius, clearly,
 Without a false humility;
 For this is Love's nobility,—
 Not to scatter bread and gold,
 Goods and raiment bought and sold;
 But to hold fast his simple sense,
 And speak the speech of innocence,
 And with hand and body and blood,
 To make his bosom-counsel good.
 For he that feeds men serveth few;
 He serves all who dares be true.

XLI

ORIGINAL RELIGION.

And now, my brothers, you will ask, what in these desponding days can be done by us? The remedy is already declared in the ground of our complaint of the Church. We have contrasted the Church with the soul. If the soul then let the redemption be sought.

Wherever a man comes, there comes revolution. The old is for slaves. When a man comes, all books are legible, all things transparent, all religions are forms. He is religious. Man is the wonder-worker. He is seen amid miracles. All men bless and curse. He saith yea, and nay, only. The stationariness of religion; the assumption that the age of inspiration is past, that the Bible is closed; the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man;—indicate with sufficient clearness the falsehood of our theology. It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity,—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man,—is lost. None believeth in the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed. Ah me! no man goeth alone. All men go in flocks to this saint or that poet, avoiding the God who seeth in secret. They cannot see in secret; they love to be blind in public. They think society wiser than their soul, and know not that one soul, and their

soul, is wiser than the whole world. See how nations and races flit by on the sea of time and leave no ripple to tell where they floated or sunk, and one good soul shall make the name of Moses, or of Zeno, or of Zoroaster, reverend for ever. None assayeth the stern ambition to be the Self of the nation, and of nature, but each would be an easy secondary to some Christian scheme, or sectarian connection, or some eminent man. Once leave your own knowledge of God, your own sentiment, and take secondary knowledge, as St. Paul's, or George Fox's, or Swedenborg's, and you get wide from God with every year this secondary form lasts, and if, as now, for centuries,—the chasm yawns to that breadth, that men can scarcely be convinced there is in them anything divine. I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty, which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shewn in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher, that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy.

XLIII.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF ETHICS.

Worship is the regard for what is above us. Men are respectable only as they respect. We delight in children because of that religious eye which belongs to them; because of their reverence for their seniors, and for their objects of belief. The poor Irish labourer one sees with respect, because he believes in something, in his church, and in his employers.

Superstitious persons we see with respect, because their whole existence is not bounded by their hats and their shoes, but they walk attended by pictures of the imagination, to which they pay homage. You cannot impoverish a man by taking away these objects above him without ruin. It is very sad to see men who think their goodness made of themselves; it is very grateful to see those who hold an opinion the reverse of this.

All ages of belief have been great; all of unbelief have been mean. The Orientals believe in Fate. That which shall befall them is written on the iron leaf; they will not turn on their heel to avoid famine, plague, or the sword of the enemy. That is great, and gives a great air to the people. We in America are charged with a great deficiency in worship; that reverence does not belong to our character; that our institutions, our politics, and our trade, have fostered a self-reliance which is small, liliputian, full of fuss and bustle; we look at and will bear nothing above us in the state, and do exceedingly applaud and admire ourselves, and believe in our senses and understandings, while our imagination and our moral sentiment are desolated. In religion too we want objects above; we are fast losing or have already lost our old reverence; new views of inspiration, of miracles, of the saints, have supplanted the old opinions, and it is vain to bring them again. Revolutions never go backward, and in all churches a certain decay of ancient piety is lamented, and all threatens to lapse into apathy and indifferentism. It becomes us to consider whether we cannot have a real faith and real objects in lieu of these false ones. The human mind, when it is trusted, is never false to itself. If there be sincerity and good meaning--if there be really in us the wish to seek for our superiors, for that which is lawfully above us, we shall not long look in vain.

Meantime there is great centrality, a centripetence equal to the centrifugence. The mystic or theist is never scared by any startling materialism. He knows the laws of gravitation and of repulsion are deaf to French talkers, be they never so witty. If theology shows that opinions are fast changing, it is not so with the convictions of men with regard to conduct. These remain. The most daring heroism, the most accomplished culture, or rapt holiness, never exhausted the claim of these lowly duties,--never penetrated to their origin, or was able to look behind their source. We cannot disenchant, we cannot impoverish ourselves, by obedience; but by humility we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.

We are thrown back on rectitude for ever and ever, only rectitude,--to mend one; that is all we can do. But *that* the zealot stigmatizes as a sterile chimney-corner philosophy. Now the first position I make is that natural religion supplies still all the facts which are disguised under the dogma of popular creeds. The progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals.

How is the new generation to be edified? How should it not? The life of those once omnipotent traditions was really not in the

legend, but in the moral sentiment and the metaphysical fact which the legend enclosed—and these survive. A new Socrates, or Zeno, or Swedenborg, or Pascal, or a new crop of geniuses like those of the Elizabethan age, may be born in this age, and with happy heart and a bias for theism, bring asceticism, duty, and magnanimity into vogue again.

It is true that Stoicism, always attractive to the intellectual and cultivated, has now no temples, no academy, no commanding Zeno, or Antoninus. It accuses us that it has none; that pure ethics is not now formulated and concreted into a *cultus*, a fraternity with assemblings and holy-days, with song and book, with brick and stone. Why have not those who believe in it and love it left all for this, and dedicated themselves to write out its scientific scriptures to become its Vulgate for millions? I answer for one that the inspirations we catch of this law are not continuous and technical, but joyful sparkles, and are recorded for their beauty, for the delight they give, not for their obligation; and that is their priceless good to men, that they charm and uplift, not that they are imposed. It has not yet its first hymn. But, that every line and word may be coals of true fire, ages must roll, ere these casual wide-falling cinders can be gathered into broad and steady altar-flame.

XLIV.

SONG AT SUNSET.

Splendor of ended day, floating and filling me!
Hour prophetic—hour resuming the past!
Inflating my throat—you, divine average!
You, Earth and Life, till the last ray gleams, I sing.

Open mouth of my Soul, uttering gladness,
Eyes of my Soul, seeing perfection,
Natural life of me, faithfully praising things;
Corroborating for ever the triumph of things.

Illustrious every one!

[illegible]

Illustrious whatever I see, or hear, or touch, to the last.

Good in all,
In the satisfaction and aplomb of animals,
In the annual return of the seasons,
In the hilarity of youth,
In the strength and flush of manhood,
In the grandeur and exquisiteness of old age,
In the superb vistas of Death.

Wonderful to depart;
Wonderful to be here!
The heart, to jet the all-alike and innocent blood,
To breathe the air, how delicious!
To speak! to walk! to seize something by the hand!
To prepare for sleep, for bed - to look on my rose-colour'd flesh.
To be conscious of my body, so happy, so large,
To be this incredible God I am,
To have gone forth among other Gods- those men and women I love.

Wonderful how I celebrate you and myself!
How my thoughts play subtly at the spectacles around!

How the clouds pass silently overhead!
 How the earth darts on and on! and how the sun, moon, stars
 [dart on and on!
 How the water sports[•] and sings! (Surely it is alive!)
 How the trees rise and stand up—with strong trunks—with
 [branches and leaves!
 (Surely there is something more in each of the trees—some living Soul.)

O amazement of things! even the least particle!
O spirituality of things!
O strain musical, flowing through ages and continents—now reaching
|me and America!
I take your strong chords—I intersperse them, and cheerfully
|pass them forward.

I too carol the sun, usher'd, or at noon, or, as now, setting,
I too throb to the brain and beauty of the earth, and of all the
[growth of the earth,
I too have felt the resistless call of myself.

As I sail'd down the Mississippi,
As I wander'd over the prairies,
As I have lived—As I have look'd through my windows, my eyes,
As I went forth in the morning—As I beheld the light breaking
[in the east;
As I bathed on the beach of the Eastern Sea, and again on the
[beach of the Western Sea;
As I roam'd the streets of inland Chicago—whatever streets I have
[roam'd;
Wherever I have been, I have charged myself with contentment
[and triumph.

I sing the Equalities;
I sing the endless finalés of things;
I say Nature continues--Glory continues;
I praise with electric voice;
For I do not see one imperfection in the universe;
And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at last in the universe.

O setting sun! though the time has come,
I still warble under you, unmitigated adoration.

XLV.

HYMN TO DEATH.

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love—But praise! O praise and praise,
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, encompassing Death—strong Deliveress!
 When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings
 [for thee;
 And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky are fitting,
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice I know;
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
 Over the rising and sinking waves—over the myriad fields, and the
 [prairies wide;
 Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

XLVI.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But, O blithe breeze; and, O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there!

XLVII.

THE NEW SINAI.

I.o, here is God and there is God!
 Believe it not, O Man;
 In such vain sort to this and that
 The ancient heathen ran:
 Though old Religion shake her head,
 And say in bitter grief,
 The day behold, at first foretold,
 Of atheist unbelief:
 Take better part, with manly heart,
 Thine adult spirit can;
 Receive it not, believe it not,
 Believe it not, O Man!

As men at dead of night awaked
 With cries, 'The king is here,'
 Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,
 Whoe'er shall first appear;
 And still repeat, to all the street,

'Tis he,—the king is here;
 The long procession moveth on,
 Each nobler form they see,
 With changeful suit they still salute
 And cry, 'Tis he, 'tis he!'

So, even so, when men were young,
 And earth and heaven were new,
 And His immediate presence He
 From human hearts withdrew,
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed
 With sensuous False and True,
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
 And fain would see Him too:
 'He is!' the prophet-tongues proclaimed;
 In joy and hasty fear,
 'He is!' aloud replied the crowd,
 'Is here, and here, and here.'

'He is! They are!' in distance seen
 On yon Olympus high,
 In those Avernian woods abide,
 And walk this azure sky:
 'They are! They are!' to every show
 Its eyes the baby turned,
 And blazing sacrificial, tall,
 On thousand altars burned:
 'They are! They are!'—On Sinai's top
 Far seen the lightnings shone,
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
 And God said, 'I am One.'

God spake it out, 'I, God, am One;'
 The unheeding ages ran,
 And baby-thoughts again, again,
 Have dogged the growing man:
 And as of old from Sinai's top
 God said that God is One,
 By Science strict so speaks He now
 To tell us, There is None!
 Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's
 A Mécanique Céleste!

And heart and mind of human kind
A watch-work as the rest!

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
Whose speaking told abroad,
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
The ancient truth of God?
Ah, not the Voice; 'tis but the cloud,
The other darkness dense,
Where image none, nor e'er was seen
Similitude of sense.
'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
That wrapt the Mount around;
While in amaze the people stays,
To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while
To dare, sublimely meek
Within the shroud of blackest cloud
The Deity to seek?
'Midst atheistic systems dark,
And darker hearts' despair,
That soul has heard perchance His word,
And on the dusky air,
His skirts, as passed He by, to see
Hath strained on their behalf,
Who on the plain, with dance amain,
Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense;
Though blank the tale it tells,
No God, no Truth! yet He, in sooth,
Is there—within it dwells;
Within the sceptic darkness deep
He dwells that none may see,
Till idol forms and idol thoughts.
Have passed and ceased to be:
No God, no Truth! ah, though in sooth
So stand the doctrine's half:
On Egypt's track return not back,
Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
 Thine adult spirit can;
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er—
 Believe it ne'er.—O Man!
 But turn not then to seek again
 What first the ill began;
 No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith
 God's self-completing plan;
 Receive it not, but leave it not,
 And wait it out, O Man!

'Tis Man that went the cloud within
 Is gone and vanished quite;
 'He cometh not,' the people cries,
 * 'Nor bringeth God to sight:
 Lo these thy gods, that safely give,
 Adore and keep the feast!'
 Deluding and deluded cries
 The Prophet's brother-Priest:
 And Israel all bows down to fall
 Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed! that priestly creed,
 O Man, reject as sin;
 The clouded hill attend thou still,
 And him that went within.
 He yet shall bring some worthy thing
 For waiting souls to see:
 Some sacred word that he hath heard
 Their light and life shall be;
 Some lofty part, than which the heart
 Adopt no nobler can,
 Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
 And thou shalt do, O Man!

XLVIII.

'THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.'

What we, when face to face we see
 The Father of our souls, shall be,
 John tells us, doth not yet appear;
 Ah! did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
 A heart for loves to travel through;
 Five senses to detect things near,
 Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,
 Wise men are bad—and good are fools,
 Face evil—wishes vain appear,
 We cannot go, why are we here?

O may we for assurance' sake,
 Some arbitrary judgment take,
 And wilfully pronounce it clear,
 For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,
 To pace the sad confusion through,
 And say:—It doth not yet appear,
 What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah, yet, when all is thought and said,
 The heart still overrules the head;
 Still what we hope we must believe,
 And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope
 That in a world of larger scope,
 What here is faithfully begun
 Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
 That ampler life together see,
 Some true result will yet appear
 Of what we are, together, here.

XLIX.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE!

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought,
 So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy hope and belief.
 Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them;
 Hast thou courage? enough, see them exulting to yield.

Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furling waters
 (Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to destroy),
 All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,
 All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come and subdue;
 Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy of being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego), dare to resist and rebel;
 Still, when resisting and raging, in soft undervoice say unto him,
 Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.
 Go from east to west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
 Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hearing, the having,
 But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.
 Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
 With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.
 Go; say not in thy heart, And what then were it accomplished,
 Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or the good!
 Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,
 What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee then.
 Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
 Say to thyself: It is good: yet is there better than it.
 This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
 Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

I.

"WHERE LIES THE LAND?"

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen 'know.
 And where the [land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

I. I.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

Thus He dwells in all,
 From life's minute beginnings, up at last
 To man—the consummation of this scheme
 Of being, the completion of this sphere
 Of life: whose attributes had here and there
 Been scattered o'er the visible world before,
 Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant
 To be united in some wondrous whole,
 Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
 Suggesting some one creature yet to make,
 Some point where all those scattered rays should meet
 Convergent in the faculties of man.
 Power—neither put forth blindly, nor controlled
 Calmly by perfect knowledge; to be used
 At risk, inspired or checked by hope and fear:
 Knowledge—not intuition, but the slow
 Uncertain fruit of an enhancing toil,
 Strengthened by love: love—not serenely pure,
 But strong from weakness, like a chance-sown plant
 Which, cast on stubborn soil, puts forth changed buds
 And softer stains, unknown in happier climes;
 Love which endures and doubts and is oppressed
 And cherished, suffering much and much sustained,
 And blind, oft-failing, yet believing love,
 A half-enlightened, often-chequered trust:—
 Hints and previsions of which faculties,
 Are strewn confusedly everywhere about
 The inferior natures, and all lead up higher,
 All shape out dimly the superior race,
 The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,
 And man appears at last. So far the seal
 Is put on life; one stage of being complete,
 One scheme wound up: and from the grand result

A supplementary reflux of light
 Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
 Each back step in the circle. Not alone
 For their possessor dawn those qualities,
 But the new glory mixes with the heaven
 And earth; man, once descried, imprints for ever
 His presence on all lifeless things: the winds
 Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,
 A querulous mutter or a quick gay laugh,
 Never a senseless gust now man is born.
 The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,
 A secret they assemble to discuss
 When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare
 Like grates of hell: the peerless cup afloat
 Of the lake-lily is an urn, some nymph
 Swims bearing high above her head: no bird
 Whistles unseen, but through the gaps above
 That let light in upon the gloomy woods,
 A shape peeps from the breezy forest-top,
 Arch with small puckered mouth and mocking eye.
 The morn has enterprise, deep quiet droops
 With evening, triumph takes the sunset hour,
 Voluptuous transport ripens with the corn
 Beneath a warm moon like a happy face:
 ---And this to fill us with regard for man.
 With apprehension of his passing worth,
 Desire to work his proper nature out,
 And ascertain his rank and final place,
 For these things tend still upward, progress is
 The law of life, man is not man as yet.
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness, here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
 Is out at once to the despair of night,
 When all mankind alike is perfected,
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
 I say, begins man's general infancy.
 For wherefore make account of feverish starts
 Of restless members of a dormant whole,
 Impatient nerves which quiver while the body

Slumbers as in a grave? Oh long ago
The brow was twitched, the tremulous lids astir,
The peaceful mouth disturbed; half-uttered speech
Ruffled the lip, and then the teeth were set,
The breath drawn sharp, the strong right hand clenched stronger,
As it would pluck a lion by the jaw;
The glorious creature laughed out even in sleep!
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up and stand on his own earth,
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,
Thence shall his being date,—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him.
When all the race is perfected alike
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round
Who should be saved by them and joined with them.
Such was my task, and I was born to it—
Free, as I said but now, from much that chains
Spirits, high-dowered but limited and vexed
By a divided and delusive aim,
A shadow mocking a reality
Whose truth avails not wholly to disperse
The flitting mimic called up by itself,
And so remains perplexed and nigh put out
By its fantastic fellows wavering gleam.
I, from the first, was never cheated thus;
I never fashioned out a fancied good

Distinct from man's; a service to be done,
 A glory to be ministered unto
 With powers put forth at man's expense, withdrawn
 From labouring in his behalf; a strength
 Denied that might avail him. I cared not
 Lest his success ran counter to success
 Elsewhere: for God is glorified in man,
 And to man's glory vowed I soul and limb.
 Yet, constituted thus, and thus endowed,
 I failed: I gazed on power till I grew blind.
 Power; I could not take my eyes from that:
 That only, I thought, should be preserved, increased
 At any risk, displayed, struck out at once—
 The sign and note and character of man.
 I saw no use in the past: only a scene
 Of degradation, ugliness and tears,
 The record of disgraces best forgotten,
 A sullen page in human chronicles
 Fit to erase. I saw no cause why man
 Should not stand all-sufficient even now,
 Or why his annals should be forced to tell
 That once the tide of light, about to break
 Upon the world, was sealed within its spring:
 I would have had one day, one moment's space,
 Change man's condition, push each slumbering claim
 Of mastery o'er the elemental world
 At once to full maturity, then roll
 Oblivion o'er the work, and hide from man
 What night had ushered morn. Not so, dear child
 Of after-days, wilt thou reject the past
 Big with deep warnings of the proper tenure
 By which thou hast the earth: for thee the present
 Shall have distinct and trembling beauty, seen
 Beside that past's own shade when, in relief,
 Its brightness shall stand out: nor yet on thee
 Shall burst the future, as successive zones
 Of several wonder open on some spirit
 Flying secure and glad from heaven to heaven:
 But thou shalt painfully attain to joy,
 While hope and fear and love shall keep thee man.

LII. •

THE MUSICIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—
 Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

2.

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
 Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
 Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
 And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
 Then up again swim into sight, having 'based me my palace well,']
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

3.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
 Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
 Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
 For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
 When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
 Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
 Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

4.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
 Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
 And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
 As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

5.

Nay, more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presentes plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

6.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

7.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And, there! ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

8.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.

Never to be again! But many more of the kind,
 As good, nay, better perchance; is this your comfort to me?
 To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
 To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.

9.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
 Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
 There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

10.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
 Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

11.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
 For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
 Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
 But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
 The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

LIII.

POTTER AND CLAY.

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant,
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Scul things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with
[earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily, mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

So, take and use Thy work :
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

LIV.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move ;
 The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
 The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse,
 And human things returning on themselves
 Move onward; leading up the golden year.
 Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
 Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
 Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
 Haveebb and flow conditioning their march,
 And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
 When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
 But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man
 Thro' all the season of the golden year.
 'Shall eagles not be eagles? Wrens be wrens?'
 If all the world were falcons, what of that?
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year.
 Fly, happy sails and bear the Press;
 Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
 Knit land to land, and blowing haven-ward
 With silks and fruits, and spices clear of toll.
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.
 But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year?"
 Thus far he flow'd, and ended; whereupon
 "Ah folly!" in mimic cadence answer'd James—
 "Ah folly! for it lies so far away,
 Not in our time, nor in our children's time,
 'Tis like the second world to us that live;
 'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven
 As on this vision of the golden year."
 With that he struck his staff against the rocks

And broke it, —James—you know him,—old, but full
 Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,
 And like an oaken stock in winter woods,
 O'er flourish'd with the hoary clematis;
 Then added, all in heat:

“What stuff is this!

Old writers, push'd the happy season back,—
 The more fools they,—we forward: dreamers both: .
 You most, that in an age, when every hour
 Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
 Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
 Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge
 His hand into the bag: but well I know
 That unto him who works, and feels he works,
 This same grand year is ever at the doors.”

I. V.

STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE. ' .

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest Life in man and brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why;
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
 What seem'd my worth since I began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

L. VI.

CONCRETE FAITH.

O Thou that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
 A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

L.VII.

DEVOUT OPTIMISM.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

L VIII.

THE SOUL'S CONTROVERSY WITH NATURE.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

* * * * *

"So careful of the type?" but no,
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And love Creation's final law---
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tare each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LIX.

PROFOUNDER FAITH THE ISSUE OF COURAGEOUS TRUTH SEEKING.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out.
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

L X.

RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die,

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

NOTES.

RELIGION OF EGYPT.

I.

I have selected this passage as a characteristic specimen of the famous *Book of the Dead*. It is from the 125th Chapter, which Mr. RENOUF¹ says "certainly contains the oldest known code of private and public morality." Mr. R. S. POOLE, in his article on Egypt in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, after referring to the efforts of various scholars to decipher and render intelligible the *Book of the Dead*, writes "it must remain a marvel of confusion and poverty of thought." I certainly have been disappointed in my hopes of finding in it valuable material for the purposes of this Anthology. But, perhaps the estimate formed by Mr. POOLE and others may be due to the circumstance that Egyptologists have not so far had the means in their power of doing justice to the work. The only English translation² we possess is that by the late Dr. SAMUEL BIRCH. On perusing this translation I found it too incomplete for reproduction, and judged it best to anglicize the French of M. PAUL PIERRET,³ the only other translator who has yet had the courage to undertake a modern version, and who has had the advantage of coming fifteen years after the English scholar.

M. PIERRET in his Preface asks "Une traduction irréprochable et définitive du *Livre des Morts*, est-elle possible aujourd'hui? Le sera-t-elle même

¹ *The Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religion of Ancient Egypt* (Imbert Lectures) by P. LE PAGE RENOUF [1879], 2nd Edit. 1884, p. 195.

² Contained in BUNSEN'S *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, vol. V, 1867. Since the above was written English translations have appeared (a) by Dr. C. H. S. DAVIS, with 99 facsimile plates, 4to. *New York & London* [1894] third Edit. 1895; (b) by Dr. E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, with transliteration, printed for the Trustees of the British Museum, *London*. 1895.

³ *Le Livre des Morts des anciens Égyptiens: traduction complète d'après le papyrus de Turin et les MSS. du Louvre*. Paris, 1882.

jamais?" and summarizing the difficulties of the undertaking concludes "If we could give a literal translation, the 'obscure meaning would still have to be elucidated. At every instant one finds oneself perplexed by a mysticism of expression to which the key is wanting, by mythological conceptions and facts supposed to be familiar to the reader, but of which doubtless we shall for ever remain ignorant. An *irréprochable* and *définitive* translation is apparently an unrealisable dream." Readers who are interested in this relic of antiquity should examine the beautiful facsimiles published by the Trustees of the British Museum ¹

II.

This is the Hymn to the Nile, translated by PAUL GUIEYSSE for the *Records of the Past* (BAGSTER & SONS, Lim.). Canon COOK, in the volume issued in 1875, says it is generally thought to have been written in the reign of Merneptah, XIXth Dynasty, contemporary with Moses.

III.

This is from vol. VI. of the same series, and is translated by Ludwig Stern. It is known as *The Song of the Harper*, and the translator states that it was found in the tomb of Neferhetep at Abd-el-Gurnah [Period: XVIIIth Dynasty.] "The poet addresses his speech as well to the Dead as to the Living, assuming in his fiction the former to be yet alive."

IV.

This fine hymn has been translated into German by H. Brugsch-Bey from an inscription on the wall of a hall of the temple of Hib in the great Oasis of El-Khargeh. (The responsibility for the anglicizing of Brugsch's version is mine). The temple, Brugsch says, was begun by Darius I. [B.C. 521—480], and finished by Darius II. [B.C. 424], and the composition of the hymn is referred by the egyptologist to the sixth century. The opening lines appear to have reference to the oracles which the visitors to the shrine sought from the invisible god. In explanation of the closing lines the distinguished explorer writes, "According to the words of the text, the All-God, the Eternal, descends into the depths of the under-world *at a never-varied hour*, in order to revive the motionless Osiris and again to accord him power over his body, i.e. his limbs. From the re-born Osiris arises a Horus, who, under the protection of his mother, Senthia, i.e. Isis, is set as successor on the throne of his father. After this solemn act has taken place the Eternal One as "Soul of Shu" i.e. of the aerial region, wanders on his cloud-course further, heaven and earth are again divided, and the old state of things again restored. To the 'separation of heaven and

¹ *Facsimile of the Papyrus of Ani*, edited, with Introduction, by P. LE PAGE RENOUF, London 1890; *Facsimile of the Papyrus of Ani*, London 1894.

earth' a 'union of heaven and earth' must be opposed. The New Year's Day of the old Egyptian year was the point of time when heaven and earth were united (*Reise nach dem grossen Oase el Khargeh in der libyschen Wüste*, 1878, pp. 52—53).

CONFUCIANISM AND TAOISM.

I.

* From the *Lî Kî*, book xxii: *Kî Thung, or a Summary Account of Sacrifices*, 1, 2, translated by James Legge, in *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Müller, Oxford. The date of the book is the 4th century B.C.

II.

From the *Lî Kî*, book xxviii: *Kung Yung, or the State of Equilibrium and Harmony*, by the same translator. Date of book between 500 and 450 B.C.

III.

From the *Works of Mencius*, forming vol. ii. of Legge's *Chinese Classics*, 5 vols. Trübner, 1861—72; new edn. Clar. Press, 1895.

IV.

From *Confucius the Great Teacher: a study*, by Major-General G. G. Alexander, C.B. Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd. 1890.

V.

From the same: Extract from the first of the "Four Books," the *Ta Heo*, or *The Great Doctrine*.

VI.

From the same: extract from second Book: *Chung-Yung*.

VII.

From the same: extract from third Book: the *Lun-yü*, or the *Dialogue*.

VIII.

This extract is from the *Tão Teh King*, composed in the 6th century B.C. and the only record extant of the doctrines of Láo-tszc, the founder of Taoism. The translator of this and the nine following passages is Professor Legge (in *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 40).

XII.

This and the six following extracts are from the writings of Kwang-tsze or Yang Tzu, a distinguished follower of Lao-tsze, who lived in the 4th century B.C.

XVIII.

This is a lament on the death of Yang Tzu's wife. It and the two following passages are translated by Herbert A. Giles in his *Gems of Chinese Literature*, London (Quaritch) and Shanghai, 1884.

XIX

This is from the writings of Lich Tzu, an exponent of Taoism, who lived at the end of the 5th and beginning of the 4th century B.C.

XX.

This is the production of a modern writer, Wên T'ien-Hsiang, born 1236, died 1282 A.D.

BRAHMANISM.

Vedic Hymns.

I.

This and the four following extracts are hymns to Varuna, in the *Rig-Veda*, translated by Canon J. C. Cook in *The Origins of Religion and Language considered in five essays*, Murray, 1884.

VI.

Translated by F. Max Müller.

VII.

We are indebted for this translation from the *Rig-Veda*, x. 129. to Mr. Herbert Morton Baynes, author of *The Evolution of Religious Thought in India*, London, 1889. ["Speculation of the early Aryan poets, c. 1500 B.C. For Semitic thought cf. Gen. i. and Job xxxviii." H. B.]

VIII.

From E. Clodd's *Childhood of Religions*, Longman, 1875; new edn: 1883.

Manu.

This is a passage on Expiation from the *Institutes of Manu*, XI. 228—240.

Upanishads.

The extracts from the *Upanishads* are taken from the translation of F. Max Müller in vols. I. and XV. of the *Sacred Books of the East*. They are referred by him to the 6th century B.C. At the close of the introduction to vol. XV. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, he says: "The Upanishads are "to my mind the germs of Buddhism, while Buddhism is in many respects "the doctrine of the Upanishads carried out to its last consequences, and, "what is important, employed as the foundation of a new social system. "In fact there is no break between the India of the *Veda* and the India "of the *Tripitaka*, but there is an historical continuity between the two, "and the connecting link between extremes which seem widely separated "must be sought in the Upanishads."

Mahābhārata.

The first four extracts are from the *Bhagavad Gita*, as translated by John Davies in Trübner's *Oriental Series*; the fifth from the translation of the *Anugita* in the *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. VIII. by Kāshurāth Trimbak Telang, M.A.

BUDDHISM.

I.

From *Buddhist Birth-Stories, or Jātaka Tales: the oldest collection of folklore extant; being the Jātakatthavarmanā*, for the first time edited in the original Pāli by V. Fausböll, and translated by T. W. Rhys Davids, Trübner (now Kegan Paul & Co., Ltd.) 1880.

II.—III.

From *The Dhammapada: a collection of verses; being one of the canonical books of the Buddhists*, translated from the Pāli by F. Max Müller, in vol. x. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, 1881.

IV.—V.

From *The Sutta-Nipāta, a Collection of Discourses; being one of the canonical books of the Buddhists*, translated from the Pāli by V. Fausböll, in vol. x. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, 1881.

VI. VII. VIII. IX.

From *Buddhist Suttas*; translated from the Pāli by T. W. Rhys Davids. VI. VII. from *The Book of the Great Decease*; VIII. from *The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness*; IX. from *Barrenness and Bondage*. All in vol. XI. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, 1881.

X. XI.

From the *Fo-Sho-King-Tsan-King, a Life of Buddha*, by Asvaghosha Bodhisattva, translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by Dharmaraksha, A.D. 420, and from Chinese into English by Samuel Beal, forming vol. XIX. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, 1883.

XII. XIII. XIV.

From *The Questions of King Milinda*, translated from the Pāli by T. W. Rhys Davids, forming vol. XXXV. of the *Sacred Books of the East*, 1890.

XV.

Translated by H. M. Baynes, from the *Liturgy* [circa 300 B.C.] of the *Noble Order of the Yellow Robe*.

MAZDAISM.

I.

This and the following passage are translated by the Rev. L. H. Mills, D.D. from the *Zend-Avesta*, vols. XXIII. and XXXI. of the *Sacred Books of the East*. They belong to the oldest portion of the *Avesta*. The translator seems inclined, in his prefatory remarks, to refer the Liturgical Collection containing them as a whole to Zoroaster himself. The late Professor Haug similarly expresses himself: "At the head of this literature [of the Parsis] undoubtedly stand the *Two Gāthos*, which we must regard as the work of Spitama Zarathushtra himself and his disciples."¹ The time when the great Persian prophet lived, it may be noted, is still undetermined.

II.

"The earliest statement of Dualism which has come down to us." — L. H. Mills.

III. IV.

Translated by Professor James Darmesteter.

¹ *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings and Religion of the Parsis*, p. 257. Trübner, 1884.

HELLENIC AND GRÆCO-ROMAN RELIGION.

I.

From the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, translated by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A.

II.

From the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, translated by Professor Lewis Campbell, 1883.

III.—VIII.

From the *Dialogues* of Plato, translated by the late Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.

III. *Symposium*; IV. *Apology*; V. *Phædo*; VI. *Gorgias*; VII. VIII. *Republic*.

IX

From the *Nicomachean Ethics* of Aristotle, translated by F. H. Peters, 1881.

X.

This is the celebrated *Hymn to Zeus* of the Stoic Cleanthes, preserved by Stobæus, pronounced by Sir Alexander Grant "the most devotional fragment of Grecian antiquity."¹ The translation adopted is by Dr. Drummond, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford.² There is another good rendering by Prof. F. W. Newman.³ Mr. A. C. Pearson in a recent monograph⁴ assigns the birth and death of Cleanthes to the years 331. and 237 B.C. respectively.

XI.

This translation of Virgil's fourth *Eclogue* is by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bowen.⁵ The translator prefixes the following argument: "It was a dream of the Augustan Poets—based on a Sybilline prediction—that the universe had completed nine great cycles, commencing with the golden and ending with the iron age. Then, under the auspices of Phœbus Apollo, brother of Lucina (Diana), the world's great age was to begin anew and

¹ *The Ethics of Aristotle*, vol. I. p. 328.

² *Philo-Judaus, or the Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion*, vol. I. pp. 88—89.

³ *The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations*, Chap. III. Note 1.

⁴ *The Fragments of Zeno and Cleanthes*, 1891.

⁵ *Virgil in English Verse*, by Sir Charles Bowen [Lord Justice]: [*Eclogues and Æneid* i—vi]. Murray, [1887] 1889.

the golden years to return. The Eclogue conceives of the new cycle as ushered in with the birth of an illustrious child, supposed by many critics to be the son of Pollio and to have been born during his consulship; by others the gay Marcellus, the nephew and adopted son of Augustus. As the boy grows to manhood the golden age progresses, passes through a second heroic period, and closes in universal peace."

XII.

The last chapter of Tacitus' [A.D. 54—*post* 117] *Life of Agricola*¹

ROMAN STOICISM.

The passages from the Roman Stoics have been kindly translated for this volume by the Rev. North Pinder, M.A. The following biographical notices are also contributed by Mr. Pinder.

NOTICE OF SENECA.

Lucius Annæus Seneca, second son of M. Annæus Seneca, a Spaniard of wealth and equestrian rank, was born at Cordova about the year 3 B.C. Educated at Rome, he first applied himself to the study of rhetoric (a science of which his father had been professor in Spain) and became so eminent as an advocate, that he excited the jealousy of the Emperor Caius.

His natural bent, however, was toward philosophy: and having been banished in A.D. 41 by Claudius to Corsica, he devoted his eight years of exile to the cultivation of the practical ethics of the Stoic School, as may be seen from the style and sentiments of the 'Consolation' addressed from that island to his mother Helvia. In A.D. 49 he was recalled by Agrippina to undertake the education of her son Lucius Domitius, afterwards the Emperor Nero. When the latter ascended the throne, Seneca from tutor became his favourite minister, writing the young emperor's addresses to the Senate, vainly endeavouring to restrain his spoliations and inhumanities, and by questionable means (as is insinuated by Tacitus, *Annals* XIII. 18) amassing enormous wealth for himself. How far he was implicated in the murder of Britannicus is uncertain; there is no doubt, that he at least consented to the assassination of Agrippina, which Nero defended in a letter to the senate penned (according to Tac. *Ann.* XIV. 11) by Seneca. He was now past 60 years old, and twice he besought the emperor for leave to retire from public life, but on each occasion was refused. His wealth had long been coveted by his former master, who charging the philosopher with participation in the conspiracy of Piso, ordered him to die. With the tranquillity of a Stoic, Seneca opened his veins, took hemlock, and when neither proved fatal, had himself suffocated in a vapour-bath. His admirable wife Paullina, having endeavoured to put herself to death with him, was only saved against her wishes by the soldiers at the entreaty of her slaves and freedmen. Seneca's body was burnt privately without ceremony, as he had directed by his will: A.D. 65. His character and career are unfavourably viewed by both Tacitus and, in a still greater degree, by Dion Cassius. Of the scope and value of his philosophy Seneca's own writings, fifteen in number, are a simple and eloquent testimony. Ethics and Natural Science alone engaged his mind. How to act so as to win happiness here (1.) by subduing the flesh to the spirit through fasting, mortification and retirement;—(2.) by living for one's family, friends, and country, and treating slaves and inferiors kindly as fellow-servants in the work and warfare of existence,—(3.) by devotion to philosophy as the awakener of conscience and the best preparation for death,—(4.) by self-examination, self-knowledge, simplicity of living, and patience under suffering—such is the main drift of Seneca's teaching, a refined and spiritualized stoicism. Paganism he had early renounced without adopting Christianity.

¹ Tacitus, *Agricola*: a translation [anonymous]. Kegan Paul and Co. 1885.

Yet he professed a belief in a Divine Spirit; beholding and residing in man, the object of imitation and honour. Some kind of immortality he would appear to have held and taught, and in one passage he represents the spirits of the departed as watching over the living, and communicating the secrets of heavenly things to newly arrived souls (Consol. ad Marciam XXV. § 2). But the vagueness and inconsistency of his opinions on these, as on other points, is so great, as fully to justify the remark of S. T. Coleridge, that "you may get a motto for every sect in religion, or line of thought in morals or philosophy from Seneca; but nothing is ever thought out by him."

(Table Talk)

NOTICE OF EPICTETUS

Little is known about Epictetus save that he was born at Hierapolis in Phrygia, a town on the Lycus, not far from Laodicea and Colopæ,—that he was the slave, and afterwards the freedman of Nero's worthless favourite, Epaphroditus,—and that having been won to the philosophy of the Porch by the teaching of the celebrated Musonius Rufus, he lived and lectured at Rome, till the Edict of Domitian (A.D. 94) banishing all philosophers from Italy, caused him to retire to Nicopolis in Epirus, where he died "dear to the immortals" and surrounded by a band of devoted disciples. The chief of these was Arrian, who took down in writing the discourses delivered in Nicopolis and compiled a summary of them in the *Encheiridion*, Epictetus himself, like Socrates, not having left anything written by his own hand. He appears to have come of a humble stock, to have been sickly, deformed, and lame (his leg having, according to a story, been broken in deliberate torture by his master Epaphroditus), and to have lived in the poorest of dwellings with no furniture beside an iron lamp, and the straw pallet, on which he slept. He attained to a great age; but the date of his death is uncertain, like so much else about him, in the absence of the Life written by Arrian, which unfortunately has not come down to us among his other works.

If Seneca was the *philosopher* of the Porch, Epictetus may be considered its *prophet, preacher* and *theologian*. There is in him a piety, an humility, and an earnestness, which can scarcely be found in either the life or doctrines of Seneca. No one, as Pascal shews, (Part I. Art. XI) among philosophers has more truly recognized man's duties towards God and himself 'to know the will of God, and to follow it should be man's first study and desire'. Through reason the human soul is united with the Deity, purified, and (in answer to prayer) assisted by Him, and enabled to practise the two great and comprehensive virtues of Patience and Abstinence (*ἀνέχου και ἀπέχου*). How *θεοδαιμων* in each man, which discerns for him between good and evil, is related to Reason and the Deity, does not clearly appear: but the three coöperate to the same end, viz., the victory of Virtue and Truth. As a child of God, man must imitate and obey Him; as a citizen of the world, he must have no selfish interests; as a brother to his fellow-men, he must love and help them, being members one of another. Pascal complains that Epictetus was less sensible of man's weakness than of his strength; but though he held the *natural* bias of the soul to be in favour of Virtue and Truth rather than of Falsehood and Vice (Diss. III. 3), he is constantly dwelling on man's defects and sins, and his inability to overcome them without divine help e. g. Diss. II XVI. § 46; while one of his traditional apophthegms was: "If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad." Dr. Lightfoot contends, that there still remains in Epictetus a hardness and want of sympathy about his moral teaching, which betrays its parentage. Yet his description of the true Cynic "who could be beaten like an ass, and yet love those who beat him," and his denunciation of the man who will not bear with his brother's faults, however gross they may be, ignoring the existence of his own, tend to mitigate, if not efface, such a charge as to his teaching; while the story of his rescuing an exposed infant, and hiring a nurse to bring it up in his own house, reveals a tenderness in action more conformable to Christian than to stoic doctrine. That Epictetus ever saw St. Paul we have no evidence; but, as has been remarked, all the three cities, where the philosopher is known to have lived—Hierapolis, Rome and Nicopolis—occur in the history of the Apostle.

NOTICE OF M. AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

The life and career of Marcus Aurelius are too well known to need anything but the briefest recapitulation. Born at Rome A.D. 121, the son of Annius Verus, but adopted by the excellent Antoninus Pius his uncle, he received a wide and elaborate education, devoting himself when but eleven years old to the abstemious life and sober dress of a philosopher. Succeeding Antoninus as emperor at the age of 40, and having married some years before his cousin Faustina, Marcus ruled the Roman world in the spirit of his predecessor for 19 years with the utmost virtue, wisdom, and military ability. After several victories over the Parthian and German nations, during which campaigns his soliloquies were composed in camp, he died in Pannonia, aged 59. The Antonine Column, now in the Piazza Colonna, at Rome, was erected to his memory by Commodus, his unworthy son and successor. Of the three exponents of Neo-Stoicism, the Spanish courtier, the Phrygian slave, and the Roman emperor, the last is the most attractive, though in language and style he may be surpassed by the other two. He wrote, it should be remembered, not for effect like Seneca, nor for instruction like Epictetus, but for his own edification and use alone, which accounts for the brief, unconnected and paragraphic form, wherein his *Meditations* have come down to us. He tells us himself that he had been introduced by one of his tutors to the discourses of Epictetus; and in the main their doctrines are the same. In neither the one nor the other is there any trace of real belief in the Immortality of the Soul. If with Epictetus death is the resolution of ourselves into our original elements, M. Aurelius speaks of it as the disembarkation at the end of a voyage, as the close of a drama, as the fall of a grain of frankincense on the altar. He is a Deist in much the same sense as Epictetus was. God is eternal, giving Form to Matter eternal as Himself, pervading all things, and ruling the Universe with Wisdom and Beneficence. Man is an off-shoot of Divinity, having a God within him (*ὁ ἐμὸς θεὸς* IV. 10), to whose voice he must attend, and by following which he can alone live a divine life and attain true happiness, with this divine oracle within Man must his reason (his ruling faculty, *τὸ ἡγεμονικόν*) be brought into harmony, so that he may live conformably to Nature, i.e. the nature of the Whole no less than of the Individual. "As Epictetus (says Dr. Lightfoot) gives a higher tone to the theology of the Stoic school, so the writings of M. Aurelius manifest an improvement in its ethical teaching... As a conscious witness of God and a stern preacher of righteousness, the Phrygian slave holds a higher place: but as a kindly philanthropist, conscientiously alive to the claims of all men far and near, the Roman emperor commands deeper respect. His natural disposition softened the harsher features of Stoical ethics. The brooding melancholy and the almost feminine tenderness" (a noticeable characteristic of his temperament and writings), "are a marked contrast to the hard outlines in the portraiture of the older Stoics." Not only are the claims of natural affection, and the obligations felt towards his parents, friends and instructors dwelt on by him with a pathetic earnestness at the very beginning of his meditations, but the Stoic doctrine of the common citizenship and fellowship of Mankind is brought out in the strongest relief by the master of the Roman world. Roughly speaking, it may be said, that if Seneca represented the Mind and Epictetus the Will, Marcus Aurelius may be taken as expressing the Heart of Neo-Stoicism.

JUDAISM.

I.—XXIII.

From the Revised Version of the Old Testament. I. *Isaiah* i. II. *Isaiah* xl. III. *Isaiah* xlii. IV. *Isaiah* lv. V. *Isaiah* lviii. VI. *Jeremiah* xxxi. VII. *Micah* iv. VIII. *Micah* vi.—The Prophetic writings may be dated as follow: (1) *Assyrian Age*; *Isaiah* (740--700 B. C.), *Micah*. (2) *Babylonian Age*; *Jeremiah* (626--580 B. C.). (3) *Exile and Restoration*; *Isaiah* cc. xl--lxvi, 550 B.C.—IX. *Psalms* xix. X. *Psalms* xxiii. XI. *Psalms* xlii. XII. *Psalms* lxiii. XIII. *Psalms* lxxiv. XIV. *Psalms* xc. XV. *Psalms*

xcvi. 'XVI. *Psalms* ciii. XVII. *Psalms* civ. XVIII. *Psalms* cxxxix.—No Psalm can be assigned to David as author; it is doubtful whether any is pre-Exilic.—XIX. *Proverbs* i—iv. XX. *Proverbs* viii. ("I incline to connect" *Proverbs* i—ix "with the age of *Deuteronomy*." Cheyne.) XXI. *Job* xxxviii—xl—Belongs to the Age of the Exile. Author unknown.—XXII. *Ecclesiastes* i. XXIII. *Ecclesiastes* xi—xii.—Belongs to the latest of the old Testament books. Author probably a native Hebrew philosopher living between 320 and 217, B.C. "Born about B.C. 230."—*Plumptre*.

XXIV. XXV.

From the *Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach* or *Ecclesiasticus*. "If we were asked to suggest a date for the composition of *Ecclesiasticus*, we might conjecture, that the original work was written about B.C. 235, or earlier." Dr. Edersheim in his Introduction to the book contained in *Apocryphal Writings*, Edited by Dr. Wace. Vol. II. p. 9, note.¹

XXVI. XXVII.

From the so-called *Wisdom of Solomon*. "In my opinion it is probable that it was written in the decade after the death of Christ," Dean Farrar, in the work referred to in the previous note, Vol. I. p. 422,

EXTRACTS FROM POST-BIBLICAL HEBREW LITERATURE.

XXVIII.—XXXII.

Selected by Dr. Friedländer, Principal of the Jews' College, London, and translated by the students under the supervision of Dr. Friedländer and the Rev. Morris Joseph. XXX. From "The Duties of the Heart" (Chap. vi. 9.) by Bachja b. Joseph (Spain. 11th cent). XXXI. From the "Eight Chapters" (Chap. iv.) of Maimonides (Spain. 12th cent). XXXII. From "A Meditation on the World" (Chap. iv.) by Jedaja Bedaresi Penini. (France. 14th cent).

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

I.—XVII.

From the Revised Version of the New Testament. I. *First Epistle to Corinthians* xiii. II. *Second Epistle to Corinthians* iii. iv. III. *Epistle to*

¹ *The Apocrypha, with revised translation, explanations and critical commentary by various writers*, edited by Prof. Henry Wace [uniform with *The Speaker's Commentary*] 2 vols. Murray, 1888.

Galatians vi. IV. *Epistle to Romans* xii. V. *Epistle to Hebrews* xii. VI. *Revelation* xxxi, xxii. VII. *Epistle of James* i.^f VIII. *Matthew* v—vii. IX. *Matthew* xix. X. *Matthew* xv. XI. *Luke* x. XII. *Luke* xv. XIII. *Acts* xvii. XIV. *Epistle to Ephesians* vi. XV. *First Epistle of John* ii. XVI. *First Epistle of John* iv. XVII. *Gospel of John* iv.—The extracts are given approximately in the order of the composition of the writings from which they are taken. The authors are unknown, except of the first four selections, from St. Paul's epistles. Conjectural date of the Apostle's birth, 3 A.D. The work last cited from, the Fourth Gospel, was probably written about 150 A.D.

XVIII.—XX.

From the Homilies of St. Chrysostom [347—407]:¹ xviii. On *Coloss.* 10; xix. *Matth.* 34; xx. *Hebr.* 16.

XXI. (1—5).

From the *Confessions* of St. Augustine [354—430]:² Bk. i. ch. 5; Bk. iv. 8; Bk. x. 17; Bk. x. 26—27.

XXII.

From Augustine's *City of God*:³ Bk. xiv. ch. 28.

XXIII.

A hymn of Synesius, Neo-platonist and disciple of Hypatia, born at Cyrene about A.D. 375, bishop of Ptolemais from A.D. 410 to about 414. The translation is by Miss Alice Gardner in her monograph on Synesius of Cyrene [360 (70)—415?]:⁴ Hymn ii.

XXIV.

A hymn of St. Stephen the Sabaite [A.D. 725—794], translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.⁵

¹ Selections from the *Writings of St. Chrysostom: Church Lamps*. Seeley, 1882.

² *The Confessions of St. Augustine*, revised translation by W. H. Hutchings [Westminster Library] Griffith and Farran, 1883.

³ Forms volume ii. of Augustine's *Works*, translated by various scholars and Edited by Dr. Marcus Dods, 15 vols. T. and T. Clark, *Edinburgh*, 1871—77.

⁴ *Synesius of Cyrene*. By Alice Gardner [Fathers for English Readers] S. P. C. L. 1886.

⁵ pp. 242—4 of his *Hymns of the Eastern Church, translated, with notes and introduction*. Hayes, [186—] 1871.

I.—IV.

Translations from the *Qur'an* (Koran) by E. H. Palmer:¹ vol. i. ch. 1. ch. 1; vol. ii. ch. 35, ch. 57. Mohammed born about 570 at Mecca. Died 632.

V.

From the *Rauzat-us-Safâ* of Mirkhond [1432(3)—1498]:² vol. i. pp. 349—350.

VI.—X.

These passages have been kindly translated for this volume by the Rev. D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., Land Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford. vi. Sermon XXI. of Abdul Kâdir al Gitani. vii—x. From El-Ghazzali's [d. 1126] *Revival of the Religious Sciences*.

Translated from the Persian of Jâmi [d. A.D. 1492] for this volume by Mr. E. G. Browne, of Cambridge. Lecturer in Persian in the University

II.

Translated by Mr. E. G. Browne, M. A., from the Persian of Ibn Yamîn.

III.

Lawâ'ih of Jâmi.

IV.

In a note to the Editor, Mr. E. G. Browne writes: "The aphorisms of the Sûfi saints were selected and translated by myself from a rare MS. (the *Tazkirat-i-Awliya* of Faridu'd-Din 'Attâr, who died A.D. 1230) and have not, so far as I know, been previously published or translated. I have

¹ *The Qur'an*, translated, with Introduction, by Prof. E. H. Palmer, [Sacred Books of the East] 2 vols. Clarendon Press, 1880—82.

² Mirkhond's *Rauzat-us-Safâ* [= "*Garden of Purity*"] or the *Histories of the Prophets, Kings and Khalifs*, translated by Edw. Rehatsek and Edited by F. F. Arbuthnot, vols. i—ii. Oriental Transl. Fund (Luzac), 1891—92.

taken care not to repeat any of the Extracts which I gave in my article on *Sufism in Religious Systems of the World*.¹

V.

From the *Quatrains* of Omar Khayyám [fl. 11th cent].²

VI.

From the poems of Háfiz of Shíráz [fl. 14th cent].³ It is one of the two odes inscribed on the tomb of Háfiz.

VII.

From the Mystical Diván of Mawláná Jalálu'd-dín Rûmí [1195—1262] who was a native of Balkh in Transoxiana, but lived for the greater part of his life at Konya (Iconium) in Asia Minor, where he died in A. D. 1262. The translation is by Professor F. Falconer of University College.⁴

VIII.

From an anonymous rendering of Jámi's *Saldmán and Absdl*.⁵

IX.

Translated in E. H. Palmer's *Song of the Reed*.⁶

¹ *Religious Systems of the World: a contribution to the study of Comparative Religion*, consisting of 58 articles on various Pre-Christian, non-Christian, Christian, Theistic and Philosophic Religions, by various writers. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. [1889] 1892.

² *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám*, edited, with translation (verse) by E. H. Whinfield; Translation may be had separately. Kegan Paul and Co [1881] 1883.

³ *Selections from the Poems of Háfiz*, translated by Herman Bicknell. 4to. Kegan Paul & Co. 1875.

⁴ The translation first appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, and is reprinted in A. D. Forbes' *Persian Grammar*, 4th edition, W. H. Allen & Co. 1869.

⁵ Jámi's *Saldmán and Absdl*, translated [Anonymous] 8vo. Parker, 1856.

⁶ *The Song of the Reed and other Pieces*, translated by Prof. E. H. Palmer. Kegan Paul & Co. 1877. Contains metrical renderings of a portion of the *Masnavi* of Jalálu 'd-Dín Rûmí.

MEDIÆVAL CHRISTIANITY.

I.

The sequence "*Cantemus cuncti melodum nunc, Alleluia*," composed by St. Notker [830(-40)—912]. The translation is by Dr. J. M. Neale.¹

II.

The "*Veni, Creator*," translated by Edward Caswal, M.A.² Written probably in the 10th Century.

III.

From the *De Contemptu Mundi*, composed by Bernard of Morlaix [fl. 1140],³ a monk of the Abbey of Cluny, about 1140. The English version is by Dr. Neale, who says "my own translation is so free as to be little more than an imitation."

IV.

Possibly composed [by Pope Innocent III. [1161—1216]. The translation is by Caswall, *loc. cit.*

V.

Attributed (very doubtfully) to Pope Innocent III. The translation is by Catherine Winkworth.⁴

VI.

The probable author of the *Dies Ira* was Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan friar [fl. 1250], the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi [1182—1226]. From among the very numerous English versions I have selected that of W. J. Blew,⁵ to which my attention was called by an article in the *Dublin Review* for 1883.

¹ In his *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, 2nd edn. 1863, pp. 43—45. 3rd edn. Masters, [1851] 1863.

² In *Lyra Catholica*, by Edw. Caswall, Burns and Oates, 1884.

³ Bernard of Morlaix, *De Contemptu Mundi*, translated, 7th edn. Hayes, 1866.

⁴ In *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church*. New York, 1865.

⁵ In *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*, by W. J. Blew and H. J. Gauntlett, No. 71 in the "Hymns of Advent." 8vo. Francis Rivington, 1852.

VII.

The concluding canto of the *Divina Commedia*, translated by H. W. Longfellow.¹ Dante b. 1265. d. 1321.

VIII.

From the *Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tauler* [1290—1361], translated by S. Winkworth:² "Sermon on the 4th Sunday in Lent."

IX.

From the *Theologia Germanica*, [1350?] translated by S. Winkworth,³ chaps. 11, 38, 50.

X.

Chapter XIV. of the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis [c. 1380—1451]. The selection is from an anonymous volume, entitled *Musica Ecclesiastica*,⁴ ch. LIV. The "*Imitation*" was finished A. D. 1441.

XI. XII.

From *The Interior Castle; or the Mansions of St. Theresa* [1319—1582]:⁵ xiii. The First Mansion, ch. 1; xiv. The Fifth Mansion, ch. 3.

XIII.

From the poem entitled *Gli eroici furori* of Giordano Bruno [1548—1600]:⁶ Part ii. pp. 23—23.

GERMAN PROTESTANTISM

I.

From *On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, by Luther [1483—1546].⁷

¹ Dante's *Divine Comedy*, translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [Morley's Universal Libr.] Routledge, [1867—69] 1885.

² *The Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tauler*, translated by S. Winkworth 8vo Smith & Elder, 1857.

³ *Theologia Germanica*, translated by S. Winkworth [1854] Macmillan, 1874.

⁴ *Musica Ecclesiastica: the Imitation of Christ of Thomas à Kempis*, with a preface by Dr. Liddon. Stock, 1889.

⁵ *The Interior Castle or the Mansions of St. Theresa*, translated by J. Dalton, 1852.

⁶ Translated, *sub tit. The Heroic Enthusiasts*, by H. Williams, 2 Parts. Quaritch, 1887—89.

⁷ In *First Principles of the Reformation or the Ninety-five Theses of the Three Primary Works of Dr. Martin Luther*, translated into English; edited by Dr. Henry Wace and Dr. C. A. Buchheim. Murray, 1884.

II.

Extract from Luther, given by Rev. Dr. Wace in his Bampton Lectures for 1879; ¹ pp. 186—187.

III.

Thomas Carlyle's translation of *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*. ²

IV.

A "Song of Praise" by Luther. ³

V. VI.

By Philip Nicolai [1556—1608]: v. translated by C. Winkworth; ⁴ vi. translated by Dr. H. Harbaugh. ⁵

VII.

The celebrated hymn "Nun danket alle Gott" of Martin Rinkart [1586—1649]. Translated by C. Winkworth. ⁶

VIII.

The famous hymn of Paul Gerhardt [1607—1676], founded on St. Bernard [1091—1153], translated by Dr. J. W. Alexander. ⁷

IX. X.

Paul Gerhardt, translated by C. Winkworth: ix. in *The Chorale Book for England*, ⁸ No. 21; x. in *Lyra Germanica*.

¹ *Foundations of Faith*. By Dr. Henry Wace. Pickering, [1880] 1881.

² In his *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, People's Edition, vol. iii. p. 61. Chapman & Hall, 1872.

³ In *Christian Life in Song; hymns and hymn-writers*. By the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." Nelson, [1872] 1888.

⁴ In C. Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica: hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year*; Second Series, *Songs of the Christian Life*, Longman, [1856—58] 67.

⁵ In the collection entitled *Christ in Song*, edited by Dr. Philip Schaff. Nisbet.

⁶ In her *Christian Singers of Germany*. p. 181. Macmillan.

⁷ In Schaff's *Christ in Song*. 8vo Nisbet, 1891.

⁸ *The Chorale Book for England*. Longman, 1863.

XI.

Lobe den Herrn, by Joachim Neander [1650—1680], translated by C. Winkworth, No. 9 in *Chorale Book of England*.

XII.

Lessing [1729—1781], *Nathan der Weise*, translated by E. K. Corbett: ¹ act. iii. sc. 7.

XIII.

From Kant [1724—1804], *Critique of Practical Reason*: ² pp. 260—262.

XIV.

From Novalis [1772—1801], *Lehrlinge zu Sais*, quoted by Carlyle in his Essay on Novalis.³

XV.

From *The Popular Writings of Johann Gottlieb Fichte* [1762—1814]: ⁴ vol. i. p. 474—476.

XVI.

From *Christmas Eve: A Dialogue on the Celebration of Christmas*. From the German of Schleiermacher [1768—1834].⁵

XVII.

Bethlehem and Golgotha, by Friedrich Rückert [1789—1866], translated in *Christ in Song*, op. cit.

XVIII.

From David Friedrich Strauss [1808—1874], *The Old Faith and the New*: ⁶ section 70.

¹ Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, translated by E. K. Corbett, Kegan Paul & Co. 1883.

² Kant's *Critique of Practical Reason*, translated by T. K. Abbott, Longman, [1873] 1883.

³ In his *Critical Miscellaneous Essays*, People's Edition, vol. ii. Chapman & Hall, 1872.

⁴ Translated by Wm. Smith, LL.D. [English and Foreign Philosoph. Lib.] 2 vols., Kegan Paul & Co. [1848—49] 1889.

⁵ From *Christmas Eve: a dialogue on the celebration of Christmas*, translated by W. Hastie. T. & T. Clark, Edinb. 1890.

⁶ Translated by Miss Blind. Asher, [1873] 1874.

XIX.

From Hermann Lotze [1817—1881], *Microcosmus*:¹ vol. ii. pp. 721-724.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

From Bacon [1561—1626], *Essays*: "Of Truth".²

II.

paraphrase of Psalm cxxxix. by Sir Philip Sidney [1554—1586].³

III.

From the *Poems* of Sir H. Wotton [1568—1639].⁴

IV. V. VI.

From the *Poems* of George Herbert [1593—1633].⁵

VII.

From Jeremy Taylor [1613—1667] *Holy Dying*,⁶ ch. i. sect. 1.

VIII.

From *Select Discourses*, by John Smith of Cambridge:⁷ Prefatory Discourse, sect. 1, pp. 3—4, 6—8. John Smith was one of the "Cambridge Platonists" a group which comprised also R. Cudworth and H. More.

IX.

From William Law [1686—1761] *Serious Call*:⁸ ch. 4. First published in 1729.

¹ *Microcosmus: an essay concerning man and his relation to the world*, translated. 2 vols. T. & T. Clark, Edinb. [1885] 1887.

² Bacon's *Essays* and *Colours of Good and Evil*, edited by W. Aldis Wright [Golden Treasury Series]. Macmillan, [1862] 1892.

³ In Geo. Macdonald's *England's Antiphon*. Macmillan, 1868.

⁴ *Poems* by Sir Henry Wotton, edited by Rev. Alex. Dyce, 8vo. Percy Society, 1843.

⁵ *Poetical Works* of George Herbert, edited by Rev. A. B. Grosart [Aldine Poets]. Bell, 1876.

⁶ Cassell, 1889.

⁷ Cambridge, 1859.

⁸ Law, *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* [Library of Theolog. Liter.] cr. 8vo. Griffith & Farran, 1888.

X.

From Law's *Spirit of Prayer*.¹

XI.

By Cowper [1731—1800].²

XII. XIII. XIV. XV.

From Coleridge [1772—1834]: xii—xiii. *Aids to Reflection*, Introd Aphorism, Aph. 9, Aph. 15; moral Aphs. 24, 25;³ xiv—xv. *An Essay on Faith*, last two paragraphs.

XVI. XVII.

By Wordsworth [1770—1850]. xvi. Ode entitled *Intimations of Immortality*.⁴

XVIII.

F. D. Maurice [1805—1872], *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, vol. ii. ch. 10.⁵

XIX. XX. XXI.

From Charles Kingsley [1819—1875]: xix. *The Saints's Tragedy*, act. ii. sc. 2;⁶ xx. *Sermons for the Times*;⁷ xxi. *Inaugural Lecture on the Science of History at Cambridge*.

XXII.

From the *Poems* of the Rev. H. F. Lyte [1793—1847].⁸

XXIII. XXVI.

From Keble [1792—1866], *The Christian Year*.⁹

¹ Law's *Spirit of Prayer*. Murdoch, Glasgow 1886.

² Cowper's *Poetical Works*, edited by Rev. W. Benham. Macmillan, 1870.

³ Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* [1825] Bohn's Library. Bell, 1884.

⁴ Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, edited with essay by John Morley. Macmillan, 1888.

⁵ Maurice's *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, 2 vols. [1850—53] 1873.

⁶ Kingsley's *The Saint's Tragedy*. Macmillan, 1889.

⁷ Kingsley's *Sermons for the Times* [1855]. Macmillan, 1890.

⁸ Lyte's *Poems* [1868] Rivington, 1875.

⁹ Keble's *The Christian Year* [1827] Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

XXVII. XXVIII. XXIX.

From the *Poems* of Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury [1810—1871]. ¹

XXX. XXXI.

From the *Poems* of R. C. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin [1807—1887]. ²

XXXII. XXXVI.

Matthew Arnold [1822—1888]: xxxii. *Culture and Anarchy*. ³ xxxiii—iv. *Literature and Dogma*. ⁴ xxxv—vi. *Poems*. ⁴

ENGLISH ROMANISTS.

I. II.

Alexander Pope [1688—1744]: i. *Essay on Man* (conclusion). ii. *The Dying Christian to his Soul: an Ode*.

III.—V.

Cardinal Newman [1801—1890]: iii. *Sermons preached on various Occasions*; ⁵ iv. v. *Verses on Various Occasions*, lxxxvi. xciii. ⁶

VI.

From the *Religio Viatoris* of Cardinal Manning [1808—1892]. ⁷

VII.

F. W. Faber [1814—1863]. ⁸

VIII.—XII.

Adelaide Anne Procter [1835—1864]. ⁹

¹ Alford's *Poetical Works*, 5th edition. Strahan & Co. 1868.

² Trench's *Poems*. Macmillan, 1865.

³ Mat. Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* [1869] Smith & Elder, 1889.

⁴ *Literature and Dogma* [1873] id. 1883. *Poems*. Macmillan, [1877] 1890.

⁵ Newman's *Sermons preached on various Occasions*, new edn., Longman, 1893.

⁶ Newman's *Verses on various Occasions* [1868], Longman, 1890.

⁷ Manning's *Religio Viatoris*.

⁸ Faber's *Hymns* [1848] Virtue, 1893.

⁹ Procter's *Legends and Lyrics* [1858—61] Bell, 1888.

XIII.—XVII.

From the *Sacred Songs* of the poet Thos. Moore [1779—1852]. ¹

INDEPENDENTS.

I.—III.

John Milton [1608—1674] First selection from the *Arcopagitica* ² (first published November 24th, 1644).

IV.

Isaac Watts [1674—1748]. ³

V.

Philip Doddridge [1762—1751]. ⁴

VI. VII.

Horace Bushnell [1802—1876]. ⁵

VIII. IX.

Henry Ward Beecher [1813—1887]. ⁶

X.—XII.

From the *Rivulet* by Thomas Toke Lynch [1818—1871]. ⁷

XIII. XIV.

From the *Poetical Writings* of the American Ray Palmer [1808—1887]. ⁸

BAPTISTS.

I.

John Bunyan [1628—1688], *Pilgrim's Progress*, pt. ii. ⁹

¹ Moore's *Sacred Songs*.

² Milton's *Arcopagitica*, edited by E. Arber. Birmingham.

³ Watts' *Hymns*.

⁴ Doddridge's *Christ's Message*.

⁵ Bushnell's *Pulpit Talent, Building Eras in Religion, etc.* Dickinson, 1882.

⁶ Beecher's *The Crown of Life*. Lothrop, Boston, U.S.

⁷ Lynch's *The Rivulet* [1856] J. Clarke, 1883.

⁸ Palmer's *Poetical Writings* Barnes, New York, [1865] 1875.

⁹ Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* [1678—84], with notes, by Rev John Brown. Hodder & Stoughton, 1886.

II. III.

From the *Sermons* of Robert Hall [1764—1831].¹

IV.

A characteristic passage from a Sermon by the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon [1834—1892].

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

I.

From the Journal of George Fox [1624—1692].²

II.

From *An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the people in scorn called Quakers*, by Robert Barclay [1648—1690].³

III.

From the Preface to Fox's Journal by William Penn [1644—1718].⁴

V.

From the *Letters* of Elias Hicks [1748—1830].⁵

V.—X.

Selections from J. G. Whittier⁶ [1808—1892].⁵

METHODISM.

I.

By John Wesley [1703—1791].⁶

¹ Hall's *Sermons*, in his *Works*, 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1831—33.

² Fox's *Journal* [1694], 2 vols. Hicks, 1892.

³ Barclay's *Apology* [1678]. Philadelphia.

⁴ Hicks' *Letters*. Philadelphia, 1861.

⁵ Whittier's *Poetical Works*, 4 vols. Macmillan, 1889.

⁶ *Living Thoughts of John Wesley*.

II. III.

Hymns by Charles Wesley [1788].

IV.

By George Whitefield [1714—1770].¹

V.

By Edward Perronet,² an active if independent supporter of the Wesleys.

VI.

From Selections from the Works of John Fletcher of Madeley [1729—1785].³

VII.

From a lecture entitled *The Prophet of Horeb*, by the late Rev. W. Morley Punshon [1824—1881].⁴

SCOTTISH CHURCH.

I.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers [1780—1847].⁵

II.

From an ordination charge by Edward Irving [1792—1834].⁶

III.

Thomas Erskine of Linlathen [1788—1870].⁷

¹ In *The Great Sermons of the Great Preachers on the Kingdom of God*. Ward & Lock, 1858.

² E. P., *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred*. 1785.

³ Fletcher of Madeley, *Selections from the Works of Mason*, London, 1837.

⁴ Punshon, *Lectures*. Woolmer, 1882.

⁵ Chalmers' *Select Sermons*, Gemmel, Edinburgh 1883.

⁶ Irving's *Miscellanies* in his *Collected Writings*, 5 vols. Strahan & Co., 1864—65.

⁷ Erskine's *The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel*. Edmonston, Edinburgh 1870.

IV.

From a sermon preached by the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. [1803—1873] ¹
at the opening of the Ter-centenary celebration of the Scottish Reformation.

V. VI.

From the writings of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. [1812—1872]. ²

VII.—X.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope* by Horatius Bonar. [1808—1889]. ³

UNITARIANISM.

I.—III.

Dr. W. E. Channing [1780—1842]. ⁴

IV.

Mrs. Barbould, [1743—1825]. ⁵

V.

Andrews Norton [1786—1852]. ⁶

VI.

John Pierpont [1785—1866]. ⁷

VII.—XI.

Written by Sarah Flower Adams [1805—1848]. ⁸

¹ In J. A. Wylic's *Ter-centenary of the Scottish Reformation*, Maclaren, Edinburgh, 1860.

² In *Extracts from the Writings and Manuscripts of Norman Macleod*. Burnet, 1887.

³ Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, new edition, Nisbet, 1867.

⁴ Channing's *Complete Works* (4to). Williams & Norgate, 1883.

⁵ *The Works of Anna Laetitia Barbould*. With a Memoir by Lucy Aikin. In two volumes. London, 1825.

⁶ Putnam's *Singers and Songs of Liberal Faith*. Boston 1875.

⁷ Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine and other Poems*. Boston 1840.

⁸ In *Hymns and Anthems selected by W. J. Fox*. South Place Chapel 1841.

: XII.—XIV.

Sir John Bowring [1792—1872].¹

XV.—XVI.

S Greenleaf Bulfinch [1809—1870].²

XVII.—XIX.

E. H. Sears [1810—1876].³

XX.

William Cullen Bryant [1794—1878].⁴

XXI.—XXVI.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807—1882].⁵

XXVII.—XXVIII.

By James Russell Lowell [1819—1891].⁶

THEISM.

I.

By Jean Jacques Rousseau [1712—1778].⁷

II.—VII.

By William Johnson Fox [1786—1864].⁸

VIII.—XI.

By Theodore Parker [1810—1860].⁹

¹ In *Memorial Volume of Sacred Poetry*, Longman, 1873.

² Bulfinch's *Contemplations of the Saviour*. 1833.

³ Sears' *Sermons and Songs of Christian Life*. Boston, 1875.

⁴ Bryant's *Poems*. H. S. King & Co. (now Kegan Paul & Co.) 1874.

⁵ Longfellow's *Complete Poetical Works*. Clarendon Press 1893.

⁶ Lowell's *Poetical Works*, with introduction by Thos. Hughes. Macmillan, 1891.

⁷ Rousseau's *Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar*, translated. New York, 1889.

⁸ Fox's *Works*: Memorial Edition, 12 vols. (vol. iii.) 1865—68; *Hymns and Anthems*. South Place Chapel, 1841.

⁹ Parker's *Collected Works*, by Frances Power Cobbe, 14 vols. Trübner, 1863—7.

XII.—XIII.

By the late Rev. Samuel Johnson [1822—1882],¹ a non-sectarian minister in the United States.

XIV.

From Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*.²

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.

An extract from *The Apocalypse, explained according the spiritual sense by Emanuel Swedenborg* [1688—1722], being a translation of his posthumous work entitled *Apocalypsis Explicata* published by the Swedenborg Society, 1866.

MORAVIAN CHURCH.

Hymns by James Montgomery [1771—1854].

POSITIVISM.

By Auguste Comte [1793—1857].³

SIKHISM.

Extracts from Sikh Books, kindly translated for this volume by Frederick Pincott, Esq., M.R.A.S. Mr. Pincott sends the following notes.

The extracts from Sikh books will explain the characteristic idea of that religion. The first is the opening verses of the *Adi Granth Sahib*, and it shows that the unity of God is the first principle of Sikhism. It is also seen that the worship of God must be a true, sincere, and heart-felt worship, and not mere ceremonial observances. The attributes and power of God are not described; it is deemed impiety to attempt description. The name under which God is worshipped is immaterial, provided the Name be kept in remembrance, that is, provided sincere religion be made a real guide throughout life.

The second extract is also from the *Adi Granth Sahib* towards the end of the book. It is ascribed to the ninth Guru or Teacher, and its object is to impress on the mind the entire

¹ In Putnam's *Singers and Songs of Liberal Faith*, Boston, U. S. 1875.

² *The Writings of Thomas Paine*. Collected and Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. Vol. ii. Years 1779—1792. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1894.

³ Comte's *Catechism of Positive Philosophy*, translated by Rich. Congreve [1858]. Kegan Paul & Co. 1891.

dependence of all things on God, the folly of ascribing anything to self, and the necessity for perpetual worship of God's Holy Name.

The third extract is from the Life of Guru Govind Singh, the tenth and last Guru. It shows the boldness of language of the Sikh fraternity, arising from their great principle of the Brotherhood of Man. The Emperor is given a lesson based on the common rights of humanity; which further shows that, in Sikh opinion, religion implies freedom and toleration, and must be practical in all things.

The fourth extract was composed by the founder of the sect, Guru Nānak, and shows that self must not turn the mind from the worship of God, nor must any occupation or affection; for there must be no duality, no second object, to draw the heart from the worship of the True One and the Truly One.

BRAHMO SOMAJ OF INDIA.

From a small volume entitled *The New Dispensation (or the Minister's Exposition of it)* by Keshub Chunder Sen [1838—1884].¹

BABISM.

This section has been kindly furnished by E. G. Browne, Esq., Lecturer in Persian to the University of Cambridge, who adds the following note: "Most of the Extracts sent are translated for the first time, but some of the longer ones have been already published by me in my *Traveller's narrative written to illustrate the Episode of the Báb*.² All the translations are made by myself." i.e. From the *Kalimāt-i-Maknūna* or "Hidden Words" of Behā'u llāh, the Spiritual Chief of the Behā'í Bábís. 2. Epistle to a Zoroastrian. 3. From the Letter addressed by Behā'u llāh to Nāsiru'd Dīn Shāh, King of Persia.

MISCELLANEOUS AND UNCLASSIFIED.

I. II.

i. From Spinoza's [1632—1677] *Theologico-Political Treatise*;³ ii. from his *Ethics*.³

III.—IV.

By Schiller [1759—1805].⁴

¹ Published by the Brahmo Somaj Tract Society, Calcutta 1884.

² Published by the Cambridge University Press, 1891.

³ Both translated by R. H. M. Elwes, Bohn's Library, Bell, 1884.

⁴ Schiller's *Poems and Plays*, translated by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton [1844] Routledge, 1888.

V.

From Goethe [1749—1832] *Faust*.¹

VI.

From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.²

VII.

From Jean Paul Richter [1763—1825]. *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces*.³

VIII.

From Richter's *Hesperus*.⁴

IX.—XII.

By Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792—1822]; ix—x. from *Queen Mab*.

XIII.

By Leigh Hunt [1784—1859].

XIV. XV.

By William Blake [1757—1828].⁵

XVI. XVII.

From Joseph Mazzini [1805—1872].⁶

XVIII.

From the *Past and Future of the People*, by F. Lamennais [1782—1854].⁷

¹ Goethe's *Faust*, translated by Anna Swanwick [1851] Bohn's Library, Bell 1888.

² Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, translated by Thos. Carlyle [1839] Chapman & Hall, 1872.

³ Richter's *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces*, translated by E. H. Noel, 2 vols. Leipzig. Tauchnitz.

⁴ Richter's *Hesperus*, translated by C. T. Brooks, Boston, U. S. 1865.

⁵ Blake's *Poems*.

⁶ Mazzini, *Selections from the Writings of*. Walter Scott; *Mazzini, a Memoir, with the Essays*. Alexander & Shephard.

⁷ Lamennais' *Words of a Believer*, translated by L. E. Martineau, Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1891.

XIX.—XX~~XXI~~^{XX}.

From Ernest Renan [1823—1892].¹

XXIV.—XXVI.

From Schopenhauer [1788—1860].²

XXVII.

From John Stuart Mill [1806—1873].³

XXVIII.—XXXI.

By Mrs. Hemans [1794—1835].

XXXII.

By Harriet Martineau [1802—1876].⁴

XXXIII.—XXXV.

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1809—1861].⁵

XXXVI.—XXXIX.

From Thomas Carlyle [1795—1881].⁶

XL.—XLIII.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803—1882]. XLII. from *An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, U. S., Sunday Evening July 15th, 1838*. XLIII. from a paper entitled *The Sovereignty of Ethics*.

XLIV. XLV.

By Walt Whitman [1809—1892].⁷

¹ Renan's *Hibbert Lectures*, Williams & Norgate 1880; *Future of Science*, Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1891; *Studies of Religious History*, Heinemann, 1893; *Recollections of my Youth*, Chapman & Hall 1883; *Life of Jesus*, Temple & Co. 1887.

² Schopenhauer's *World as Will and Idea*, translated by R.^W. B. Haldane and J. Kemp, 3 vols. Kegan Paul & Co. 1884—86.

³ Mill's *Essay on Liberty* [1859] Longman, 1883.

⁴ In *Hymns and Anthems*, South Place Chapel, 1841.

⁵ Mrs. Browning's *Poetical Works*, 6 vols. [1844—62] 1889—90.

⁶ Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* [1833—34]; *Lectures on Heroes* [1840], Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

⁷ Whitman's *Complete Works*, 2 vols. Camden, N. Y. 1878.

LVI.—L.

By Arthur Hugh Clough [1819—1861]. ¹

LI.—LIII.

Robert Browning [1812—1889]. ²

LIV.—LX.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson [1809—1892]. ³

¹ Clough's *Poems* [1862], Macmillan, 1888.

² Browning's *Paracelsus*, *Abt Vogler* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, in his *Poetical Works*, 18 vols. Smith & Elder, 1888—95.

³ Tennyson's *Complete Poetical Works*. Macmillan, 1894.

